THE TRUE WEST

Frontier Times

January
1969

FT
K

35¢

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

ILL STILES' STORY

Jesse James band's last survivor tells of the Northfield raid and the killing of Bob Ford

NOTHER "ALAMO"

A SECOND LOOK AT THE BLAZER'S MILL AFFAIR

PRISON BREAK!

HE GREATEST SHOT?

Can a killer's bullet be stopped before it leaves the muzzle?

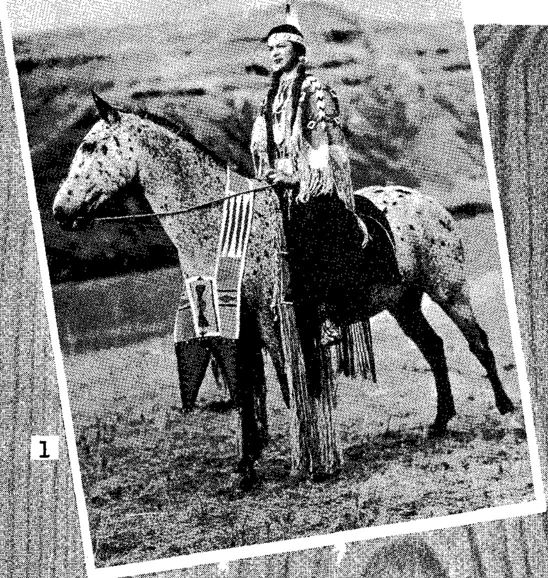
TWIN SPRINGS' SPANISH GOLD

A LINE CAMP CHRISTM

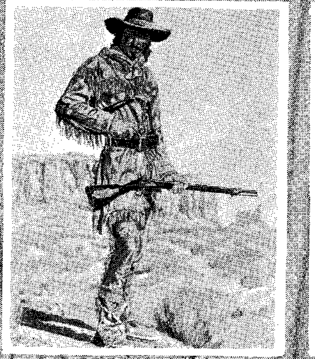
MB7172 4-67-24 MAR'69
E H HOVENDEN DDS
BOX 457
FORT JONES CA 96032

Colorful WESTERN PRINTS!

FULL COLOR PRINTS—COVERS OF PAST ISSUES OF TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES AND OLD WEST—READY FOR FRAMING . . . AND AT A ROCK-BOTTOM PRICE, TOO!


1

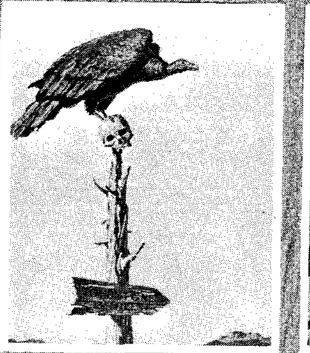
THIS IS THE TRUE WEST! 1. Nez Percé On Appaloosa, 2. The Scout, 3. Branding Time, 4. Ceremonial Dance, 5. Sam Tilden In Tribal Costume, 6. Pointing Toward Trouble, 7. Brisk Causes Frisk, 8. Gold On Padre Island, 9. Stay Out Of My Territory!, 10. The Captive, 11. Stampede, 12. No Time To Lose. All printed on heavy stock, 10½" by 14", no mat required. These are works by America's outstanding Western illustrators and photographers. The originals hang in important galleries and private collections throughout the country.

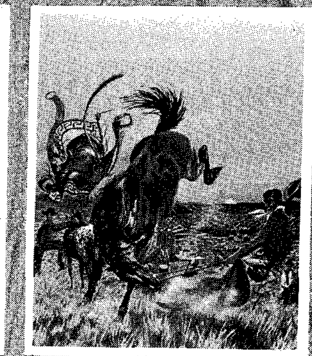

2

3

4

5


6


7

8

9

10

11

12

IF YOU DON'T WANT TO DAMAGE THIS MAGAZINE BY CLIPPING COUPON BELOW, MERELY LIST WANTED NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

ORDER NOW!

$1.00 EACH

•

4 for $3.50
(SAVE $.50)

•

8 for $6.50
(SAVE $1.50)

•

ENTIRE SET OF 12, $9.00
(SAVE $3.00)

Western Publications, Inc.
P. O. Box 3668-CP
Austin, Texas 78704

Circle prints desired.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
( ) Entire set of 12

Name______________________________

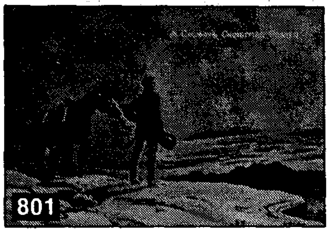
Address____________________________

City________________State________Zip________

DON'T BE DISAPPOINTED . . . THESE ARE THE **ORIGINAL** BOB LORENZ CARDS!

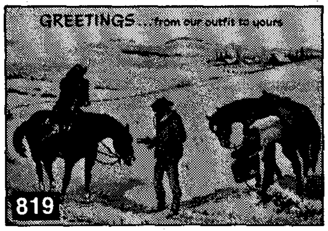
Western Christmas Cards

BY FAMOUS WESTERN ARTISTS *IN FULL COLOR!* OUR 24th SUCCESSFUL YEAR!



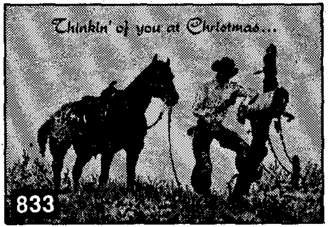
801

A Cowboy's Christmas Prayer by **Robert R. Lorenz** — May the Peace and Good Will of Christmas always be with You. **Verse by S. Omar Barker.**


GREETINGS . . . from our outfit to yours

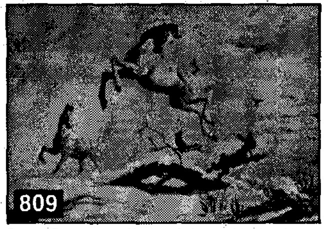
819

Greetings from Our Outfit to Yours by **Robert R. Lorenz** — With Best Wishes at Christmas and Happiness through all the Coming Year.


Thinkin' of you at Christmas . . .

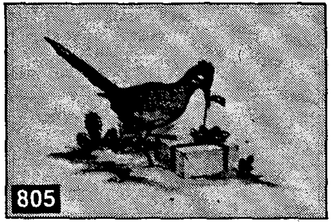
833

Thinkin' of You at Christmas by **Robert R. Lorenz** — With Best Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season.



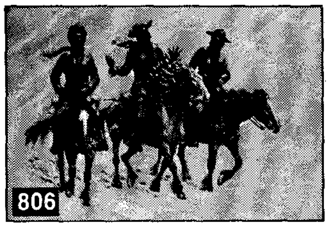
809

Frosty Fantasy by **H. Goodwine** — Wishing You a Bright and Gay Holiday.



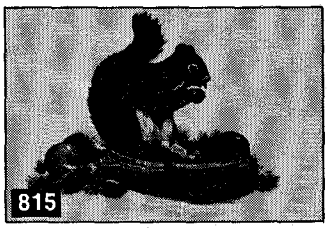
805

Fascinating Ribbon by **Clark Bronson** — With all Good Wishes for Christmas and the Coming Year.



806

Cowboy Carolers by **Harvey Johnson** — With Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

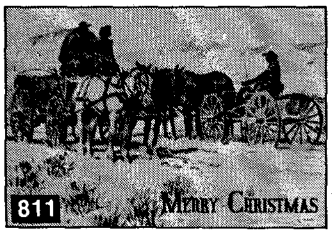


815

Holiday Dinner by **Clark Bronson** — Greetings of the Season and Best Wishes for the New Year.

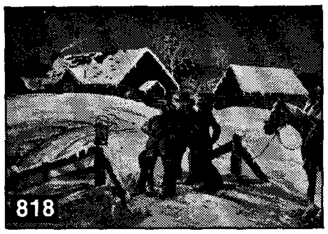
820

God's Garden *by* ***Sid Cedargreen*** *— Greetings of the Season . . .*



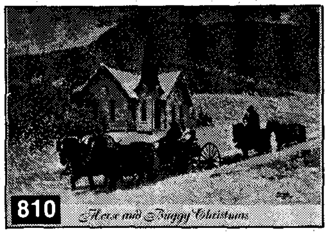
811

Merry Christmas by **Nick Eggenhofer** — May the Joy of Christmas Abide with You . . .



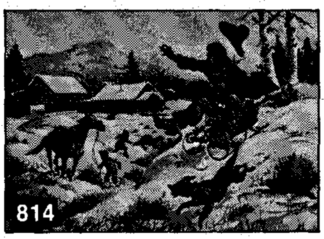
818

Cowboy Harmony by **Ted Long** — Wishing You a World of Happiness for Christmas . . .



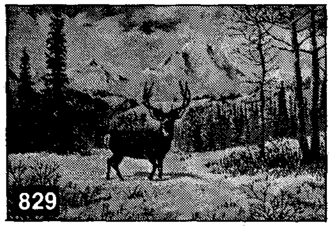
810

Horse and Buggy Christmas by **Robert Lougheed** — With Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. **Verse by S. Omar Barker.**



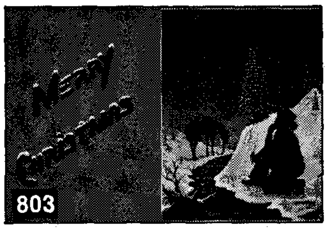
814

The Sled Snitcher by **Fred Harman** — Best Wishes for a Real Old-Fashioned Christmas and a New Year filled with Cheer.



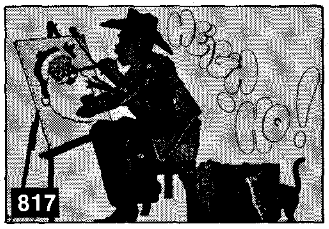
829

Christmas Trail by **Norman Miller** — Christmas Blessings and Best Wishes for a Joyous New Year.



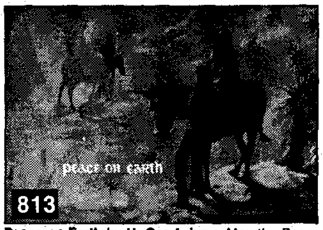
803

Merry Christmas by **Larry Smitherman** — Greetings and Good Wishes for the Season.



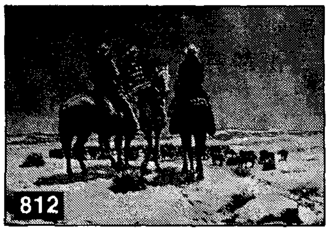
817

Heigh Ho! by **Roy Morrissey** — Holiday Greetings and Best Wishes for the New Year.



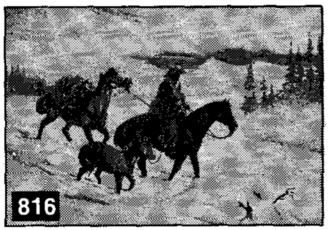
813

Peace on Earth by **H. Goodwine** — May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with You. Bible quote — "He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest . . ."



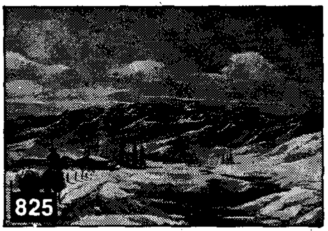
812

Thoughts of Three Wise Men by **Paul Salisbury** — May every Happiness be Yours at Christmas and *throughout the New Year. Quote from* St. Mathew 2:9 — "And behold, the Star in the East went before them."



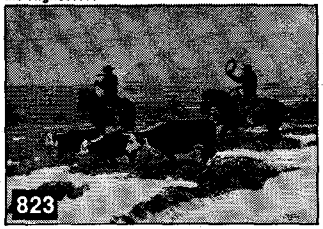
816

A Gift for Christmas by **Ben Cooper** — Merry Christmas. May the Coming New Year bring You *every Happiness.*



825

Star Filled Night by **George D. Smith** — Bringing You every Good Wish for Happiness . . .



823

Winter Pasture by **Robert Lougheed** — Season's Greetings with all Good Wishes for Happiness. **Verse by S. Omar Barker.**

DON'T BE DISAPPOINTED! Others offer but none duplicate the traditionally dependable quality of the **original** Lazy BL Ranch greeting cards. Our 1968 selection features new works by the West's **best known** artists — Bronson, Cedargreen, Eggenhofer, Goodwine, Harman, Lougheed, Salisbury, and *others — plus several all time Lorenz favorites. Magnificently reproduced in* true full color on rich linen-textured paper single folded to 4¾" by 6¾". Envelopes to match — *with several extras. Cards may be ordered plain, with* your name or brand, or **both** custom-printed in red to **exactly** match greeting. Orders carefully processed and shipped in sturdy carton within 24 hours right up 'til Christmas. FREE catalog of unique western stationery, note paper and gift tags sent with every order.

HOW TO ORDER: Write quantity of each card you want in box appearing in coupon. No need to send entire page. Order all one kind or assorted at no extra charge. Use separate sheet if needed. Circle **total** quantity and cost on price list. Enclose cash, check or money order with coupon and mail to **The Lazy BL Ranch, Box 3232, Cheyenne, Wyoming 82001.**

Card No.	Quantity

Total Quantity	15	25	50	75	100	150	200	300	500
Without Name	$3.15	4.25	8.25	12.00	15.50	22.95	30.00	45.00	72.50
With Name **or** Brand	$4.20	5.75	10.00	14.60	18.00	26.50	34.40	50.40	82.00
With Name **and** Brand	$5.70	7.25	11.50	16.10	19.50	28.00	35.90	51.90	83.50

Canadian residents please add 15% to prices. Wyoming residents add 3% sales tax.

NAMES TO BE PRINTED
ON CARDS, SEND SKETCH
IF BRAND WANTED.

SEND CARDS TO:

RTE., ST. OR BOX NO.

CITY STATE ZIP

MAIL COUPON TO: **The Lazy BL Ranch** TM

BOX 3232
CHEYENNE, WYOMING
82001

BEAUTIFUL FULL COLOR • MONEY BACK GUARANTEE • WE PAY POSTAGE

BRAND NEW!
"METALERT"*
tells you
where the
action is!

Award-winning "Metalert" Model 70 leads you straight to the action—fabulous relics, valuable minerals, scarce silver and gold! Use it anywhere, even in streams and at the beach!

Unsurpassed power and sensitivity. Rugged, lightweight and beautifully balanced for hours of tireless treasure hunting. Revolutionary solid-state circuits powered by easily replaced standard battery.

Built to the same exacting standards as Fisher precision instruments for industry and science. Look for "Metalert"—the finest detector you can buy!

frl

*Trademark
WRITE FOR
FREE LITERATURE

FISHER RESEARCH LABORATORY
Dept. FT, Palo Alto, Calif. 94303

I want to be a winner! Rush me information about "Metalert" treasure and metal detectors, success stories, *Discovery* brochure.

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________
State ________ Zip ________

FRONTIER TIMES

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

December-January, 196
Vol. 43, No. 1
New Series No. 57

PAT WAGNER Editor	**JOE AUSTELL SMALL** Publisher	**ROBERT SMALL** Advertising
MARY SANDERS Editorial Assistant	**JOAN ROBERSON** Production	**MARILYN WHITE** Circulation

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of gre historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."- Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

In This Issue—

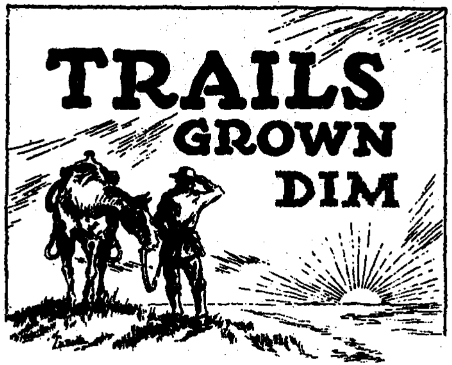
TRAILS GROWN DIM ....
FRONTIER POST ....
BILL STILES' STORY .... By Ed Earl Repp
ANOTHER "ALAMO" .... By Colin Rickards
PRISON BREAK! .... By Fred H. Root
CARSON CITY'S CHINATOWN .... By Edward L. Ilou
LOST WAGONTRAIN OF THE CIMARRON .... By Ike Osteen
TRAILING WEST .... By M. L. Johnson
THE MAJOR'S BLACKFOOT BRIDE .... By Dabney Taylor
A SECOND LOOK AT
THE BLAZER'S MILL AFFAIR .... By Philip J. Rasch
TWIN SPRINGS' SPANISH GOLD .... By George A. Mitchell
NUGGETS ....
THE GREATEST SHOT? .... By Stookie Allen
WILD CAT'S SEARCH .... By Viahnett Sprague Martin
A DESPERATE GAMBLE .... By Fern Durkee
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP ....
TUMBLEWEEDS .... By Tom K. Ryan

Cover: Victor Drake

FRONTIER TIMES is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P. Box 3668, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704. 35c per copy, $4.00 for 12 issu in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Mexico. $5.00 for 12 issues in other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas. Copyright 1968 WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

Three weeks' advance notice and old address as well as new are required change of subscriber's address.

Unsolicited manuscripts and photographs will be treated with care, but the safety while in our hands is not guaranteed. Enclose stamped envelope with submissions. Please inquire before sending in original art.



TRAILS GROWN DIM

If you have information concerning persons referred to below, do not write to us. Communicate directly with the letter writer.

Satterwhite

About 1888 or 1889 my grandparents, Eligah Wilborn Satterwhite and his wife, Mary Anetta, with their four children, Virgil Wimbish, Frances Vastus, Lizzie, and Milly Bell (my mother) came to Texas from Fish Head Valley, Clay County, Alabama. I think they first landed in Austin, Texas, then went to Buda, Texas, then to Driftwood, Texas, then to Luling, Texas where they lived and raised their family. They are buried at Luling in the Highsmith Cemetery. Can anybody tell me anything at all about them—the date they arrived, where they crossed the Mississippi River, any of the other places they may have crossed or passed through, just anything at all. I will be grateful for any information. —L. E. Smith, 305 E. 5th Street, Austin, Texas 78701

Jarrett W. Stabler

I am interested in contacting descendants of J. W. Stabler who was born in Shrewsbury, Pennsylvania, on September 21, 1842, lived in Illinois, served in the Civil War in the Illinois Voluntary Infantry, lived in McPherson, Kansas. The family moved to Anadarko County, Indian Territory, and then Bentonville, Arkansas, where he died in 1925. He married Anna Rebecca Yeargain of Illinois in 1868. At the time of his death in 1925, four children were living, but addresses are unknown—Mrs. W. E. Knox, Will C. Stabler, Mrs. Bess M. Huntsinger and George C. Stabler. It is possible they may be living in the Missouri-Arkansas area, or that some of their descendants still are living. I would like contact with anyone regarding additional biographical information on Stabler, as well as to secure a picture of him.—Linn Peterson, 540 E. Hill, McPherson, Kansas 67460

John Ealum Jones

I am seeking information regarding my father, John Ealum Jones, who lived in Red River County, Texas, until 1922. He was known as Eal by all of his friends and his family. He left Clarksville, Texas, on December 19, 1922, telling his oldest sons that he was leaving for awhile, and had a Negro man drive him to Mt. Pleasant, Texas, or that is where he said that he was going. Further, he said that if he were not heard of for seven years, we should try to find him. Indications are that he may have used the name of Buster Herrin or Herrin Zuster. He is eighty-six years old if still alive, 5' and 3" or 4" tall, stocky build, blue eyes, and brown hair. He was a farmer-rancher, born in Red River County, Annona, Texas, in about 1882, the 16th of June. It is possible that he has another family; if so it would be a pleasure to hear from them or any one who knows anything about my father. His mother was Florence Jones and he was married to Hattie Grace (Adams) Jones.—Majle H. Jones, 8636 Mt. Whitney Drive, El Paso, Texas 79904

Elliston

Can anyone tell me the name of the parents of Martimer Elliston, born December 19, 1830, Kentucky; died March 2, 1879, Birdville, Texas, Tarrant County. Married Sarah A. Eliot, born September 18, 1836; died November 27, 1877, Birdville, Texas. Martimer came to Texas from Halls Gap, Kentucky before 1850.—Mrs. C. E. Elliston, Rt. 5, Box 16, Coalgate, Oklahoma 74538.

Gordon

Are any of your readers related to a Will Gordon from Bucklin, Kansas, 1835 to 1850? If so, I would appreciate hearing from you. I have something that may be interesting to a relative.—Dale McCullar, Rt. 1, Box 422, St. Helens, Oregon 97051.

Seward—Jacobs—Willhelm

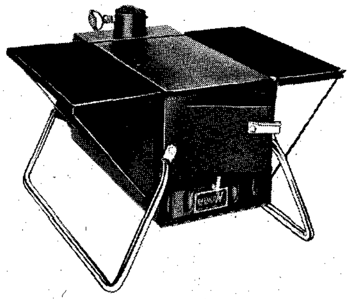
One of my grandfather's brothers was David N. Seward, born February 16, 1821, in Warren County, Ohio, who left Indiana probably in the early 1840s, went west, and was never heard of afterwards. Would like to correspond with Seward or related families who may know about this great uncle or his descendants, if he had any!

Henry Jacobs, born March 4, 1796 or 1776 (probably 1796) in the North Atlantic en route from Germany or Holland (probably Holland) to Delaware or Delaware Bay, New Jersey. Married Elizabeth Willhelm, October 30, 1828, in Adams County, Illinois. Henry Jacobs died September 13, 1844. I have tied down through the fall of 1844 the generations of descendants of his son and daughter who lived. Who were Henry Jacobs' parents? Where were they from? Did Henry have any brothers or sisters? Where did he die and where is he buried?

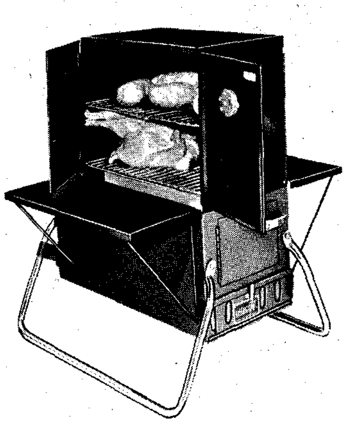
Elizabeth Seymore Willhelm, born January 4, 1811, married Henry Jacobs October 30, 1828, in Adams County, Illinois. Jacobs died in 1844 and Elizabeth married John Iler April 16, 1845, and had a daughter, Matilda Jane Iler, born November 26, 1847, died September 12, 1864. Elizabeth was married a third time to Luke Corson. Elizabeth died May 25, 1887. Does anyone know about the Seymore family of Illinois in the early 1800s? Did Elizabeth Willhelm have any brothers or sisters? Who were Elizabeth Willhelm's parents? Did Matilda Jane Iler have children? Did Elizabeth have any children by Luke Corson? Where did Elizabeth die and where is she buried?

(Continued on page 69)

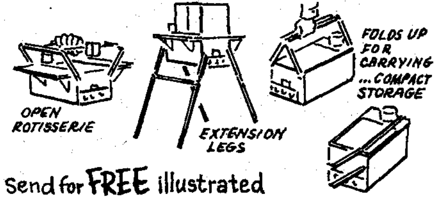
BEST COOKER! BEST WARMER!



the RAEMCO 7 IN 1



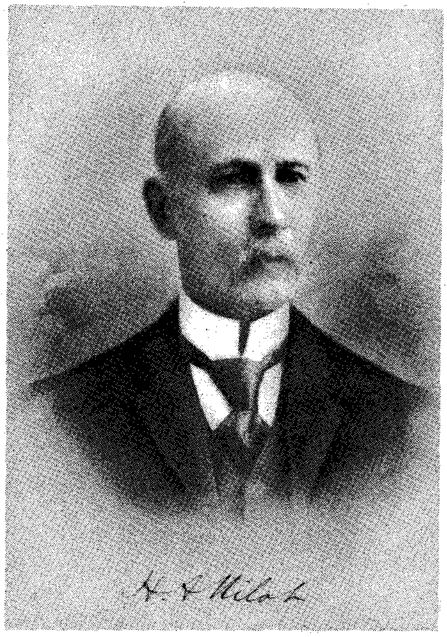
★Charcoal Broil ★ Smoke Cook ★ Roast Bake ★ Barbeque (Rotisserie) ★ Fry ★Space Heat! The 7in1 fires up in minutes...heats for hours, unattended. The most versatile stove for campers, use it indoors, outdoors; on trips or at home! Burns wood, charcoal for the most delicious meals; warmest heater ever!


OPEN ROTISSERIE
EXTENSION LEGS
FOLDS UP FOR CARRYING ...COMPACT STORAGE

Send for FREE illustrated booklet, uses, prices.

RAEMCO, SOMERVILLE, 16 N.J. 08876
Please send FREE information on RAEMCO 7 in 1
MY NAME__________
STREET__________
CITY______ ZIP______ STATE______

FRONTIER POST



Milot—Not Minot

Dear Sir:

By chance I happened to pick up the September issue of FRONTIER TIMES. While thumbing through the pages, I came across a picture of my father's hotel taken at Sun River, Montana which I recognized at once. I was somewhat disappointed by the misspelling of his name. It was spelled "Minot" and should have been H. A. Milot.

My dad came to Deer Lodge, Montana from St. Joseph, Missouri, arriving there in 1861. He lived in Dearborn Crossing before coming to Helena where he died in February 1910. We were a family of six girls and five boys. I am his youngest son, approaching my eighty-first birthday, and have one sister, seventy-eight years old. All the rest of the family have passed away.

I hope you will find a way to make correction of my dad's name.—Oscar E. Milot, 925 Eighth Avenue, Helena, Montana 59601

We are glad to make the correction. A story on Dearborn Crossing is slated for the April issue and Mr. Milot's pictures will be used.

Lively Montana Old-timer

Dear Sir:

I was born in Missoula when it was very small and will be happy to give information to anyone interested in Montana and parts of western Idaho. I broke many horses as a bronc buster and worked many years for the U. S. Forest Service. Since my wife passed away I've bought a big house trailer and live on my boy's ranch, taking care of it—a beautiful place in the mountains with plenty of trout, deer and elk around all the time. I will give information to anyone young or old and promise to answer all letters so come one, come all for information and get to know me and the state of Montana!—Joe Lachman, Huson, Montana 59846

Deputy Sheriff Lampley

Dear Sir:

I would like any information concerning the shooting of Deputy Sheriff Ed Lampley, my great-great-uncle, near Cuero, Texas at the time of the Taylor-Sutton feud. He was shot near Irish Creek in Dewitt County. He was living near or at the old town of Clinton and had several brothers; two were James and Hal Lampley.—David Lampley, 711 Alexander Street, Killeen, Texas 76541

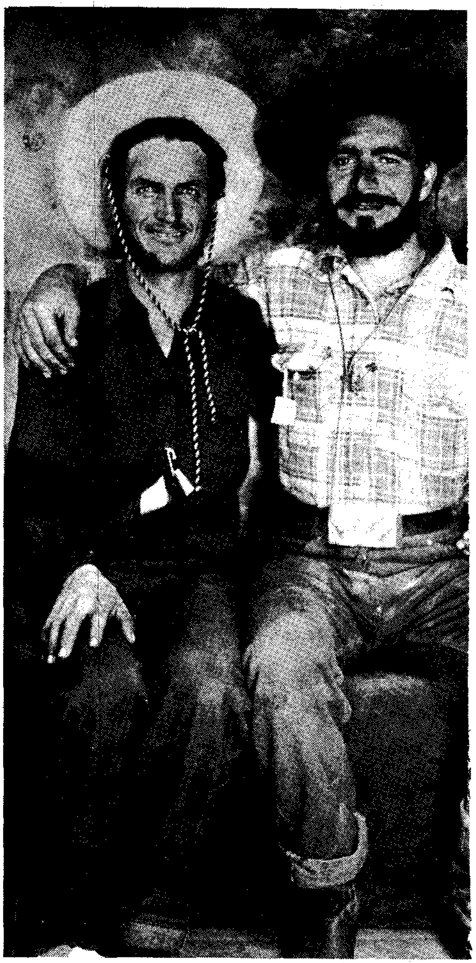
Where Did It Happen?

Dear Sirs:

This in an invitation found in an old book we were going through. Can anyone tell us the town, city or state it is from?

MAY PARTY FOR THE BENEFIT OF
CUSTER RELIEF CORPS
ON
TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 17, '92
ELK'S HALL, IONIA STREET
MUSIC BY SQUIRE'S QUADRILLE
ORCHESTRA
ADM. 50c

Please write—C. G. Northrop, 232 W. Main, Westfield, New York 14787

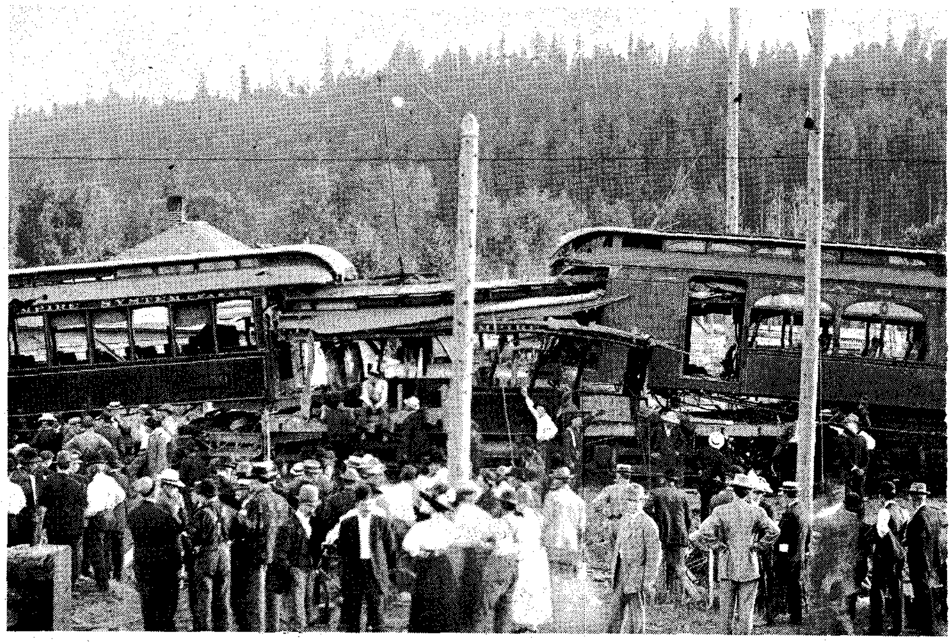


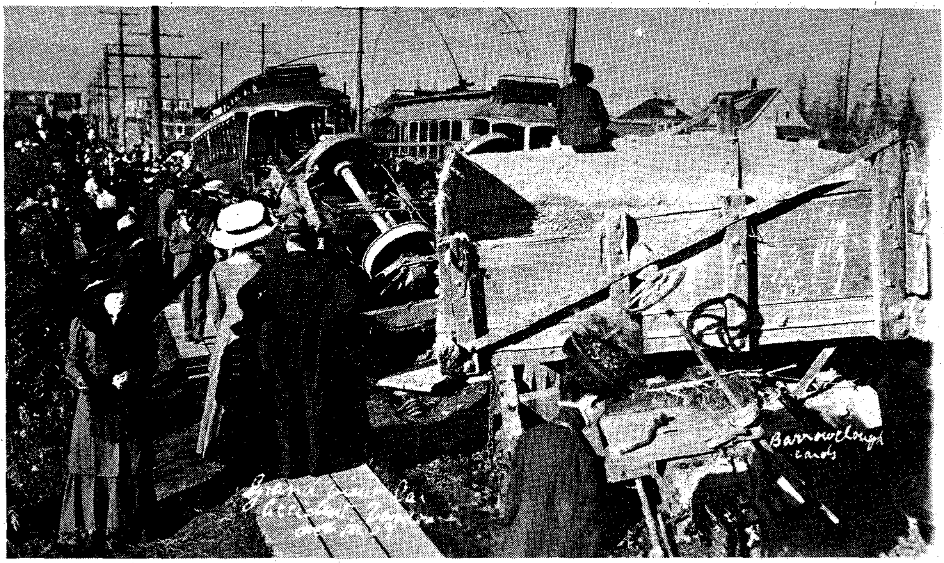
Picture Identification

Dear Sir:

Can anyone identify the man on the left in this picture? The man wearing the dark hat and the plaid shirt is Gus Tozias. The picture was taken in Soda Springs, Idaho, I think around rodeo time in 1940 or 1941 by the tags on their shirts.—John Clark, Star Route 1, Box 26, Redcrest, California 95569

The July 21, 1909 electric train wreck in which fifteen people died and more than ninety were injured.





Train wreckage as a result of a head-on collision at Lacrosse Street near Gibes station three miles outside of Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

"The Great Electric Train Wreck"

Dear Editor:

I just received the August-September issue of FRONTIER TIMES and read "The Great Electric Train Wreck" by Mary Pease Lashbrook. Your author did a fine job on this and I couldn't resist dropping you a line to tell you so. In case your readers might be interested I am sending some pictures that I happen to have of the wreck. I remember the excitement about the wreck when I was a boy.—Victor H. White, 1038 Winding Ridge Road, Santa Rosa, California

Tom Mix's Packard

Dear Hosstail:

I am wondering, after reading Walt Coburn's story about Tom Mix, if he might happen to know what became of Tom's classy Packard—the one he drove in the early 1920s. Tom had it upholstered in hand-tooled leather; the fender-mounted spares had tooled leather covers and the trunk on the rear carrier also wore a tooled leather cover. The boot, which covered the top when it was down (which it always was, I guess), matched the rest of the trimmings and, of course, the carvings displayed his brand TX in the center of each item. The car had a red plate with white lettering which proclaimed that Tom was a deputy fire marshal, which made it legal for him to have a siren on the car. I keep hoping that this Packard wound up in a museum somewhere but if it did, I haven't run across it yet.—C. Jurgens, 8042 Second Street, Paramount, California 90723

Trails Cross

Dear Sir:

The story of "Tom Mix's Last Sundown" in FRONTIER TIMES took me away back yonder to the year of 1923 when I was employed as a Model T mechanic at the old Kresteller Motor Garage in San Francisco. While I was tightening the bearings on a Model T, a young man stuck his head under the running board and said, "Hey! Tom Mix and his parade of cowboys will be coming up Market Street in just one hour." I rolled out from under the roadster. The locker room was located in the tool department, and as I was putting on my coat and hat, the foreman came in. "Kid," he said, "where do you think you're going?" I informed him I was going to see Tom Mix. He shook his head in no uncertain manner and replied, "I'm short of men. Either you get back on the job or else." Being young and free, I said, "Don't let it worry you any."

It was the most beautiful sight I had ever seen, all those fancy dressed cowboys and their shining saddles. The horses pranced as though they were proud to be in the parade. I hollered at Tom Mix; he turned in his saddle, waved and smiled. The next morning, as I was getting ready to put my card in the punch clock, the foreman spotted me. "Never mind about that punch card," he said. "Go to the office and get your time. You're fired."—S. H. Berry, Box 1192, Boise, Idaho 83701

R. C. Hunter, Sr.

Howdy, Joe:

I'm interested to know if anybody in Texas or anywhere else knows of or remembers an old "cowpoke" by the name of R. C. Hunter, Sr. His son, R. C. Hunter, Jr., lives close to us here and he's quite a character, likes to bear hunt, run hound dogs, sit and tell tales about his dad, and sling the bull in general. His dad used to ride for the old XIT outfit, and I thought perhaps there might be some old-timer left who might remember R. C. Hunter when he worked for this particular outfit. He worked for the XIT back about 1904-'05. We sure would appreciate hearing from anyone who remembers him, and I'm sure R. C. would like to hear from them also.—Mrs. J. W. Garrett, Starveout, Creek Route, Azalea, Oregon 97410

A Cowboy's Dream

Dear Joe:

In the spring of 1966 I went through Bowie and Mesa, Arizona. In two places, one in Bowie and one in Mesa, I saw the A-1 Beer ad with Lon Megargee's

(Continued on page 72)

APPROVED for VETERANS under new G.I. bill

FREE FACTS *mail coupon* on how to become a GAME WARDEN FISH-WILDLIFE MANAGER FORESTER, GOV'T. HUNTER or Aid or Assistant Type Positions that Require Less Formal Education

PROTECT FORESTS and WILDLIFE— ARREST VIOLATORS!

To guard and protect our forests, fish and wild game, Game Wardens are empowered to enforce the Conservation Laws and arrest violators. Positions of prestige and authority! Other exciting activities include supervising fire patrols and reforestation projects, banding wildfowl, inoculating wild game against disease, etc.—a never-ending campaign of protection for our great national resources.

VACATION JOBS— *a wonderful way to get started!* Make valuable contacts and "learn the ropes." No special training or experience needed. Students can prepare now for next vacation period.

Don't be chained to desk, store counter or factory machine. Enjoy an outdoor life with the *extra* rewards of hard muscles, bronzed *skin, vibrant good health. Sleep* under pines! Catch breakfast from icy streams! Feel like a million—and *look* like it, too! Easy home-study plan prepares you now for an outdoor man's dream career in Forestry, Wildlife & Soil Conservation. Plan to live the life you love. Rush coupon for FREE "CONSERVATION CAREER KIT"—jam-packed with exciting facts about your future in Conservation.

THRILLS AND ADVENTURE

Every day is a new adventure for the man in Forestry & Wildlife Conservation. You may hunt mountain lions, coyotes and wildcats—parachute from a plane or land in a helicopter—aid animals marooned by fire or flood—or save the life an an injured hunter. Adventure, public service and good pay—almost like a vacation with pay!

GOOD PAY! SECURITY! NO LAYOFFS!

Although not connected with the Government, we show you how to seek out exciting job openings in your state and other areas. Age limits 17 to 45, sometimes older on luxurious private Game Farms & Hunt Clubs. Many accepting applications now! Most Conservation Careers combine permanence with fine starting pay and regular advances. No layoffs because of slow business. No worry about your pay check. A pension may assure you a good income for life. Living costs are low, too!

500,000 NEW JOBS

A national weekly news magazine recently stated that according to government studies and forecasts job opportunities in the outdoor field are due for rapid increases in the years just ahead. Estimates *range as high as 500,000 new jobs by 1980 in operation and management of public and private recreation areas. Special skills and training will be needed by people to fill sub-professional jobs. North American graduates are working *right now* in outdoor positions of responsibility in almost every State. You, too, may already have the basic talents for an exciting outdoor position. Find out all about it now. Mail the coupon today!

Rush COUPON for FREE "CONSERVATION CAREER KIT"

If you're an outdoor man at heart, get the facts on exciting career opportunities in Conservation for you. Send for **FREE "CONSERVATION CAREER KIT"**, including 20-Page Conservation Career **Fact Book**, self-scoring **Aptitude Quiz**, 3-month subscription to **"Conservation Topics"**, plus exciting report **"JOBS FOR SPORTSMEN**—How & Where to Get Them." No cost, no obligation, now or ever. No salesman will call. Rush coupon today!

Conservation Career FACT BOOK

"Jobs for SPORTSMEN" How & Where To Get Them

Accredited Member, Nat'l Home Study Council. Auth. to issue Diplomas by Calif. State Superintendent of Instruction.

ALL 4 FREE MAIL COUPON

NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CONSERVATION, Dept. 1031
4500 Campus Dr., University Plaza, Newport, Calif. 92660

Rush "CONSERVATION CAREER KIT" including Book, Aptitude Quiz, 3-mo. Subscription & Job Report – ALL FREE!

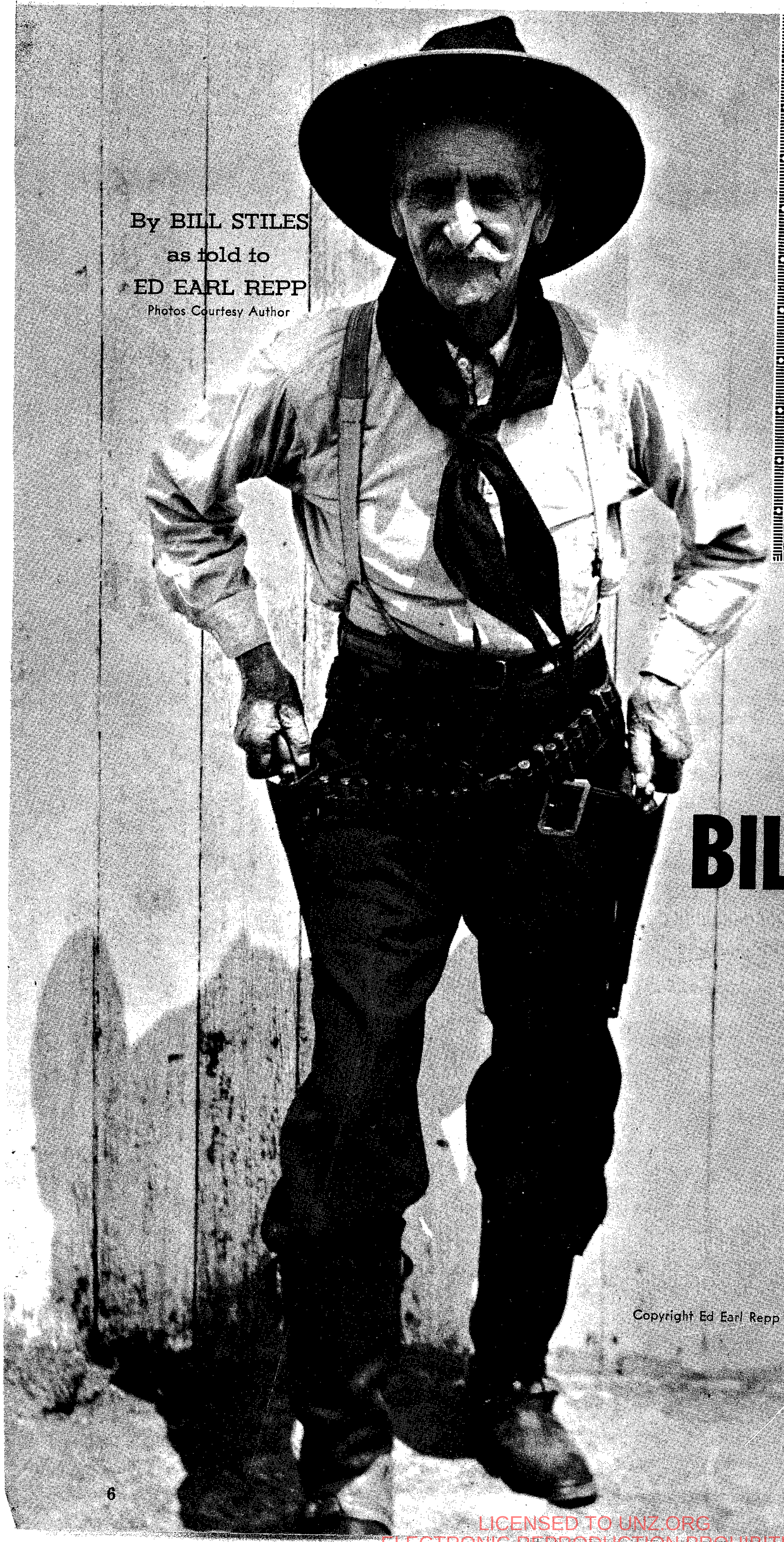
NAME ________________ AGE ____
ADDRESS ________________
CITY ________________
STATE ________________ ZIP ________

(Approved for Veterans under new G. I. Bill)

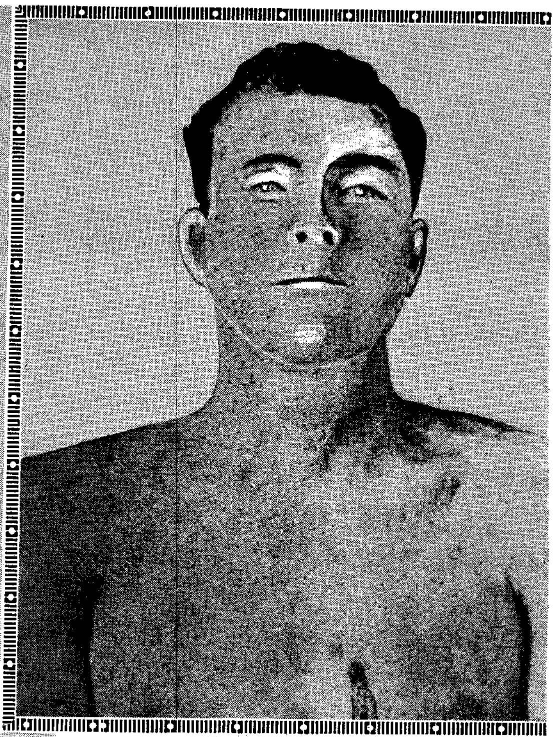
BILL Stiles' Story

By BILL STILES
as told to
ED EARL REPP

Photos Courtesy Author



Copyright Ed Earl Repp



Above, Bill Chadwell dead of a gunshot wound inflicted during the Northfield Bank holdup. Left, Bill Stiles at the age of eighty-six.

FOR MANY YEARS Los Angeles was the wintering place for transients from all over the nation. When Old Man Frost began to stamp his hoary brand on the trees of other climes, it was a sign for members of the hobo fraternity to migrate to the sunny West Coast.

In years gone by these "Weary Willies" flocked by the hundreds to the hobo jungles along the Los Angeles River, bringing with them the pangs of starvation and, in many instances, diseases of serious nature. Here they camped amid

Last survivor of Jesse James' band gives interview about Northfield raid and the killing of Bob Ford

hunger, squalor, and sickness, their misery further aggravated by the heavy seasonal rains.

The influx created such a serious situation that rescue missions were established where the hungry might be fed, the sick attended, and the souls of sinners cleansed by exhortation or persuasion.

Certain vacant buildings were donated to the cause. Citizens donated beds, blankets, money and food.

Rescue missions were plentiful on North Main Street and on Los Angeles Street near the Plaza and Chinatown. In them hungry men were fed, clothed and bedded down. Jobs were found for a good many and those who refused to work were given their choice of doing so or getting out of town. But above all, the gospel was preached daily and many souls were saved. Instead of being just another graft or racket, the rescue missions proved themselves capable of doing an excellent service for the community. Acting on the proven theory that a man will listen to reason only on a full stomach, they soon reduced the hobo ranks to the minimum and rehabilitated many a down-and-outer.

One evening in 1913, not long after darkness had settled over the City of the Angels, there stealthily slipped into the auditorium of a Los Angeles rescue mission a man whose eyes were like those of a hunted animal, whose face bore the pallor of prison and under whose long coat bulged two evil-looking six-shooters. Trying to make himself unobserved by the good people who stood on the pulpit preaching the word of God to a more or less ragged audience, he slid into a vacant seat and slumped far down.

Soon after, a burly policeman, swinging his night-stick in expert fashion, strode up to the mission door, paused, looked in and went on his way, satisfied that all was in order. Through hawk-like eyes the man in the long coat had watched from his seat. He had slipped into the mission to dodge the officer who had been approaching him. He sat up, now that the policeman had gone about his business, and smiled grimly. For a few long moments he waited, listening to what was to him a meaningless prattle from the pulpit. Then in scorn he got up and started toward the door.

Scarcely had he turned up the aisle than he felt someone clutch at his arm. He swung around with a snarl, shoving back his coat to get at his guns. When he turned he found himself looking into the kindly face of a woman who had slipped forward from the pulpit.

"Don't go," she said, holding his arm. "Stay and listen to the word of God."

"God?" the stranger snapped. "What do I care about God? He means nothing to me! I have no God and don't want one!"

"Maybe you will change your mind after you've heard about Him," she appealed. "Won't you stay, please?"

The invitation would have been useless had the man not caught the flash of a police badge as the burly officer passed again. That decided the matter for him. He would remain in the mission until that policeman had gone from the vicinity. He allowed the woman to lead him to the front. There he sat down and before the services were over he had given up his pistols and was converted.

THAT MAN HAD BEEN a desperate criminal—one upon whose head rested a reward of some $10,000. He was a man who on the next day was scheduled to hold up a Southern Pacific Train, Jesse

Main Street, Los Angeles, looking north from 5th Street, 1905. The Los Angeles Rescue Mission frequented by Stiles was a block north of this view.

Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Company, Los Angeles

ARCADE DEPOT
112

HITCHCOCK
SCRIVER

Courtesy Minnesota Historical Society

Arrow points to the Northfield Bank that ten members (according to Stiles' count) of the James-Younger gangs robbed at gun point.

James fashion, between Chatsworth and Burbank, near Los Angeles. Even while he was giving his soul to God, his gang was concealed in the hills around Chatsworth, waiting for his return with a suitcase full of dynamite with which to carry out the robbery. Now, their leader William Stiles, one-time lieutenant of the notorious Jesse James band, was to desert them. But not before he rode into their midst and told them that his career of crime was over forever.

Southern Pacific schedules out of Los Angeles continued uninterrupted. The outlaw band broke up and Bill Stiles, after hurling his dynamite into a deep pool of the Los Angeles River, returned to the mission. He could be seen there for many years afterwards, working as a night watchman for the paltry wage of fifty cents per night.

When I knew him, Bill Stiles had been considered dead for more than half a century, killed on that eventful day when a group of enraged citizens led by Manning, Wheeler and Hyde fought the Jesse James outlaw band at Northfield, Minnesota, in 1876. Actually, Bill Stiles participated in one of the most interesting cases of mistaken identity in frontier history.

Regardless of what the man might have been in the days when the six-shooter was law, he was in his last years a mild-mannered, quiet, unassuming old gentleman who attended strictly to his own business. A familiar figure on the pulpit of the Los Angeles rescue mission, he became a living example of "what God can do for a man who wills." He was tall and straight. His eyes were of the deepest blue. He wore a long gray moustache. It was difficult to imagine that here was a man who once had been a desperado.

"I wasn't killed at Northfield, as misinformed historians have said in their books," he told me in 1931. "They killed Clell Miller, Bill Chadwell and almost got me, but I'm still kickin'! The body of Chadwell was mistaken for mine because he had often posed around Northfield as Bill Stiles. I had a reputation which he liked to usurp occasionally. Consequently, after the smoke floated from above Northfield and Chadwell's body sprawled on the street, he was identified as Bill Stiles, while I, with a charge of buckshot in my back, guided the James and Younger men out of town—what was left of them. One author has written that Chadwell and I were the same man. That is untrue. I was born in New York State and Chadwell in Minnesota. We were close friends, but altogether different persons."

It was quite difficult to persuade Stiles to confide in me as he possessed a healthy fear that he might yet be taken back to Minnesota to stand trial for the part he played in the Northfield Bank raid. But when it was explained to him—by a lawyer—that as long as he remained in California he was safe, Stiles spoke with considerable freedom.

WILLIAM C. STILES was born near New York City on October 27, 1850, of well-to-do, respectable parents. His lawless career began at an early age, with petty thefts. As he grew older the desire to steal became a fixed habit. One day while passing a foundry yard near his home, he saw a man asleep in a shed behind the pattern rooms. He lifted the gentleman's wallet and his watch as well. He was only fourteen.

But an officer caught up with him that time and visited Bill's father who was the town's only physician. During their conversation regarding Billy's failings, he overheard them plotting to put him aboard the *St. Mary*, a prison ship. That was enough for Bill, for that night he stowed away on a Hudson River steamer and went to New York City. There he began his life of crime in earnest.

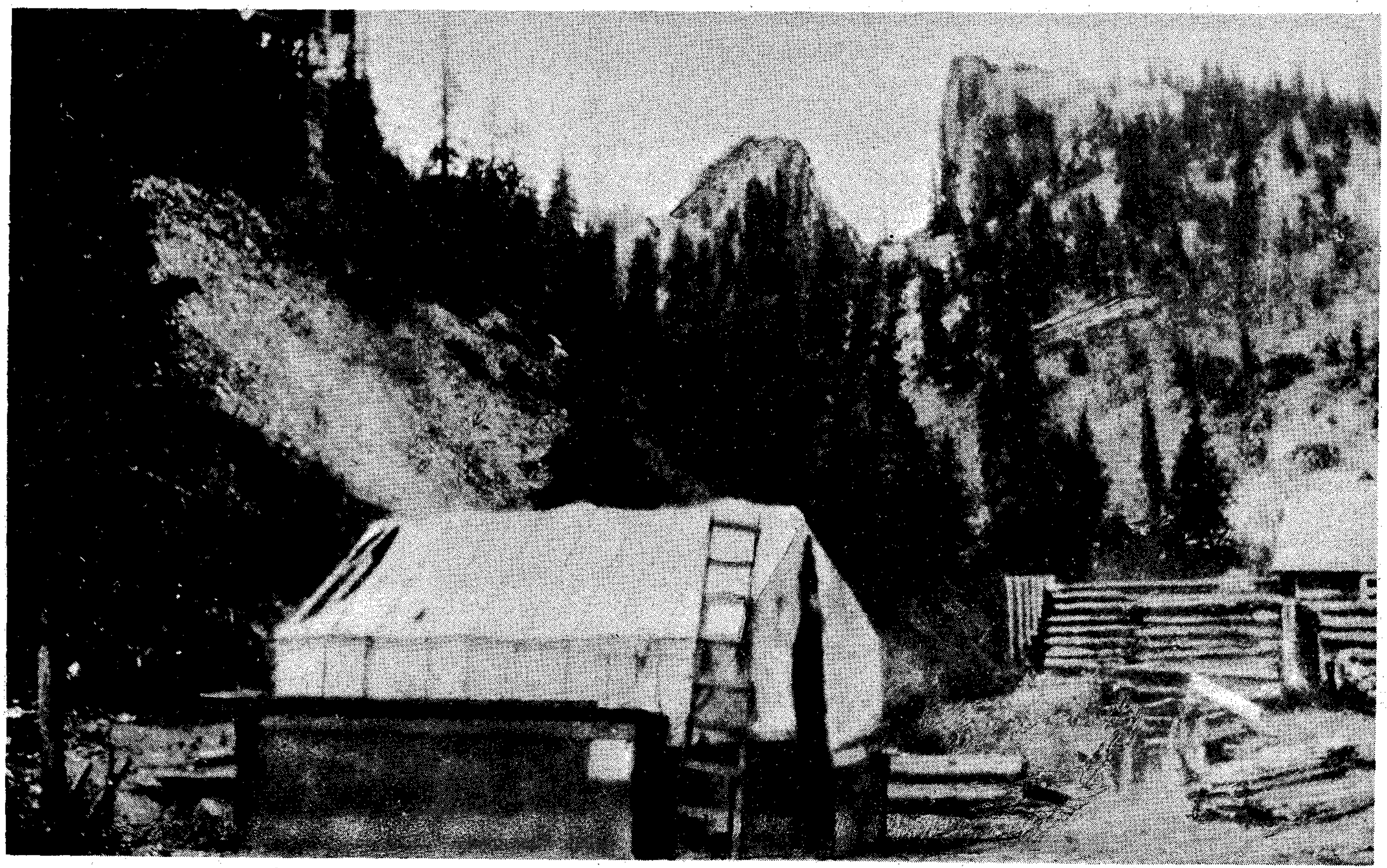
Shortly after his arrival he attempted to pick the purse of a well-dressed lady. She caught him in the act, but instead of having him arrested, entered him in a crime school, herself serving as teacher. In other words, he had attempted to pick the purse of a successful female pickpocket who, aside from plying her trade, was also the mistress and matron of a "Fagin School," an established institution for producing criminals.

She escorted him to the school, an elaborately furnished home in the exclusive district and there gave him his first lessons in the picking of pockets. In one room, which was darkened, there were a number of dummies on whose clothing had been sewn any number of tiny bells. In the pockets were placed small sums of money. Young Bill was told that if he picked the pockets of that money without ringing a single bell, he could have it for his own. Well, he said he rang bells for a long time before he could get the cash. But at last his touch became so deft and light he could soon extract the money without making a sound. Thus he graduated from a diamond in the rough to a polished gem, outshining all the other youthful students of the crime school.

They called the matron "Mother." One day she called Bill to a window and pointed out a man on the street.

"See that man?" she said fondly.

"My eyes are good," replied young Bill.



"Well, I want you to get his watch and wallet and bring them to me," she told him.

Bill sauntered forth, not knowing that the man had been planted there. The matron followed to see that Bill did his work. He hurried after the man, got ahead of him and tripped himself with apparent awkwardness. The man quite naturally stopped to pick the boy up. In the process young Bill calmly lifted his watch and wallet. Mother hurried up and, with the man, congratulated Bill on his success.

One day Mother took him shopping—to Stewart's big store (later Wanamakers). While in the store, Bill, the desire to steal on him, lifted the matron's purse. She soon discovered its loss and collared him roughly.

"You little rat!" she spat in anger. "Next time you lift a purse, take someone else's or I'll wring your neck!"

But Bill sensed that she was highly pleased with his "art." He had successfully raided the purse of the very woman who had taught him the profession of "dipping."

For some time the boy picked pockets in New York City, turning his swag over to Mother and receiving only a small remuneration in return. He did not dare hold out on her as she or one of her confederates was always on hand to watch when he pulled a job. Bill grew resentful of this and finally told Mother outright that he was going to seek a change of scenery.

She gave him a letter of introduction to a man in Chicago named McGirk who conducted a crime ring. Here Bill stayed for some months, learning how to shoot straight. Strange as it may seem, a Chicago policeman taught him how to shoot with two guns. In no time Bill was able to break the necks of bottles at a distance of seventy-five paces. And so he graduated from a dip to a full-fledged two-gunman and the policeman remarked, "Bill, anyone who can knock the necks off bottles at seventy-five paces gets the utmost respect from this copper. I hope I'll never have to shoot it out with you!"

SHORTLY THEREAFTER Bill committed a crime which caused him to leave Chicago in great haste. He headed into the Wisconsin woods to hide among the Chippewa Indians, and while there learned the country of Minnesota, northern Wisconsin and far into Canada. (This knowledge was later to enable him to lead the James gang to a clean-cut escape after the Northfield raid and ensuing gun battle.)

After almost a year he headed west, finally overtaking a man riding a fine thoroughbred horse on the outskirts of Omaha, Nebraska. Bill took an immediate fancy to that horse.

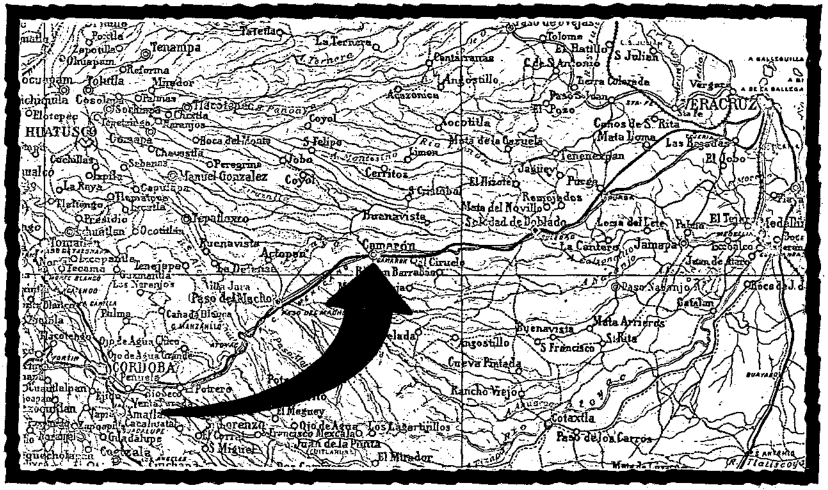
When they reached Omaha, the owner, a Pinkerton detective, left the animal at a corral and walked to a hotel. No sooner had the hostler taken over the horse than Bill thumped the man's skull with a gun-butt. Then, vaulting into the saddle, he headed out of town.

Bill was not gone long before he discovered a posse on his heels, probably bent on stringing him up, as horse-stealing in those days carried the extreme penalty. The thoroughbred had

(Continued on page 50)

Above, the saloon at Creede, Colorado, where Bob Ford was killed. Below, Bob Ford, killer of Jesse James.

Courtesy University of Texas Library



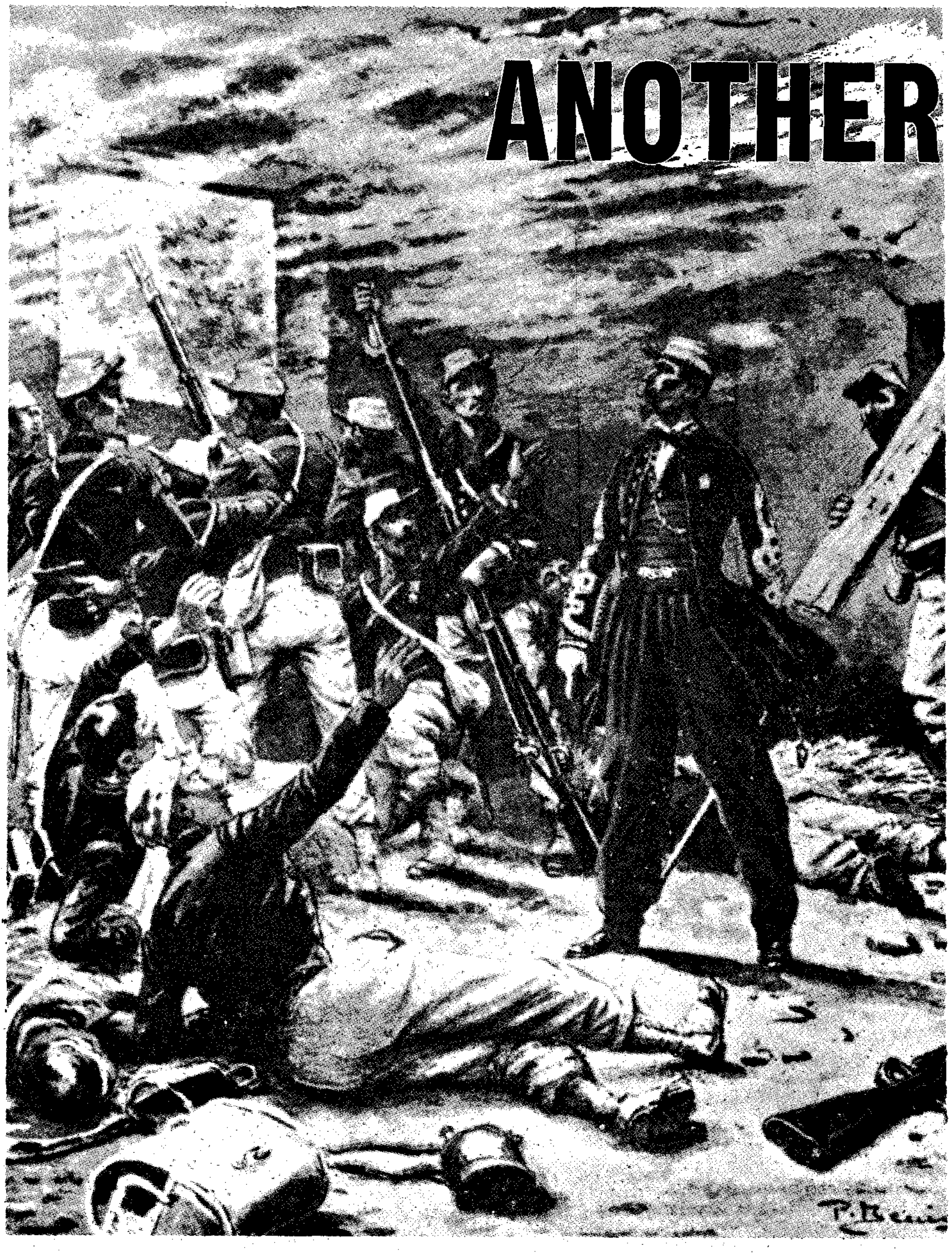
The road from Vera Cruz to Puebla, showing Camerone (Camarón) where in April 1863 the French Foreign Legion held off a company of Mexican guerrillas.

By COLIN RICKARDS

Photos Courtesy Author

Remember Travis, Bowie, Crockett?
Then meet Danjou, Vilain, Moudet!
Forty-six against two thousand, theirs was

ANOTHER



IT WAS JUST after midnight when the troops moved out of Chiquihuite, sixty-two officers and men of the Third Company of the First Battalion of the French Foreign Legion stepping briskly in a longer-than-normal marching pace on the road towards Puebla.

Their mission was to scout the road as far as Paloverde, eighteen miles away, and clear it of guerrillas so that the paymaster's wagontrain carrying three million gold francs could pass in safety.

Captain Jean Danjou, he of the false wooden hand—worn to replace the one he lost in battle at Sebastopol—anticipated no trouble. True, the Third Company, normally made up of 112 Legionnaires, was under strength, but it mattered little. It was just a routine patrol—but one which would go down in history.

Napoleon of France, taking advantage of the fact that the Civil War would prevent the Americans from making effective objections, had decided that an obscure Austrian archduke should be forcibly installed on the newly-created throne of Mexico as Emperor Maximilian. Seasoned veterans of the Foreign Legion, fresh from action in both Europe and North Africa, were shipped to Veracruz to insure that any objections by the Mexicans would be controlled. In addition, various corps of Americans—many of them deserters from the Army of the Confederacy—were raised as the Emperor's guard.

The Mexicans, under the leadership of the fanatical Indian patriot Benito Juarez, bitterly opposed the imposition of a foreign ruler and stood to arms. They knew that with the Americans at war with each other any serious military attempt to prevent this violation of the Monroe Doctrine was impossible. And it was clear that the French would ignore diplomatic objections. It was up to the Mexicans themselves to win the war, outgunned and under-trained as they were.

In April, 1863, Colonel Milan, Mexican commander for the region around Joya, received intelligence reports that the French were dispatching a wagontrain containing a vast amount of gold. His main objective was the capture of the French seige artillery concentrated at Soledad, but he knew that if he could also capture the immense gold shipment

'ALAMO"

it would be a severe blow to French prestige and to the morale of their troops, who would be the immediate sufferers if the paymaster's gold fell into enemy hands.

Almost from the moment that the Third Company of the First Battalion marched out of the French command post at Chiquihuite the Mexican guerrillas had them under observation. They noted the small number of Legionnaires and shadowed them through the night, hiding in deserted shacks as the French passed through the war-ravaged village of Camerone, deserted now except for rats and a few stray half-wild dogs. At dawn the French reached Paloverde and Captain Danjou, having failed to detect any sign of the enemy, turned back and pitched a temporary camp for breakfast.

Colonel Milan, camped at Joya with a force composed of about 300 regular cavalry, 350 guerrillas and three infantry battalions each with a strength of between 300 and 400, was informed that the Legionnaires had turned back, and he immediately decided to wipe them out before falling on the paymaster's wagontrain.

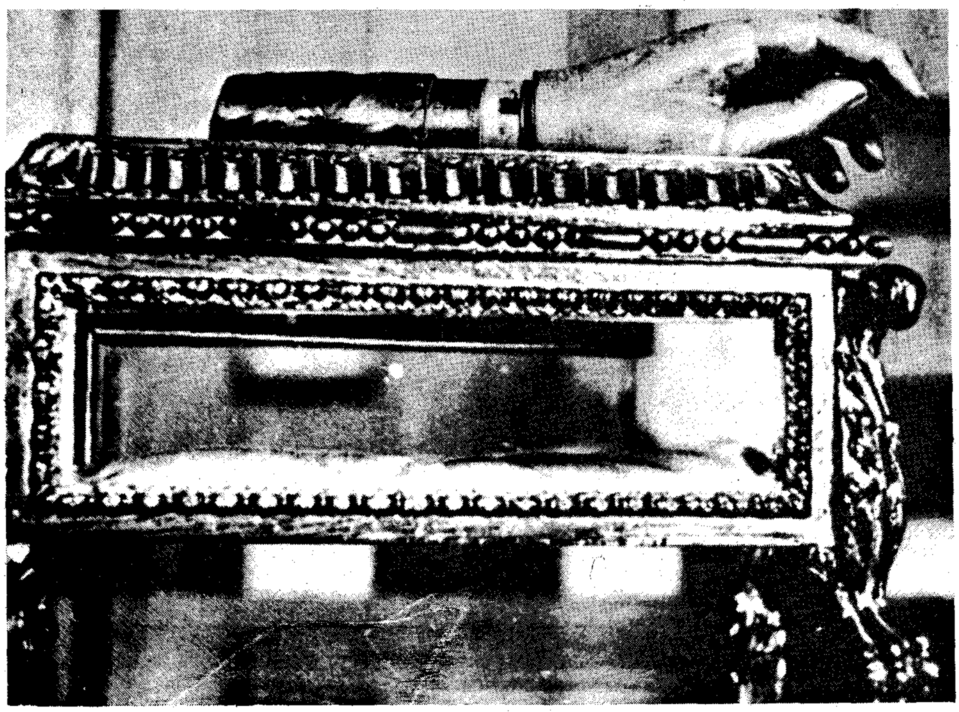
Count de Diesbach de Torny, a Swiss-born officer serving with the French Foreign Legion, chronicled the engagement in his campaign diary.

"IT WAS ABOUT eight o'clock when the Mexican cavalry appeared, cutting the road to Chiquihuite," he wrote. "The coffee was still brewing. Captain Danjou gave the order to overturn the cauldrons, sent a runner to recall Corporal Magnin's section on guard at the water point, and began to retreat in column of march, a section out as flank-guard ready to form a square. On leaving Paloverde, he turned off the road to the right into scrub country so as to make it difficult for the cavalry to charge. The enemy, thinking that the Captain had taken this direction so as to reconnoitre Joya by day, momentarily broke contact.

"On arriving at Camerone, the village seemed to be occupied, for a shot rang out and one of the Legionnaires fell wounded. Hoping to trap the enemy, Danjou ordered an encircling movement. One platoon swung right, another to the left, with orders to rendezvous on the far side of the village, a task which was accomplished without opposition. A further quarter of an hour was then passed searching the houses, which proved to be deserted. But, during this time, the enemy suddenly appeared in very large numbers on the right. Leaving Camerone, Captain Danjou attacked immediately. At first the enemy gave ground, but soon Danjou found himself completely surrounded. Milan with his regular cavalry infiltrated between the village and our troops and, closing ranks, charged furiously. The charge, however, was broken up by the well ordered fire from our ranks.

"Taking advantage of a lull, the Captain led his men up a steep bank to the left of the road from where they were able to regain the village. On the outskirts the Legionnaires were once more charged by the cavalry and again forming a square, easily repulsed this second charge. The column, constantly harried by the Mexican cavalry, then moved in a southerly direction towards [a] Camerone farm.

Below, the wooden hand of Captain Jean Danjou, hero of Camerone. The hand is a sacred Legion relic. Left, Captain Danjou (center) commanding troops at Camerone. Painting from LIVRE D'ORE, Foreign Legion's book wherein deeds of gallantry are recorded.



Captain Jean Danjou

"The farmhouse itself, taking up the whole length of one of the four walls enclosing an open courtyard, was a rambling, dilapidated building, with windows looking out onto the road and doors giving onto the courtyard. The other three walls—each being about fifty metres in length—were lined by outhouses and ruined stables, most of them roofless. The orientation of the building as a whole was roughly that of the four cardinal points of the compass. The courtyard was entered by two big gates in the west wall."

Danjou made a snap decision, waved his sword and ordered the men forward. They charged into the courtyard, but Milan's guerrillas, seeing what the French commander intended, dashed forward and gained control of some of the buildings before the Legionnaires could reach them. A detachment of sixteen Legionnaires, cut off by the guerrillas' charge, was surrounded and disarmed. Danjou, with forty-five men remaining under his command, occupied the outhouses and a small room in the northwest corner of the ruined farmhouse.

It was 9:00 a.m. on April 30, 1863—a day which would become famous in the annals of the Legion.

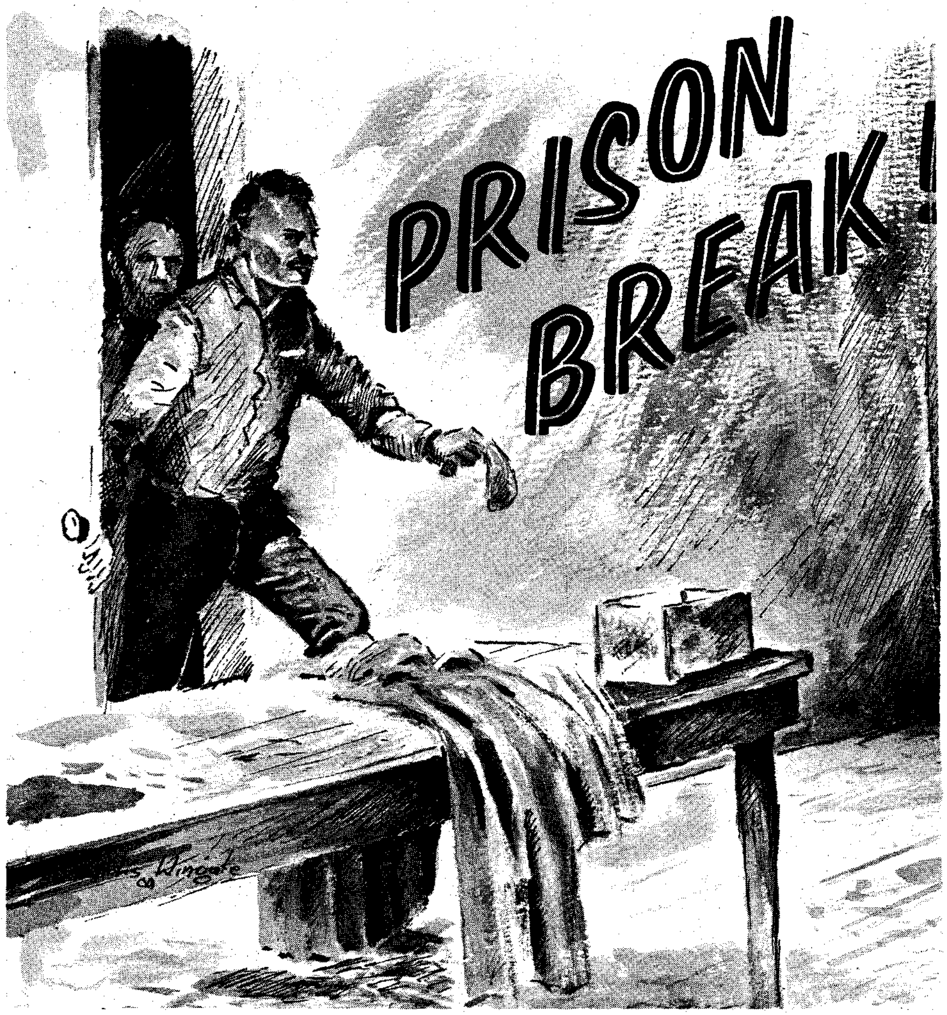
FOR AN HOUR the Mexicans did little more than snipe at Legionnaires who showed themselves while shoring up the crumbling walls or trying to repair a breach and fortify it against an

(Continued on page 66)

PRISON BREAK!

By FRED H. ROOT

Illustrated by Curtis D. Wingate



JOE FOREMAN was arrested and charged with stealing a Ford car from one of the Assby boys in Holabird, South Dakota. He was taken to Highmore, tried, and convicted. I knew of the arrest and trial from what I had read in the newspapers. Joe was played up as an Indian. He had adverse publicity. He was too old for the leniency extended to extreme youth, so he got quite a stretch. I think the sentence was seven years.

My next knowledge of Joe was on the morning of August 18, 1922 when I heard of the prison break. I was out of office at the time but expected to be reelected sheriff in November. The Murdo *Coyote*, a weekly, reported:

"The desperate chase after the four Sioux Falls convicts who escaped from the state penitentiary the night of August 17th took on decidedly local color to Murdo people Friday morning when these four desperate criminals, Joe Foreman, Henry Coffee[y], Joe Teel and J. B. King, drove into Murdo from the south in the middle of the night and after ransacking a Ford car, stripping it of three tires and other loose parts rushed on their way toward the western part of the state where they doubtless anticipated the protection of the rough country in eluding the pursuing officers who have been close upon their heels since their escape when they took Warden George T. Jameson with them and left him bound and gagged in a church near Crooks, South Dakota.

"Their plans miscarried, however, when they came into this city as no sooner had the men left Murdo than the alarm was spread of their presence here and the local law officers took up the chase. Here it might be stated that Sheriff Jay C. Babcock, State's Attorney M. L. Parish, and J. A. Robertson, who took up the first chase, were not sure that they were chasing the Sioux Falls convicts but owing to the time of night and the nature of the work the convicts pulled off, they suspected it might be an outfit of automobile thieves and did not go after them fully armed as they should have done had they known the true mood of the men they were after.

"Half a mile this side of Stamford the officers passed men working on a Ford car which was headed east, while the convicts were supposed to be headed west. Going on by, the officers finally decided to turn back and upon stopping where the convicts were, the latter men pretended to be very busy fixing a car. Upon being questioned by the officers they informed them that they had been working on the car for an hour. Attorney Parish offered to pull them back with his car to the repair shop, suspecting at this time that they were 'in close touch' with the Sioux Falls gang. This was just at daylight.

"While the Ford car was being attached to the heavy Parish car the bandits drew their guns and ordered 'hands up', and the orders were complied with; this much accomplished, the officers were ordered to march east up the road for a distance of some rods until they came to a draw when the trio was taken through the fence to the south and over a hill. In the meantime the bandits constantly talked among themselves as to what they would do.

"They finally decided to take Babcock, Parish and Robertson over the hill into the next draw. It dawned upon them here that they were in desperate hands and would be murdered in cold blood. Attorney Parish resisted at this point and he was shot down, the rifle wounds being in his shoulder. He was made to get to his feet again and accompany the men on farther over the hill. After reaching the draw beyond the hill, all three men were bound, knocked over by the bandits and shot as they went down. They were rolled into a hole and covered over with hay and then the bandits did some shooting into the hay under which the three Murdo men lay.

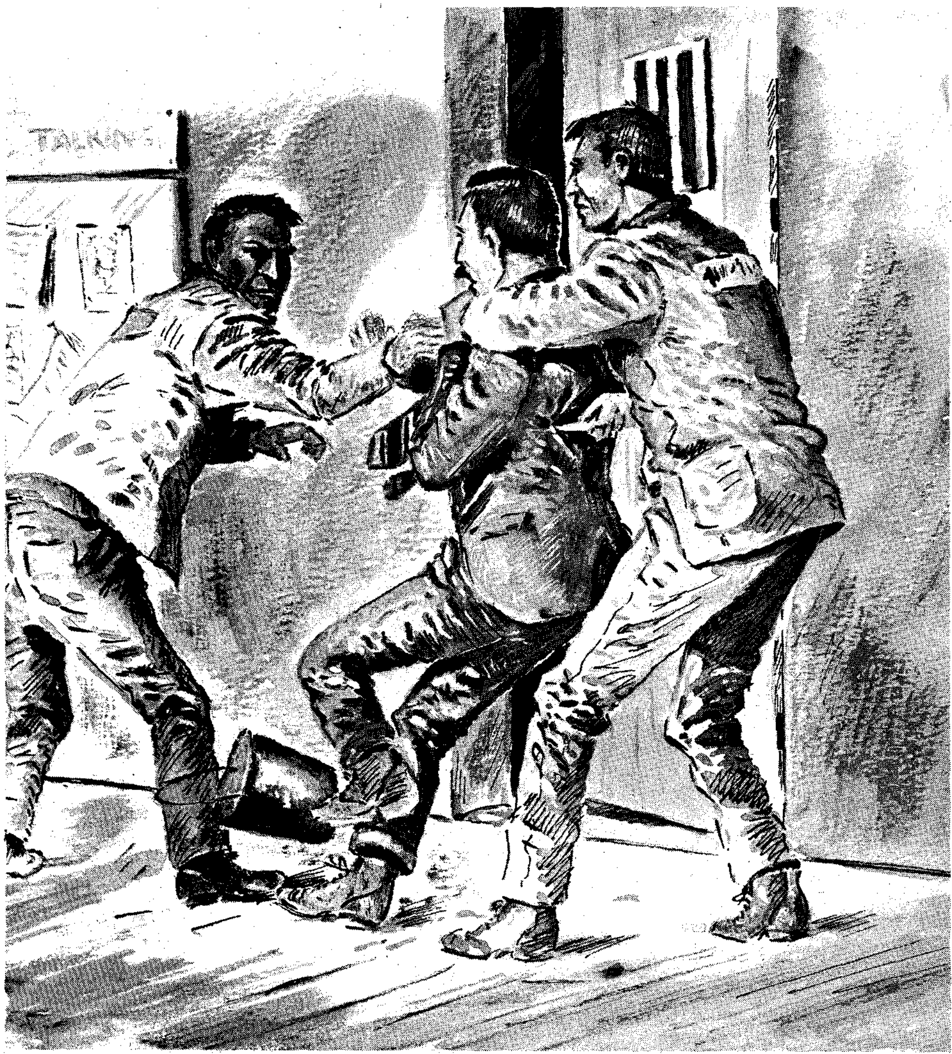
"Finally deciding that they had killed the officers, the bandits left, taking the state's attorney's car and leaving their Ford. Robertson and Babcock who were the least injured soon came to and managed to release themselves and they untied Parish, and wounded, bleeding from gunshot wounds, the trio walked into Stamford where they made known their experience.

"Mr. Parish was shot three times, Babcock and Robertson each once, and it is a wonder that all were not instantly killed. Mr. Parish was shot about the right shoulder, the arm and neck and later the doctors discovered a bullet in his head near the base of the skull; Babcock was shot in the right cheek and Mr. Robertson was shot in the left ear toward the back of the head.

"The officers telephoned west from Stamford and posses were organized at most every town and started in the chase for the bandits. Kadoka was notified about ten minutes before they reached that town but some way or other they succeeded in driving into Kadoka, loading up with gas and continuing on west.

"Cars loaded with men armed with rifles and revolvers left Murdo as soon as the word was received here of the situation . . . and until the middle of the afternoon wires were kept hot and it was evident all day that the posse was closing in on their men. The chase went through Kadoka, north out of Kadoka keeping a little to the west and north until they reached the Wall country when they went north. Thirty-five miles north of Wall, near Pedro, the bandits were surrounded in a corn field and taken. Coffey, the negro, was shot dead. Foreman was crippled by shots in the right leg, but Teel and King were not wounded to speak of. King limped some.

"It was a hot battle and ended one of the most persistent manhunts ever staged in South Dakota. King was brought to Murdo and jailed, arriving here at 12:30 Saturday morning, and an hour later the body of Coffey was brought in by A. J. Guthrie, Jr., who



was driving the Parish car. Foreman and Teel were taken to Midland by Wilson, Townsend and Hubbell and brought to Murdo at eight o'clock Saturday morning."

ON OR ABOUT August 27, as I was walking past the phone office in Philip, the girl operator shouted to me, "Joe Foreman and his gang were in Murdo this morning. A posse is following him northwest. Are you going out for them?"

"No," I said, "it's not my business."

A second later she shouted, "They killed the state's attorney and sheriff at Murdo."

"Then it's everyone's business," I called back, "I'm going out at once. If you see someone who wants to join me, tell them to get a wiggle on and come armed."

I filled my car with gas, checked the oil and water, and started out. I think I was driving a 90-B Overland, the model that didn't break axles. I told the operator she could contact me at Grindstone and Pedro to keep me posted, as I was ahead of the posse.

Joe Foreman knew the country and would never try the Wasta Bridge. So unless he doubled back east, he would try the Pedro ford or the Braddock ford on the Cheyenne River in order to get to the Cheyenne Reservation.

Twenty-five miles out I hit Grindstone. Mrs. Kenedy, the phone operator, said that the entire country was aroused and that a car with a man in the back had just passed Ray Smith's place, headed east. I figured I was about six miles behind them. I took out in hot pursuit and caught up with them at Ottumwa. It was a farmer's pickup with his daughter and a cream can in the back!

I filled up with gas and headed back to Grindstone. The operator said the posse had passed Wall and was headed north. Owing to my sixty-mile bum steer I figured I would hit the Wall to Pedro road behind the posse.

After I hit this road, I heard shots ahead of me. Then as I topped a rise I saw the posse strung out for half a mile.

I took my rifle, a .30-30, and walked forward. Cars blocked the road which was fenced on both sides and had ditches. I heard ex-sheriff Wilson, talking with a cardboard bull horn, tell Foreman, King, and Teel to come out of the corn field with hands up. I saw the car in the ditch with Coffey still in it with the top of his head partly blown off.

I asked a posseman who shot Coffey and he said, "Wilson, and he is a good shot." I thought to myself that if I was a good shot I wouldn't be using soft points; steel jackets are good enough for me, especially on a manhunt. Joe Foreman later claimed Wilson didn't do the shooting.

They came out of the field, a white cloth on a raised rifle barrel. I followed them back to Wall, Quinn, Cottonwood, and Philip. There I found out that Babcock, the sheriff; Parish, the state's attorney; and Robertson, a businessman —all Murdo people—had been shot, but played possum and were thrown into a washout and covered with hay.

ON RETURING TO Sioux Falls the escapees got a life sentence, or so I heard. Subsequent events lead me to believe that was wrong, though I have never taken the trouble to look it up.

My next contact with Joe Foreman was in 1949. My wife was running the Hotel Gordon in Fort Pierre. I was on the road; got home weekends. One Sunday I was nosing through the register. She had twenty regular roomers, and one name jumped out at me, "Joe Foreman, Eagle Butte."

I asked my wife if she knew him. "Sure," she said, "he is one of my cleanest roomers. Makes his own bed and always pays his bill. Works at the dam; drives a big uke."

"I wonder if he is a relative of the Joe who broke the pen?"

"I'll ask Martha. She's from Eagle Butte and they always speak to each other in the hall."

Martha informed my wife that day that this man was old Joe himself. However, the river got on a rampage; highest water in seventy years. Joe was putting in extra hours at the dam, and I never got to see him.

Then in 1960 I was in the Pierre hospital for a month because of a bad heart attack. As I got stronger I read in the paper that Joe was in the hospital also.

As soon as I could walk, I went down to the reading room and wrote Joe a note. I told him I was in on his capture but that I would like to talk to him. He walked in a few minutes later; a good looking man in his late sixties, tall, very polite, nice voice, good grammar.

After a while I told him I write an occasional western story and suggested, "You have had an interesting life. Why don't you write it up? It might sell."

"Yes," he said, "it might, but it doesn't. Mine is in a publisher's hands right now but the cost is way over my head."

"Well, write a short story and I will

South Dakota's most spectacular manhunt as told by a lawman who participated in the escapees' capture

Joe Foreman

Henry Coffey

Joe Teel

Photos Courtesy Sioux Falls Public Library

J. B. King

do what I can to help market it."

I asked Joe how he got out. He smiled and shook his head. "Let's just say I am out and my address is Joe Foreman, Eagle Butte or Fort Pierre. Is that enough?"

"Satisfies me," I said. And one day a letter came.

DEAR MR. ROOT: I promised you an article in relation to the prison escape of August 17, 1922. I herewith submit to you the part Coffey played in same.

Coffey was a very unfortunate victim of circumstances in the drama. Coffey was not a party to our escape plot until the moment we started the escape. King, having gotten the cell door keys from a guard we had overpowered, had to pass Coffey's cell on his way to Teel's cell. Seeing Coffey and the fact that they were friends, King asked Coffey if he wanted to go along to which Coffey answered in the affirmative. So King let Coffey out of his cell.

Now let us get down to facts concerning plans for a prison escape. Such plans have to be thought up and carried out like any other business adventure.

In our plans Coffey was not included. He knew absolutely nothing about our plans. The deputy warden was to be tricked into coming to the west cell block on the pretense that a prisoner got accidentally hurt in there.

The ruse worked but on arriving there, instead of just King and Teel being inside of the tailorshop where the supposedly hurt prisoner was to have been, Coffey was there without any instructions on our plans. He upset our plans by lunging at the deputy as soon as he stepped through the door, whereas our plans were to the effect that he was to step in the room expecting to find a crew of tailorshop workers and an officer, whereas the place would be empty thus bewildering him and causing him to think of a ruse and also to turn around to look for the man he had last seen standing by the door who was me; and on seeing me blocking the door with a knife in my hand, would collect his mind and realize that he was in a trap. I want to mention that the deputy was a very excitable person and having never been in a trap before was the type to blow up. Had our plans not been bungled by Coffey, when the deputy would have turned around to face me it would have put King and Teel at his back for they were hidden in a closet inside of the shop and Teel had a sand bag to stop him with in case of an outcry.

However, as Coffey lunged at him and struck him as soon as he entered the door, he, the deputy, jumped back against me who stood square in the door behind him holding my knife out in front of me. I had swung into position the second the deputy started through the door. We came together and I thought I felt my knife break through his clothes so I pulled back and dropped my knife and grabbed him and threw him to the floor telling him to shut up—that he was not going to be hurt.

The deputy was scared and he screamed like a wild man, a thing I knew he would do if not handled right. We got the deputy to his feet and Coffey and King led him to a cell and locked him up. He didn't seem to be hurt and never complained and the testimony by a guard at our trial bears out the fact that he himself didn't know he had a scratch on him until half an hour or so afterwards when this guard saw blood on his shirt and asked him if he was hurt.

However, although Coffey upset our plans at the start, he saved our hides several days later south of Wagner, South Dakota on the Missouri River.

He was on his way to a breed Indian's house to pay back some money we had borrowed from him, when he met up with several possemen—one on a motorcycle mounted with a machine gun. These men stopped Coffey and asked him who he was to which he replied, giving them a got-up name, "So and So from Pine Ridge." He passed himself off on them as a dumb Indian and he looked the part. They asked him if he knew Joe Foreman to which he had this to say, "I know of him and I know he escaped prison the other day but I'm not acquainted with him." Said the possemen, "If you know where he is you'd better tell us. We have orders to take him back dead. We have been ordered to not let him surrender." Then they asked him where he was going. Said he, using the dumb Indian way of talking, "Oh, I'm going up to see my girl Rosy." "Well," said the posseman, "go ahead but don't you turn off this road until you get to Rosy's house." Rosy's house was up the road about a quarter of a mile.

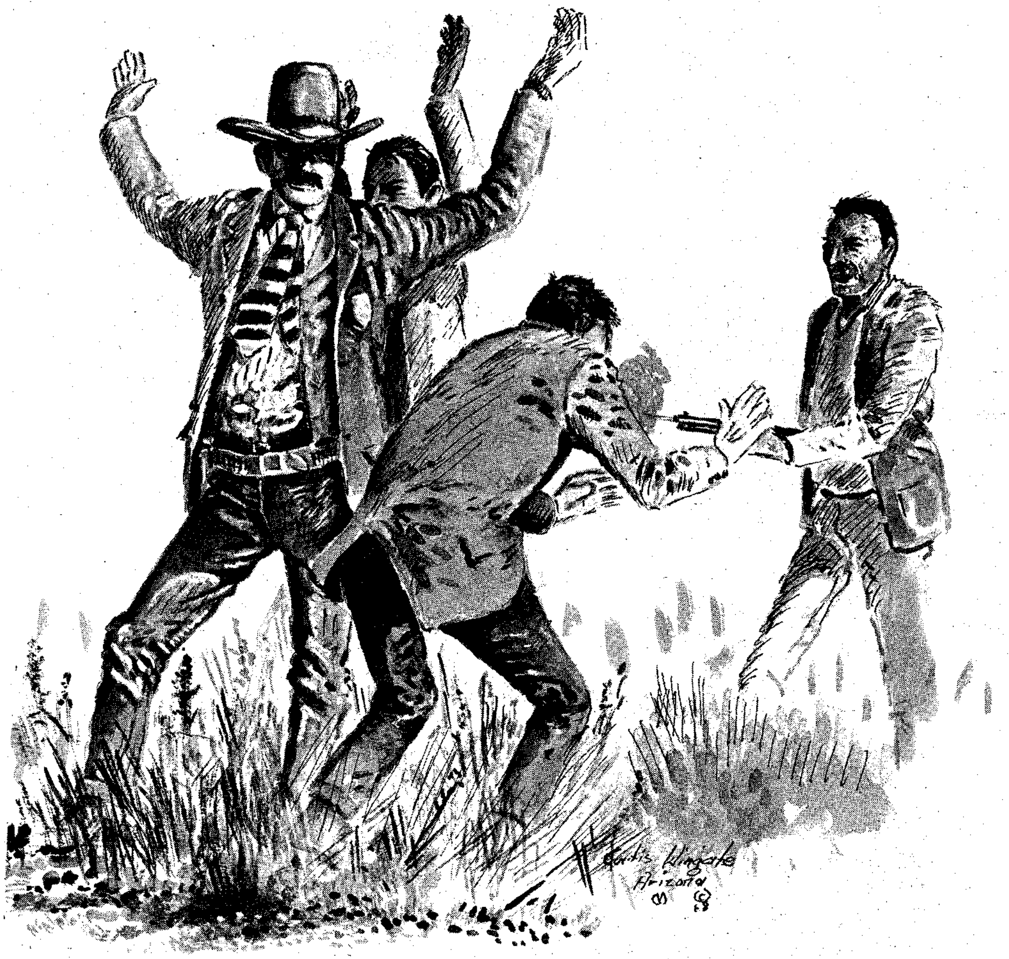
THE MAN ON THE mounted motorcycle stayed there and trained his machine gun on Coffey while the rest who were in two cars drove south toward the river. The wind was blowing from the south and the posseman watching Coffey lit a cigarette, but to do so had to duck down to break the wind. Coffey was walking up the road, watching. As soon as the man ducked down his head to light his cigarette, he in a flash ducked off the road into a corn field and ran for it.

After getting out in the field a considerable distance Coffey pulled off his shoes and ran, circling the possemen who were bearing down on us but were unaware of their presence. The corn field was full of sand burs but it mattered not to Coffey. He had to warn us and he did. He beat the possemen there only a few minutes. How that boy did run! He was a track man at high school in his school days but more than that he was loyal and willing to sacrifice for his fellow man.

Arriving at our camp out of breath for he had run well over a mile at top speed, he told us between short breaths what the score was. We grabbed a rowboat anchored nearby and took off across the river hugging the bank downstream for about two hundred yards, then shot across just as the possemen arrived at the landing and opened fire on us. I know what it's like to paddle my own canoe!

The long run put one of Coffey's legs out of commission—a leg he had hurt during a track meet some place in Illinois. That night after eluding the possemen in a very close call, we half carried Coffey between two of us for several miles after which we took to a wood patch at the edge of a corn field and lay down for rest and sleep.

Skipping many events which took place during the course of the next two days, I will now go on to a particular time when Coffey again stands out in the picture.



"Attorney Parish resisted at this point and he was shot down, rifle wounds being in his shoulder."

We were headed west from Murdo whereat we stole some tires for our car. The car we took them off belonged to the night watchman. Someplace west of Murdo we ran out of gas so we turned our car around and headed it east just in case someone came along, all of which we hoped would cause a visitor to believe we were traveling east.

Soon a car came along from the east with three men in it. As I was known in the country I was afraid I'd be recognized if seen so I pretended to be working on the car from underneath. The men pulled their car to a stop and asked us if they could help us. Coffey did the talking and told them that we didn't need any help. King was not present, having gone up the road about one-half mile to a small station to get some gas. The three men drove on up the road and met King on his way back from the station carrying a five-gallon can of gas. This no doubt caused these men to conjure up the supposition that we had been headed east, as the position of the car indicated we would not have passed up the gas station without getting gas. By the time King got back to the car the three men were returning.

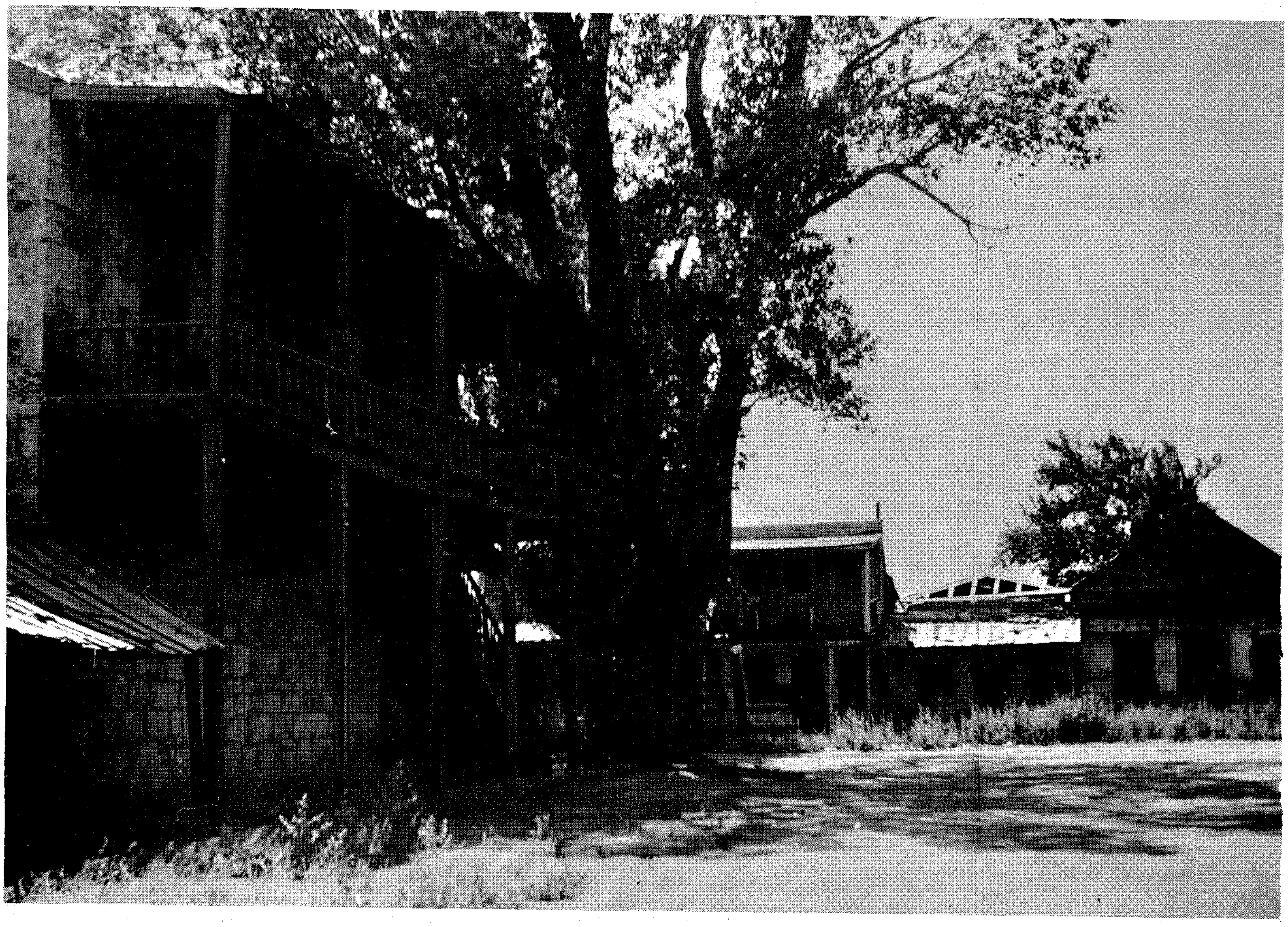
Immediately we talked over what to do in case the men gave us trouble. We decided and agreed upon marching them off the road in a hide-away place and tying them up while we took a run up the road, then turn off and hide out for the day. We figured the men would work loose anywhere from one-half to one hour.

The men drove up and stopped their car, got out and went into a huddle at the side of the road. When their huddle was over, they spread out as if to circle us. We knew the score and we knew they were the law, too. We beat them to the draw and ordered them to "put 'em up!"

Coffey searched them and he and Teel started them marching down the road. We were to take the sheriff's car, for one of the men was a sheriff. I remained at the car to get something with which to tie up the men. King was very excited as was his nature so to be, and tore up an old raincoat found in the sheriff's car.

While getting the string ready we heard the report of a gun. Looking down the road in the direction Coffey, Teel, and the men had gone, we saw no one. There was a rise in the road down east of us, possibly two hundred yards, and they had passed over it. King hurriedly made up some string and took off, leaving the part of the coat from which he had torn the string, lying in the road. I examined the coat and found it rotten. Before King left I asked him to send Coffey back to help me with the car for I had found a loose switch on it and I couldn't start it. Coffey, by the way, was a mechanic. King soon went over the rise in the road and out of sight.

(Continued on page 62)



Carson City's

By EDWARD L. ILOU
Photos Courtesy Author

STANDING on Second Street looking down Valley toward Third it is difficult to realize that three decades ago I stood on the same spot with my camera, viewing a picturesque portion of Carson City's Chinatown. Today nothing is left for the old Carson City natives but memories.

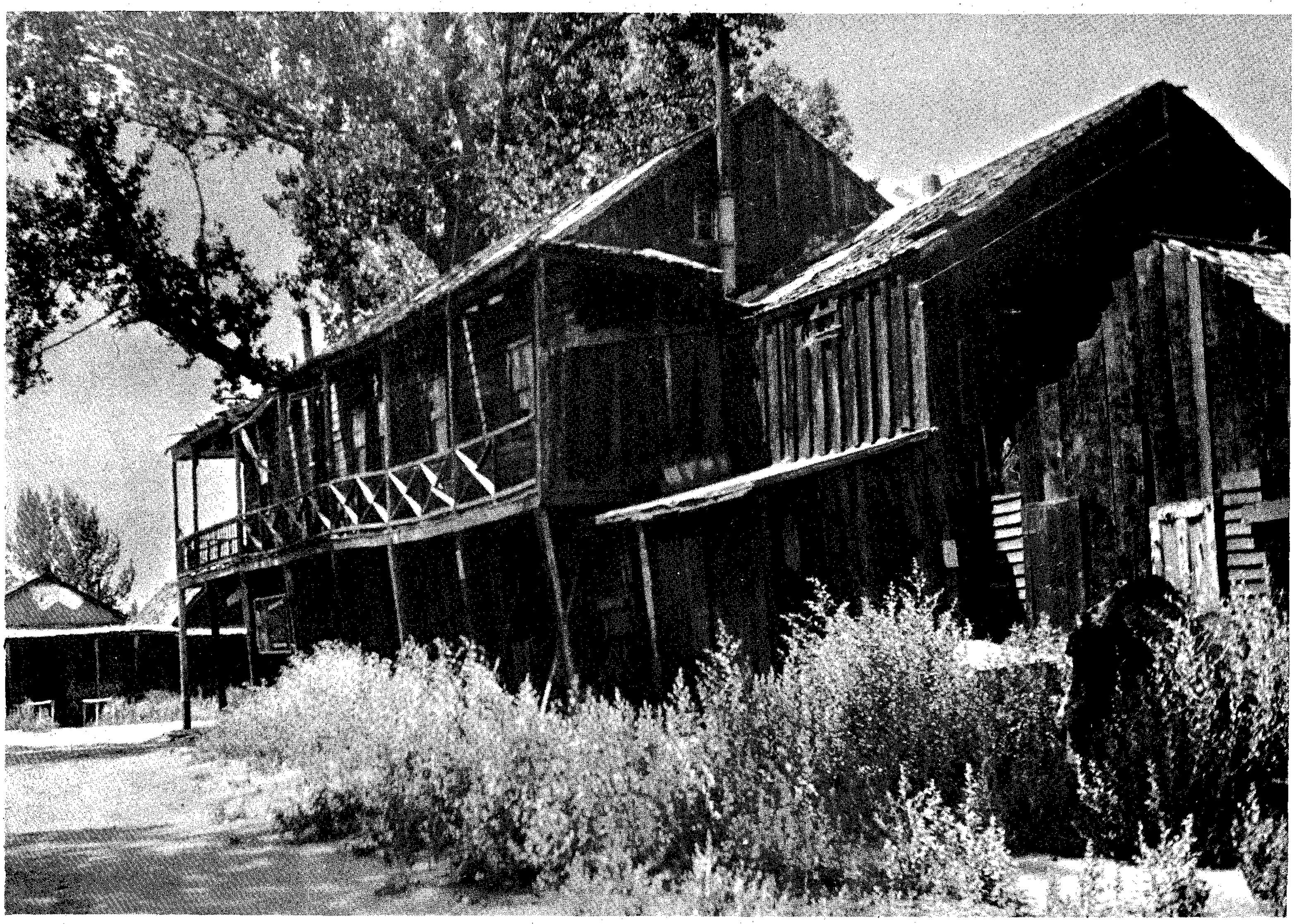
During the 1850s and 1860s Nevada mining camps were thronged with Chinese who were shipped to this country primarily to work on the railroads. They found themselves thousands of miles from their homeland, bewildered by strange foreign customs, but despite mistreatment and exploitation they managed to survive and prosper.

In 1869 construction commenced on the Virginia and Truckee Railroad, promoted by William Charon, proconsular agent for the mighty Bank of California. Large crews of coolies were brought in to lay the rails. The link between Carson City and Virginia City was the first one completed and the treasure of the Comstock began rolling down to the Carson City Mint. After the completion of the railroad, the Chinese scattered and for many years they were a part of every community in western Nevada.

Soon Chinatown of Carson City became a full-fledged community with a population of more than 2,000. Those were gala celebrations when the streets teemed with activities, and the singing voices of the Chinese were as familiar as their picturesque garb.

At the peak of Chinatown's growth, the community was comprised of five square blocks, east of Carson Street, directly in back of the Capitol. Third Street, with a drainage ditch running down the south side, was the main business street. There were stores, restaurants, laundries, gambling houses, and a Joss House. The whole presented a spectacular appearance during holidays such as the Chinese New Year. Balconies were gayly decorated, and banners and lanterns hung everywhere. New Year celebrations lasted for three days. The first day was dedicated to religious services, when all windows were covered for privacy. The second day was Chinese visiting day, and the third day—everybody's visiting day—meant that children from other parts of town could come and participate in the fun. They were given sugared strips of coconut, nuts, ginger root and citron.

The children also loved to watch Chinese funerals, especially of the wealthier families, when the large funeral procession marched up Carson Street to the burial grounds. The pomp dispelled the sadness of the occasion. Behind the hearse walked four men holding a pole with a six by six foot silk canopy, decorated with colorful streamers engulfing the men carrying it. Then came the band playing Chinese instruments with two men lugging the brass gong. Every so often they took turns giving it a whang which could be heard all over the city. Strips of paper, about five by two inches in size, perforated with rows of holes, were thrown on the street behind the procession. The Chinese belief was that the Devil had to crawl through all these holes



CHINATOWN

Carson City Chinatown as it appeared in 1937. View looking north on Valley towards Third Street. The stone structure on the far left once housed the "Nam Wau Company." The two-story frame building on the right was once the Buck Soos Chinese Restaurant.

Who minds dust on his feet if the air is filled with incense and strange music? And how can tears fall at a funeral procession if the departed is being carried to glory on a rainbow?

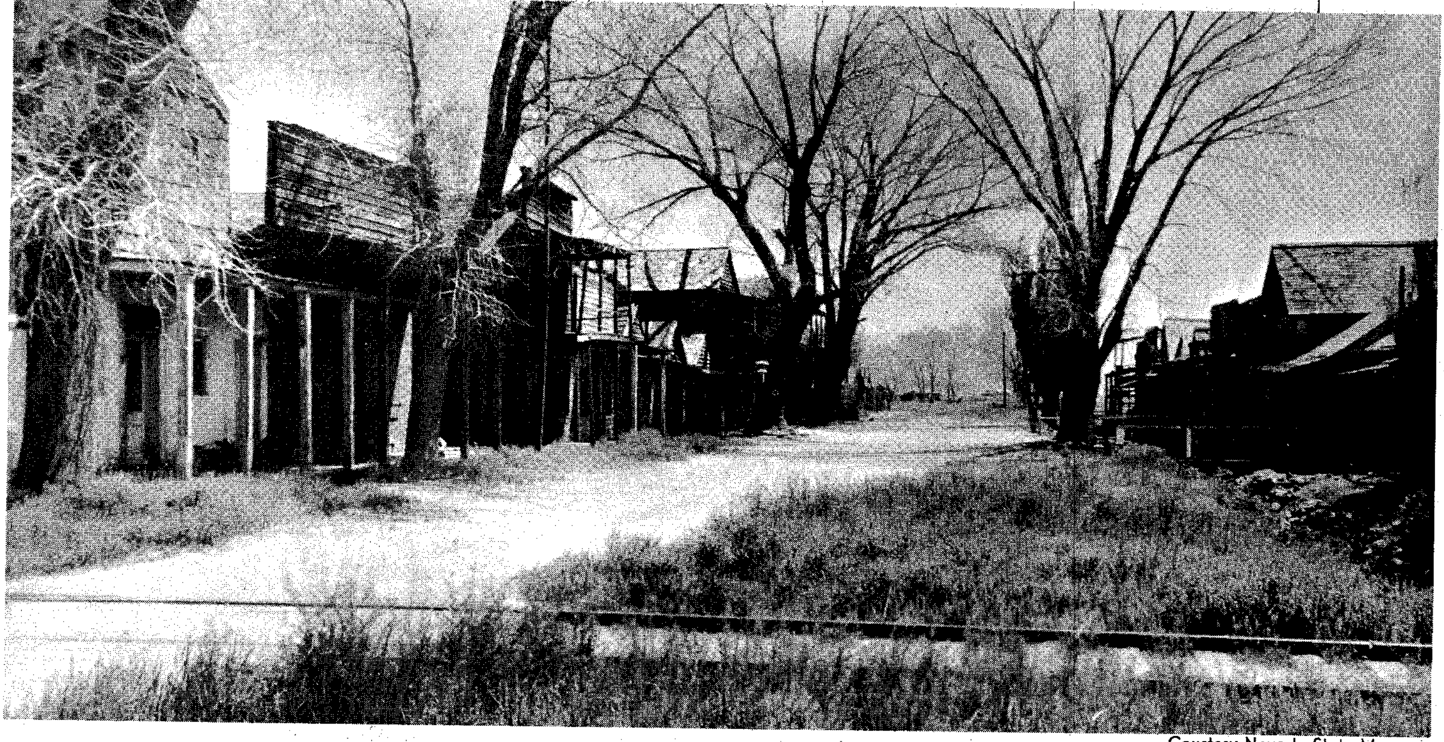
before he could catch up with the deceased.

THROUGH the gracious help of the Hon. Judge Clark Guild, founder and guiding light of Nevada State Museum in Carson City, I made the acquaintance of J. B. Lindsay, incidentally the same age as the Judge, eighty-two years young. At the turn of the century Mr. Lindsay belonged to a boys' band who occasionally were engaged to play for the Chinese funeral processions. This occurred only when the family of the deceased was in the lower income bracket and could not afford the regular Chinese musicians.

The boys' first experience came about when old Joe died. Everything went according to ritual on the march to the cemetery, but on the way back they ran into a problem. The Chinese custom was that everybody return to Chinatown in the same kind of procession, so the boys took it for granted that the funeral march was to be played again on the way back. But the funeral marshal came running up to them, gesticulating by swinging his arms in a different tempo.

"You no play lite music," he told them, continuously swinging his arms to impress on the boys what he meant.

Their musical repertoire was meager, to say the least, so hurriedly they put their heads together. A quick decision had to be made. Another piece they knew fairly well seemed to be as close as they could come to match the tempo of his request, and so with great gusto the band played on. When the procession reached Carson Street people stopped and turned around in amazement as they



Courtesy Nevada State Museum

Third Street looking east from Stewart Street. Notice the Virginia & Truckee railroad track in the foreground. Photo taken about 1930.

heard the band playing, "It'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

Another custom of the Chinese was to feed the dead, a ritual performed at the cemetery. Several large candles were set around the grave, then the food, which usually consisted of rice and chicken, was placed between the candles. The mourners kneeled and bowed numerous times to honor the deceased. When they left, the food remained for the dead one. The next morning every morsel would be gone. Either the Indians would sneak in during the night, or the kids would bring their dogs to feast on the Chinese food, depending on who got there first.

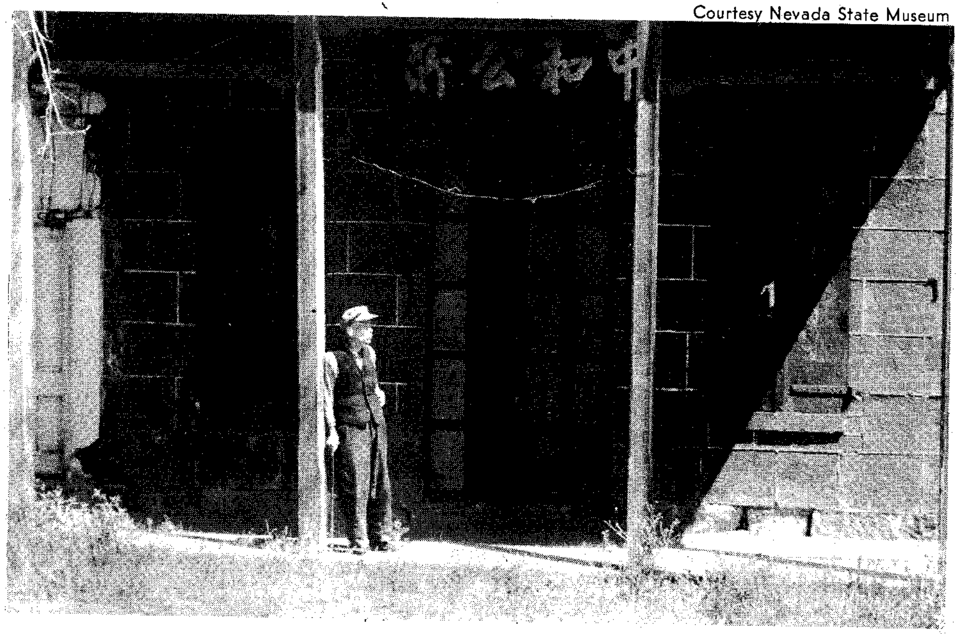
Once a year an important ceremony took place in the cemetery. A round hole approximately eighteen feet in diameter and eighteen inches deep was dug in the ground. A board was laid across and on it was placed a tray with a roasted pig flanked by burning candles. A select group of the older Chinese in the community, dressed in their native robes, sat around the circle bowing and praying in reverence to the dead.

When the deceased had been buried for a certain length of time the body was exhumed. The bones were scraped of the remaining flesh and placed in a six-foot-long metal box. After the seams had been carefully sealed, the remains were shipped back to the Orient.

The population of Chinatown was completely self-sustaining. Vegetables were grown in such abundance that there were enough to feed all of Carson City. Most of the vegetables were sold from door to door with the peddler carrying two large baskets, coolie fashion, on a pole over his shoulder. One old Carson City resident remembered, when she was a child, their Chinese vegetable man was a very lovable person. A couple of days before the Chinese New Year he always came around with candy for the children because, as he said, "If I don't come now, I'm welly solly, I no come at all, holiday velly dlunk."

Chinese Free Mason Hall, long a landmark in Carson City, was erected in 1883 and just recently was torn down. Photo taken in 1930 shows the last occupant sadly viewing the deserted street.

Courtesy Nevada State Museum



Most of the men in Chinatown during the 1870s and through the '90s were employed in logging activities, such as working on the flumes between Lake Tahoe and Carson City. The Chinese as they walked up the slope toward the logging camps at the summit formed an endless line of men on their way to work. They never walked abreast on a wide road or a trail but always single file.

One of the unforgettable characters of Chinatown was Gee Hing who operated a store on Third Street, near Valley, specializing in silk goods. He spent most of his time on the outside while his wife ran the store. For many years he kept up his contact with friends and customers in their homes, where he would show samples of his latest imports from China.

Mr. Lindsay says he can never forget Jim, a Chinese boy who was his schoolmate. Jim's uncle worked as a cook for the prominent Nevada attorney, Robert M. Clark, and during summer vacation Jim assisted his uncle at the Clark mansion. Lindsay made frequent trips up there to visit Marion Clark, a grandson. When Jim was free he participated in their fun and play. Chickens ran wild all over the grounds. One day when the boys were exploring under the barn they discovered where the chickens were laying their eggs, a place inaccessible to the old cook. Some of the eggs were brought into the kitchen where the boys watched with interest as Jim's uncle put each

(Continued on page 54)

By IKE OSTEEN

Photo Courtesy Author

The author found the missing pieces to a treasure puzzle in a random conversation on a winter afternoon

Wolf Mountain on the Santa Fe Trail. More than 100 years ago, all the people in a wagontrain were massacred here and their wagons were burned.

LOST Wagontrain of the Cimarron

I AM GOING to be real generous with the rest of you treasure hunters on this one—taking time to write about it before I grab my metal locator and head for the site of the lost wagontrain. There is a marker on Highway 287 north from Boise City, Oklahoma. The marker is the spot where the old Santa Fe Trail crosses the highway. The hill you seek is east of the highway. Do not cross the Cimarron River bridge as you are going north. If you do, you have gone too far. This is not far from old Fort Nichols which the army "lost" for about one hundred years. It was listed in the wrong state. It is in the Flag Spring area where the "biggest bunch" of buried gold I have ever heard about is supposed to be. This gold was on its way to Spain when Louisiana was sold to the United States.

Why am I being so big-hearted with all this information after I have spent the past two years trying to find the lost wagontrain spot? Well, if I can't find all that's possible for me to find before you can read this and get there, then I should not be treasure hunting. And I will be happy for some other person to locate anything I have missed.

You and I and all of us in this present generation owe a great big vote of thanks to old-timer Julius Kohler and a few others who are still around to pass on to us first-hand information.

I have interviewed as many of them as possible in my community and each year their number is dwindling. I would have liked to have used a tape recorder to preserve their exclamations and mannerisms of speech, the sound of their voices as they relived their past for me. But get them in front of a mike and they "freeze up."

When they do talk, they will not tell you the little things—some "off color" —or give you names which they think other people may hear on the tapes. Yet from these spontaneous remarks and the names of their friends and neighbors, I can piece together a better story of what they are trying to get across. So, although I do not use a recorder, I do go back, time and time again, to notes I have made as they talk.

With my metal locator I work the early-day ranch and farm sites, along with the frontier towns, early-day fair grounds and rodeo arenas, spots out in the pasture where the communities had their sand-lot baseball diamonds, abandoned school yards and so on.

FOR THE PAST TWO years I have been patiently and not so patiently trying to locate the spot where a wagontrain was destroyed by Indians along the Santa Fe Trail. It is mentioned in the records of the Western History Department of the Denver, Colorado Public Library and by other writers. I know the name of the person in charge of the train and I had finally pinpointed the location within a five-mile radius. Granted, five miles either way from a given point in this great open country along the Cimarron River can be a lot of sand, rocks and trees if you have to dig, turn over, and search around each one.

Then, not long ago in an interview with this old-timer, out of the clear blue he "dumped" the information in my lap. I came home with a black and blue leg and arm but it was certainly worth it. I got the bruises from his driving home a point by reaching over and whacking my leg like he was knocking a hog in the head with an axe. Between his pounding on me, watching him hit a sofa-high wastebasket with a stream of Red Man "chawing terbaccer," and hearing the thrilling account of his life, I have not spent such an enjoyable day in many a year. I asked him where his old brass spittoon was and, grinning, he said, "My wife told me I am not a very good shot and I could either get a can I could hit or quit chewing the stuff in her house. I finally wound up with this wastebasket with a peck-size paper sack for a lining and I hit it pretty good if I keep it close by. My wife used to remind me when I took down the old .30-30 and started out for some fresh venison, 'If you can't shoot any straighter than you can spit we won't have much fresh meat.' You know she just might be responsible for improving my shooting, cause when I would pull down on that old buck I would think of what she said and I usually came home with a little game."

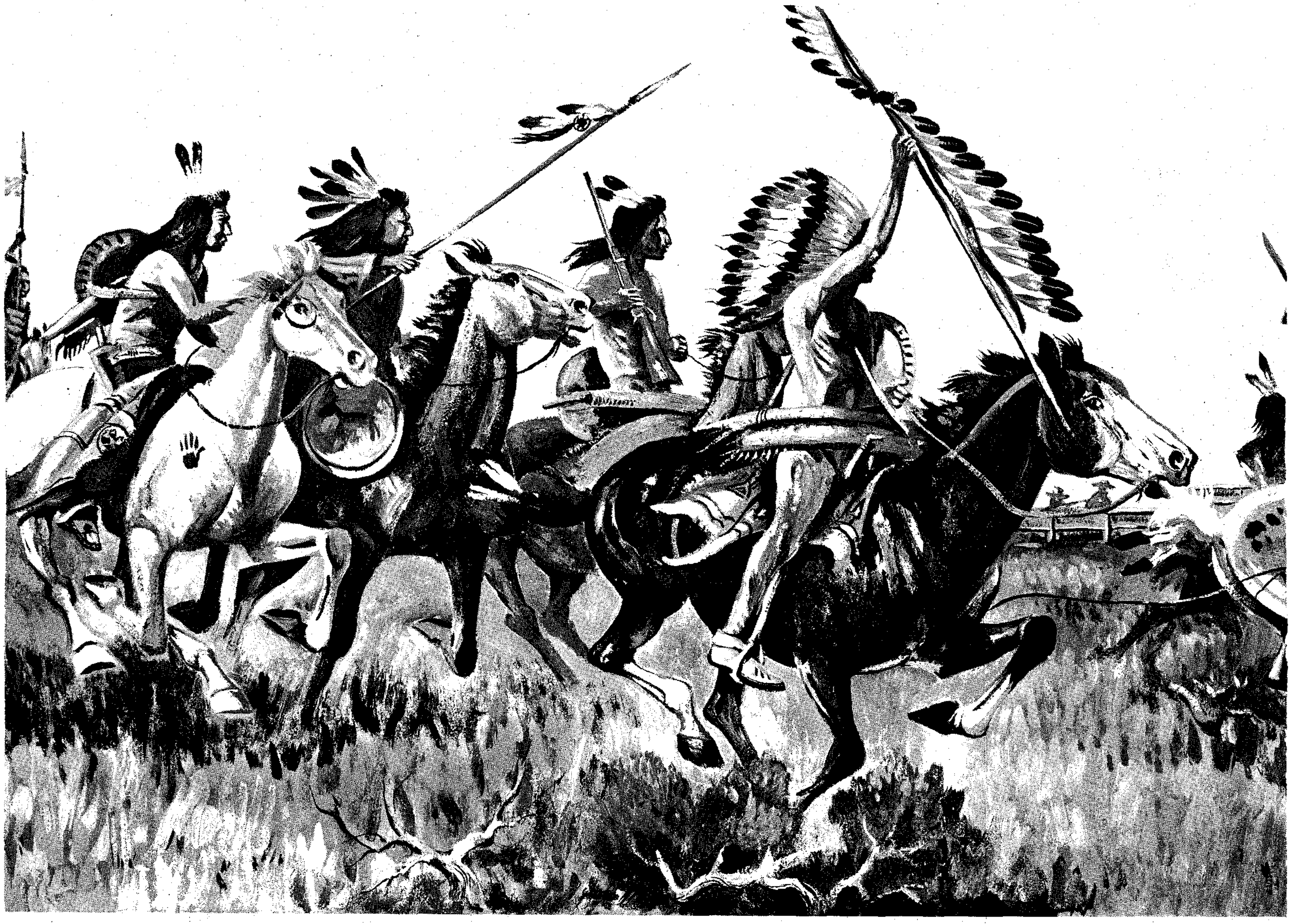
I knew little of my friend's life from the time he left his native Germany in 1896 until January 11, 1968 when I spent the day with him in his home and on the spread he has carved along the banks of the treacherous Cimarron in the Panhandle of Oklahoma. He was talking along at a lively clip when I held up my hand and said, "Wait a minute. I think I know what you mean by 'foot

(Continued on page 56)

Trailing

Excerpts from TRAIL BLAZING by M. L. Johnson. Copyright 1935 by Elvira Johnson Pearson

Photos Courtesy E. J. Pearson



WHEN WE PREPARED for the opening roundup in 1868 there were only a few cattlemen in our whole section of the country and no settlers at all for hundreds of miles around, as Parker County was considered to be the dividing line in Texas between the white man and the Indians.

Frequent raids were made near Weatherford at the time and it was dangerous for anyone to go alone west of that place. Cattlemen always took the precaution to go in squads of from five to ten men in order to be prepared to meet the scalping Comanches and Kiowas. Those two tribes were the most heartless, war-like butchers that ever visited the frontier of Texas.

Jim Carter, John Hazelwood, John and Jim Hart, and John and Jess Hittson, who were about all the cattlemen in the country, had agreed to start branding mavericks early that year. On the first day of March we made our first roundup on Sandy Creek about ten miles east of our camp or pens. When the spring roundup was made, men representing each cattle brand were present, and as the cattle were assembled the herd was cut according to brand. John Hittson's brand was JON, while Jess used JES as his mark on one side of each animal, thereby making it easy to separate them. The mavericks were divided.

I want to say that the second day of this big roundup I saw the worst dry sandstorm I ever beheld. The sun was almost completely hidden. The sand in the air stung our faces like sleet and it was very difficult to do any work that day. I was sent out about a half mile from where we camped to round up and bring in a few horses that had been left to graze on the range—each cowboy had from two to four horses and even that number were almost ridden to death in these big roundups. I had the horses in a line and had started for camp with them when suddenly to my right, about twenty-two Comanches came in sight and they were not far away by the time I could see them through the sandstorm.

My only chance was to make a run for the camp, but after a minute I could see another bunch of Indians between me and the camp. There was only one thing to do, and that quickly—I dismounted and crawled up under a steep bank on Sandy Creek and decided to sell out to the best marksman. At this particular place a high wall of rock was overhanging the bed of the creek. I took my horse and crawled under this ledge, which protruded somewhat, and quietly waited, wondering what the outcome was to be yet expecting every minute that my wait would end with sudden death.

Indians seldom stood still in an attack. They rode full speed and shot as they passed their victims. I could hear their whoops and weird yells of warcry as they passed over my hiding place time after time. I must say they were real fighters and were pretty well armed at that time with a few guns, knives and bows and arrows.

The average Indian bow was from three and a half to four and a half feet

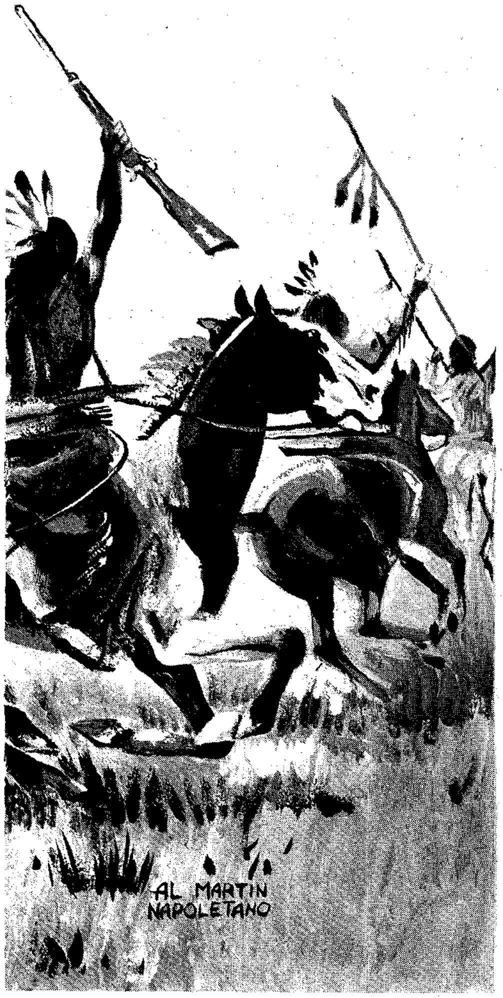
WEST

If the graybacks didn't get you, the Comanches would . . .

By M. L. JOHNSON

Co-author Elvira Johnson Pearson

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano



long. It was thick and strong and strung with the sinews of the buffalo or from very thick rawhide. The bows were so strong they could carry an arrow an average of 150 yards, and would kill a deer or buffalo at a distant range of a hundred yards. They were skilled marksmen. From infancy Indian boys were taught to shoot, and they became expert marksmen by the time they were ten or twelve. A small boy could pull back a bow that a white man could hardly bend. A few had muzzle-loading rifles which they had traded for with white hide-dealers.

They tried to dislodge me by rolling stones over the embankment which I believe would have killed or permanently injured my horse had it not been for the saddle. He was badly frightened and only kind words and a clear understanding between horse and master saved his life.

Hearing the shots, the boys at the camp knew at once what was taking place and proceeded to the scene of action. By the time they arrived my ammunition was about gone. The Indians were so concentrated in their efforts to scalp me they did not observe the six or seven well-armed men that were upon them. They immediately withdrew, on being fired at, and a real running fight ensued in which one Indian was killed and several wounded. One of our boys was slightly wounded but the only damage they did me was a Spencer rifle ball which tore a hole in the side of my face. Had it not been for my comrades from the camp, who heard the shooting, the grass would have been growing over my grave for more than sixty years.

To my certain knowledge this was the first and only time that I ever knew or heard of an Indian being left dead on any battlefield. They always carry off their dead if possible, but the boys were on them before they suspected it and they could only make a quick getaway—each for himself, taking several of our horses as they went.

After summing up the situation we rode in pursuit trying to find and recover some of the horses they had stolen. Five or six miles northeast on Sandy Creek near George Hazelwood's pens, we found the scene of another battle. Hazelwood had been killed in a bunch of small live oak trees where he evidently had been hiding. He had put up such a fight in his struggle for life, and the damage he had done the Indians, caused them not to scalp him in their hurried flight.

He had just returned March 1st from East Texas with new horses he had bought to replace the ones recently stolen by the Indians. He had taken the precaution to put his horses out in two squads the night before, so that in case the Indians made a raid he would have two chances of saving some of them. That morning he went after the horses himself and brought in one bunch safely, with no sign of any Indians, and at once went out for the purpose of bringing in the second bunch, and that was the last time Hazelwood was seen alive.

There were several men at the ranch, among them Jim Carter, Elisha Carter, John Hazelwood, now in Arizona, Thomas Hazelwood, now living in San Angelo (then old Fort Concho), the last two named being sons of George W. Hazelwood; one of the Funderburg cowboys, and one or two others whose names I do not remember.

We were more determined than ever now and took the trail in hot pursuit. We followed them northward up near the line of Young County where we overtook them.

Hazelwood had killed one Indian and had badly wounded two others of the band, one of whom was a half-breed Negro. A squad of Indians had gone ahead with the horses—so we got no horses—but we captured the two wounded Indians. We did not take the two wounded Indians to any hospital, or send for a doctor, but we "did the doctoring" with hot lead.

We returned to camp defeated but thankful we were alive, yet saddened by the tragedy, for the bars had been let down for another cattleman as he passed into the "Great Beyond."

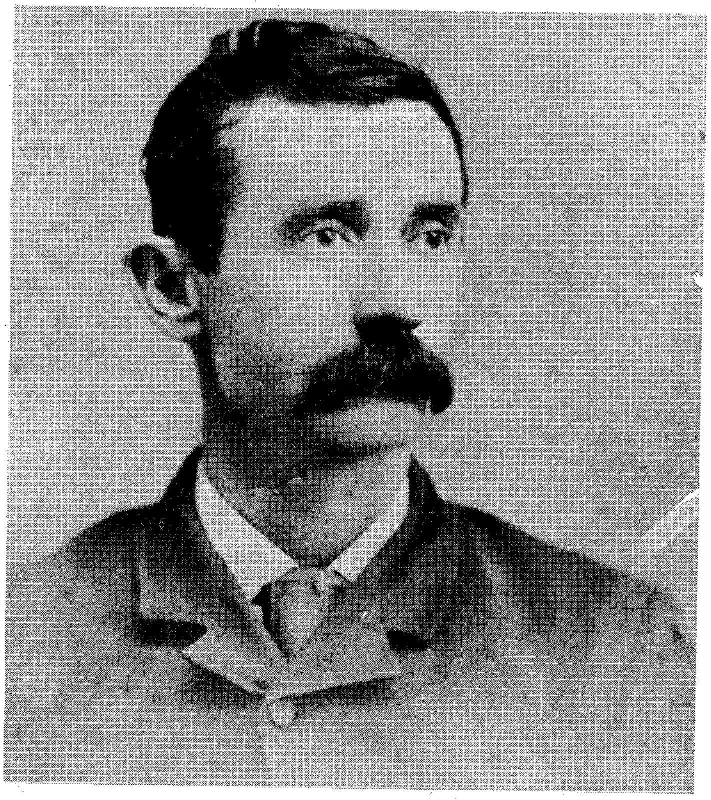
BY MAY we had rounded up more than 800 head of cattle and were ready to start to Fort Sumner, New Mexico with another delivery. Our crowd consisted of a few new names and was as follows (if I have not forgotten a man or two): Sam Blanton, Perry Blanton, John Hart, One-eyed Bill Graham (called "Cockeye"), Frank McLaura, Hardy Bryant, a nephew of Hittson, Jess Hittson, and the boss, John Hittson; also Henry Hittson, a cousin, and "Dutchie," the cook.

We carried several extra horses each as we changed often in order that the ones we were riding could rest. It was much easier to travel along with the cattle without a rider than to continually bring in the strays that failed to keep in line. We took only one supply wagon and it was overloaded with provisions for twelve to fourteen men for several weeks. Dutchie was responsible for wood to prepare the meals and to drive the oxen.

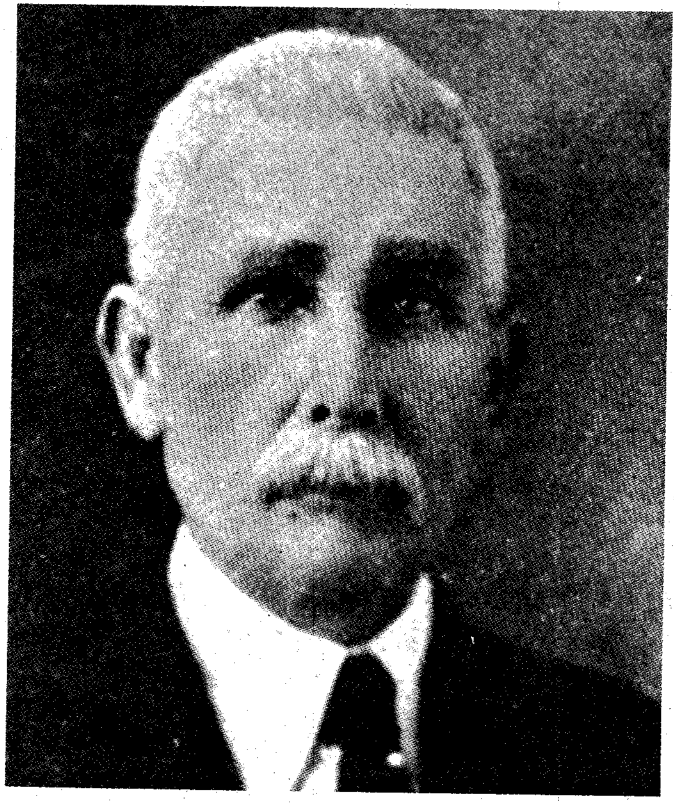
Wood was an item in that territory, and is today, as there were no trees for many miles at a time. Natives now get their wood by digging in the mounds of sand that have drifted around the roots of the mesquite bushes. They are sometimes as large as an arm and afford much larger sticks than the little knotty limbs above ground that seldom get large enough to use for wood at all.

As we traveled along, Dutchie was constantly on the lookout for a root or two and would pick up everything that could be used for fuel, many times resorting to buffalo chips. The gatherings were carried underneath the wagon on a buffalo or cow hide fastened to the four corners of the frame, and swung down just below the bed of the wagon. By the time we stopped at watering places to cook, there would be sufficient wood for a meal or two.

We always had plenty of meat as buffalo, deer, antelope, and wild game of many kinds were to be had at the firing of a gun. As needed we would kill a yearling, using what we could and leaving all that was not used on the prairie for the coyote and other animals



M. L. Johnson as he looked shortly after he left the range for the business world.



Courtesy University of Texas Library

J. T. Hazelwood

to eat, as we had no way to keep it from spoiling.

I have been asked repeatedly what was done with the little calves that came as we traveled along. I am sorry to give an explanation and ashamed to answer but must say we did nothing. Their mothers were driven on with the rest of the herd if they were able to be up on their feet at all, and the baby calves were left to be eaten or destroyed by the wolves, coyotes and other wild animals. The memory of these lowing mothers at night haunts me now sometimes as I think how anxiously they searched through the herd for their young.

We had a very uneventful trip until we reached Bosque Grande, meaning "Large Timber," so named for a grove of cottonwood trees which grew on the banks of the Pecos about fifty miles from Fort Sumner, our destination. This place in the '60s was a flourishing little city on the edge of the desert, but it fell long ago like Babylon, to rise no more. It consisted of one shack made of pickets thonged together with rawhide and about a dozen tents in which gambling and whiskey were the sole diversions at that time. The population consisted of about fifty gamblers and a dozen or so imported women. However, the population varied at different seasons. The picket house sheltered the general store or trading quarters. In the summer the gambling was done under the large trees in the yard. Cards were the most favored game they had and I can say without an exaggeration that I saw a thousand dollars bet on a single game of cards more times than one. Like all gambling dens they held a big dance, "shindig," and the most shocking sights I ever saw were enacted at this place. Here everybody for miles around came to forget their cares and drown their troubles.

WE PASSED THROUGH the town at sundown and after finding a place to stop for the night, all the boys who did not draw places to stand guard set out to get acquainted with the "folks" and get a look at civilization once more. I was one of the lucky ones. There was no fixing up to do as we only shaved, trimmed our hair or changed clothes when we reached our final destination and received our pay.

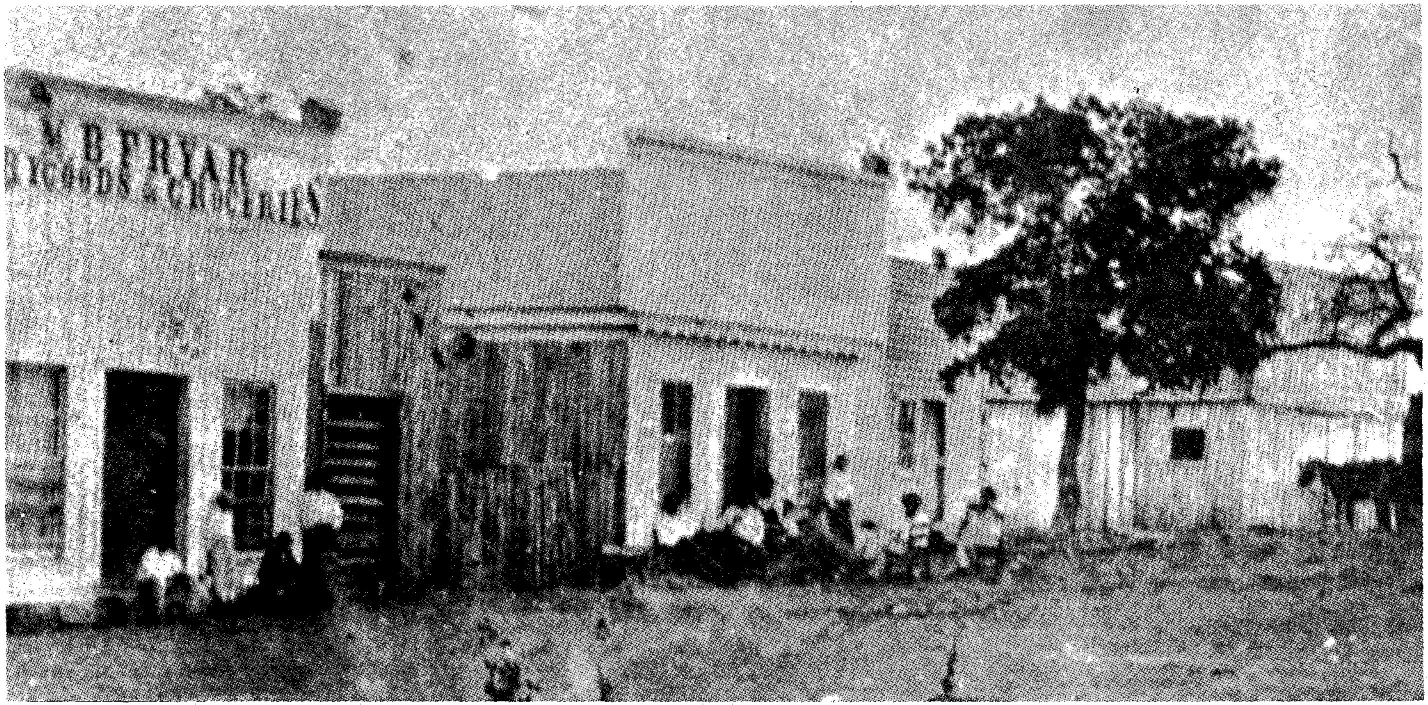
When we arrived at the saloon, the dance floor was crowded with women and girls with their partners of cowboys, half-breeds, and toughs of every description—regular cutthroats—on hand to "shoot up the town" and make the "citizens" scuttle for shelter and hide out when they went on a drunken spree to liven things up a bit. In a far corner, seated on a barrel and a box or two, were the musicians. One rusty fellow with a long beard was an expert on a flute of some kind. I have never seen its kind since. The fiddlers three were really bearing down on a breakdown and the "caller" for the dance was well mixed up with liquor, fun and bad words. Each person knew his step so there was little need for calling anyway.

After a few drinks around we stood watching the swaying crowd when presently the set was over. Some came to the bar for more drinks, others formed groups to talk, and two or three were assisting drunken comrades to the corner for safety. We never knew just what happened but suddenly amid the hum of voices and laughter a shot rang out. It sounded as though it passed through the door over our heads and we needed no advice as to what to do, for our cowardly legs just would carry us away.

The next few minutes were given to a bombardment of whiskey bottles, bullets and rocks. Then as suddenly as it had started, the music began and everyone calmly walked into the house and grabbed a partner as the proprietor yelled out, "On with the dance; there is only one man killed." Realizing this man could have been me pretty easy, I ran past the entrance into the road and let me tell you, I got mine then, as I stepped on a piece of broken bottle and cut the arch of my foot 'most in two. The boys that were with me helped me on my horse and we rode to camp as quickly as possible. They dressed my foot the best they could, but having very little to use, healing was slow which made me rather a useless cowpuncher for several weeks.

We left early the next morning and arrived safely at Fort Sumner one day later. We delivered the herd, received our pay, and went through the usual routine of fixing up. After purchasing a new outfit, every stitch of our old clothes was thrown away to rid ourselves of "greybacks." Moreover, the much needed haircut and shave made a real transformation that would have hidden our identity anywhere.

While having my foot treated, we rested a few days, then began the long jaunt home. We saw no Indians, but suffered from the heat. The August sun was furious and most of the water was gyp and alkali. The last ten days were trying as we did not find water every day, and sometimes, finding a clear looking pond, would quench our consuming thirst with a hearty drink and within a few minutes every man would be sick. However, we



Courtesy University of Texas Library.

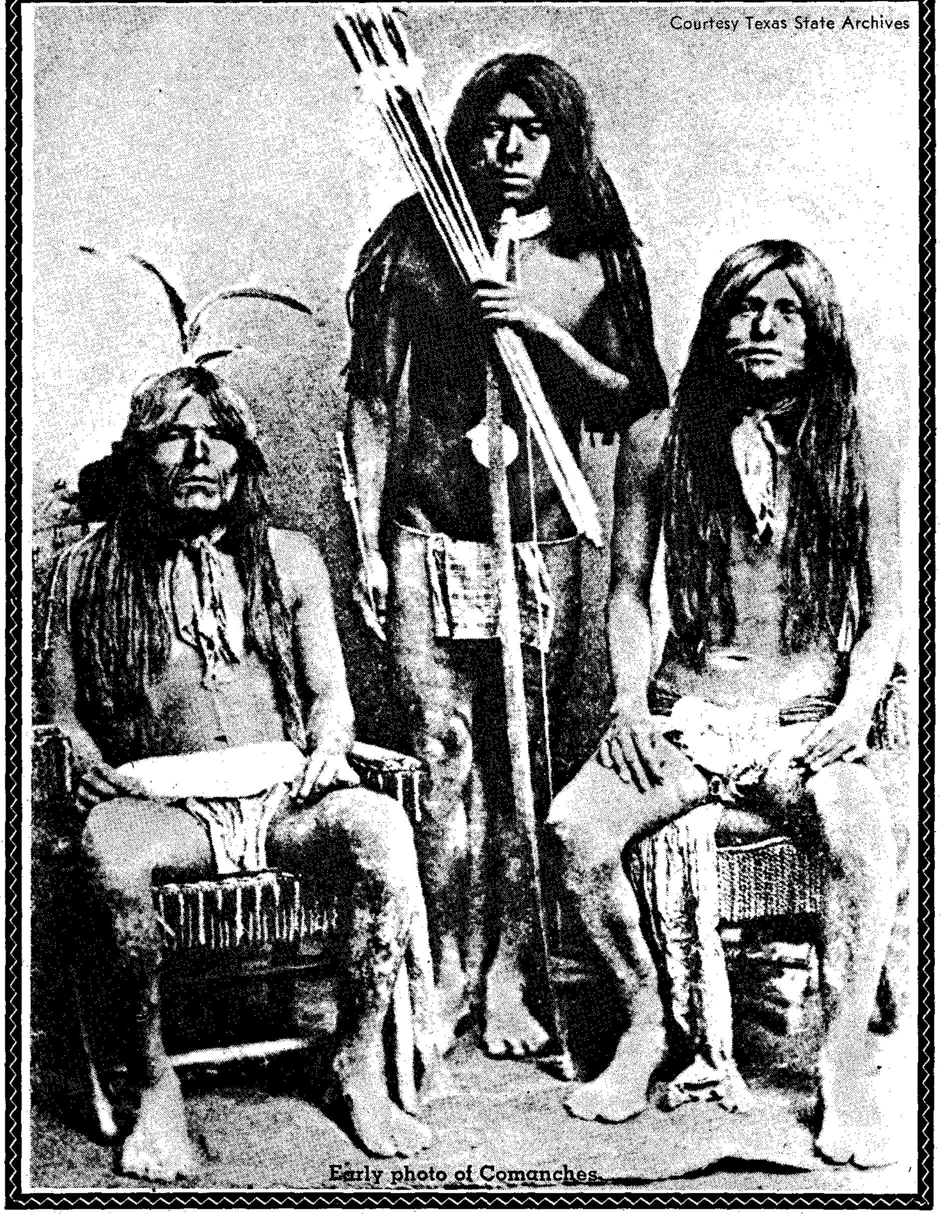
Palo Pinto, Texas in the early 1870s.

all lived over such experiences and could be jolly and gay when the occasion presented itself, forgetting the hardships we had endured. Hot or cold, wet or dry, it was all the same to us.

When we arrived in Parker County I thought my appetite for excitement was satisfied and planned to quit the range and return to Fort Worth. While I dreaded the long dangerous ride alone, I was eager to see civilization once more. So bidding farewell to the boys, I mounted my pony late one September afternoon and rode all night without fear of the Red Man.

I spent the winter of 1868 in Fort Worth with my people, going to school. Although I was twenty years of age, I had never attended school a full term at any one time.

DURING THE DECADE of the '70s, while the railroads were being built farther and farther across the plains and civilization was pressing the frontier westward, the Indians and the buffalo made their final stand. The former were on the verge of being driven out so as to no longer interfere with the advance of the white settlers, and the latter were practically exterminated a few years later by a ruthless slaughter conducted by a large number of organized bands of buffalo hunters. Buffaloes were not easy to kill. On my first buffalo hunt I learned it did no good to shoot them in the forehead, as we were accustomed to shooting beeves with our pistols, for the bullet would not penetrate their skulls. We would dash by and shoot between the eyes without apparent effect, so we began shooting behind the left shoulder or in the loins and that brought them down. It must be



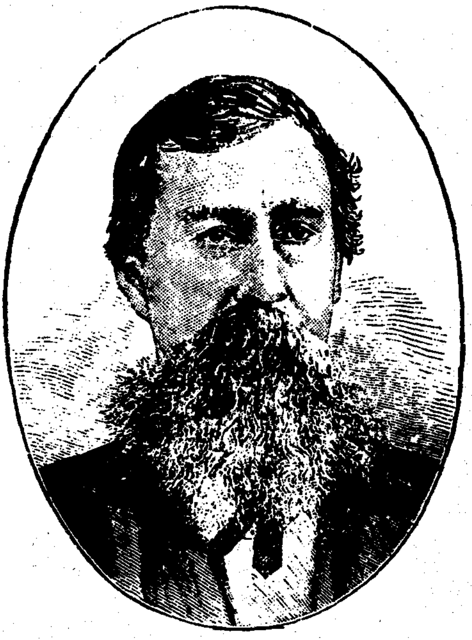
Courtesy Texas State Archives

Early photo of Comanches.

remembered that the country was literally alive with buffaloes at this time, and during periods of great drouth, when every waterhole and creek was dry, they would travel in enormous herds long distances to the few rivers. Half perished they would arrive at the water and crowd down in such blind haste into the bed of the stream that they would drown by the score. Dr. Notson was the post surgeon at Fort Concho, and in his official reports at one time maintained that the Concho River water was unfit to drink because of the great amount of putrid animal substance in the stream. Buffaloes were so numerous and the hides so desirable that the profit derived from them caused hundreds to take up the business.

Some hunting groups boasted two and three hundred "tongues" per day. This wanton destruction of the buffalo carried with it a touch of pathos. Where he once roamed at will over vast prairies unmolested, now near every waterhole and running stream, behind every clump of trees, near the herd or in the tall grass, on his right or left, in front or behind, he could expect his hidden foe with the deadly gun. They were driven from one waterhole only to meet death at another. Colonel Dalton gives the following picture:

"Every approach of the buffalo to water was met by rifle bullets, and one or more bit the dust. Care was taken not to permit his fellows to drink, for then they would not return soon. Tortured with thirst from the heat, the poor brutes approached again and again, always to be met by bullets, always to lose some of their herd. One by one they fell. But for the favoring protection of darkness, the race would have been exterminated sooner. In places favorable to such action, as the south bank of the Platte River, a herd of buffalo has, by shooting at it by day and by lighting fires and firing guns at night, been kept from water for four days or until the entire herd was destroyed. In many places the valley was offensive from the stench of carcasses. Long trains of wagons piled high with cured hides were always to be seen winding their way to market over dim trails or roads."



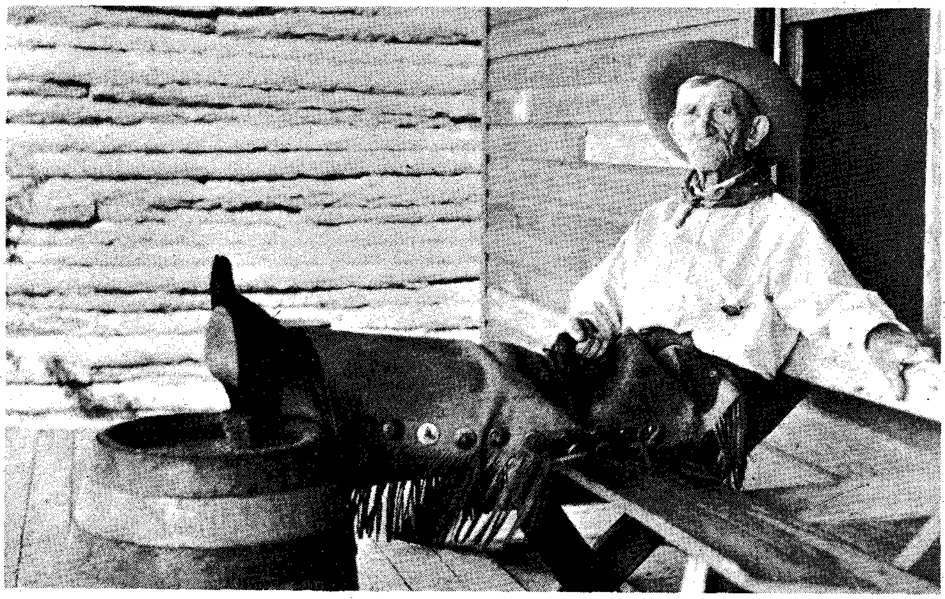
Courtesy University of Texas Library

John Hittson was said to have had a hundred thousand head of cattle on his West Texas ranches and holdings in at least six counties.

Toward the close of the century came the last phase of the buffalo industry. Later, in three years' time, 27,000,000 pounds of bleached bones were shipped to eastern plants to be ground into fertilizer.

ON THE RANGE there was always work for us cowboys to do. The wagon, our only home during the busy season, was out almost the entire year. There were thousands of calves to be branded, trail herds to be shaped up and taken up trail, and broncs to be broken when we could get them. There were no fences in that country and many times we didn't have even the aid of corrals during the branding season. Nearly all the work was done on the open range, and this means that it was harder than it is today on even the big ranches. One might say that we fought Indians in the daytime and greybacks (lice) at night. I don't suppose there was ever a cowboy on the early frontier that was not "lousy" most of the time. They would get in our clothes, blankets, and even in the wagon, and only a day off to scald and boil everything would eliminate them.

M. L. Johnson at the Texas Centennial of 1936 that marked one hundred years of Texas independence.



Every year part of the yearlings and "2's" on the Texas range were sent up the trail into Colorado to mature and fatten for better market, but the Indians had got so troublesome that John and Jess Hittson concluded to move their entire stock of cattle and horses up to Deer Trail, Colorado. Their cattle were scattered over six or eight counties, Coleman, Callahan, and Runnels being the hotbed for depredations. The Hittson home ranches were located in the counties just named.

About the first of July 1872, we were ordered to round up everything of Hittson's we could find in Runnels County. We started out from the main ranch on Battle Creek and moved southward, rounding up as we went. In doing this we worked in all directions from the main herd which was attended by a few of the boys. The rest rode at random searching out the singles and bringing them to the herd which traveled along slowly. By using this method we covered all the territory within a safe distance as we went along.

At night we stopped where we were, chuckwagon and all, and the cook prepared supper which usually consisted of meat in some form, bread and coffee. The coffee, bought by the sack, was green. The cook parched it as needed in the iron skillet on the campfire. The first few years I followed Hittson's herds, we had no way to grind it, but later he purchased a small hand mill that was much better than beating it up as we had been doing.

Our outfit was considered well fed, as we always had plenty of flour, meal, and coffee and could kill meat of any kind when needed, of course using only the most desirable. The broiled steaks and roasted or barbecued loins were hard to beat, and we cared very little for any other foods. On the roundups, beans and other delicacies were few and far between. Sometimes if we were to return to headquarters in two or three days, we did not take the cook and chuckwagon. A sufficient quantity of bread to do was cooked up, and we killed deer, beef and other meat, stopping only long enough to broil on a stick what was needed and then move on as soon as possible. This required no equipment and it saved time as there was very little eating done except at morning and night. After supper the boys were divided into two or three groups to guard the cattle and horses together until morning, each group taking its turn of so many hours. We changed horses often, as one could not hold out long on the constant riding when bringing in the singles.

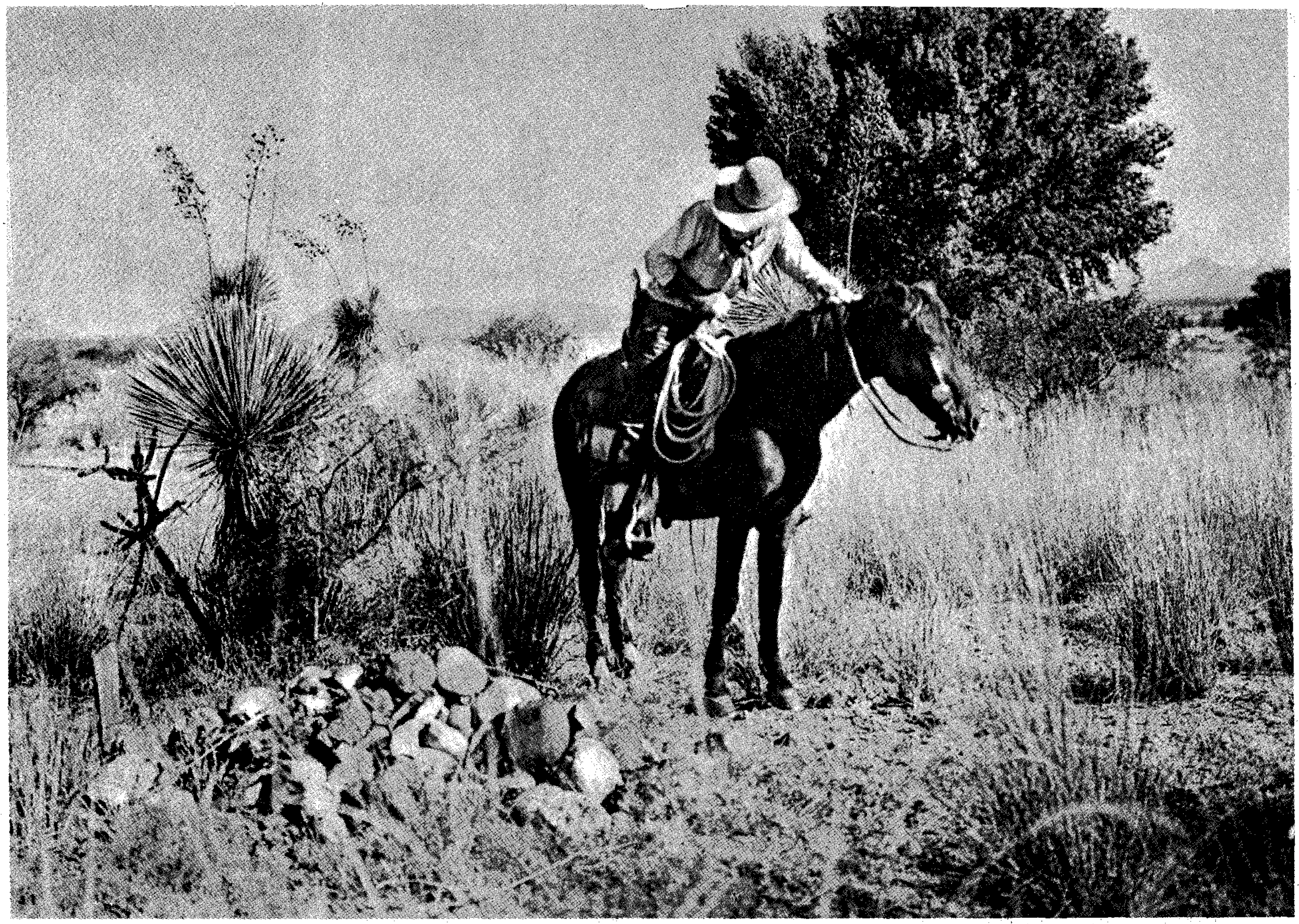


Photo and caption from **Life on the Texas Range** by Smith and Haley, University of Texas Press. Courtesy University of Texas Press

"Still in the sun. 'Where the coyotes howl and the wind blows free . . . They buried him there on the lone prairie-e.'"

IN TEN DAYS we had about 700 head and drove them into the pens at old Picketville (merely a picket house and fence) on the Colorado River near where Ballinger now stands. The pickets had been gathered from a large territory as trees were so scarce. Many times we went fifteen or twenty miles to get a few posts of mesquite for a house or fence. This was the only pen in the country at that time and we were anxious to get the herd behind a fence and have a good full-night's sleep once more.

We penned late in the afternoon, ate early and divided the horses in three groups of about twelve or fourteen each. They were driven to a safe distance in separate places a half mile or more from the shack, and hobbled so they could not stray away. We slept sound all night, never dreaming of what was going on about us. However, it was a moonlight night and we knew that the Indians always raided in the light of the moon.

We were up early the next morning and six or seven of the boys were sent to get the horses. They found the first bunch all right but the boys who went to get the second and third bunches could not find a horse, only a moccasin and several arrows and a bow. This left us only eleven horses as we lost about thirty-five. Young Hittson decided that we must take the cattle and go to headquarters as soon as we could get there, as we could do no more work with so few horses. We had enough to mount all hands except one and he had to ride in the chuckwagon with the cook. We were now using horses for the wagon instead of oxen.

We shaped the herd as fast as we could and started for home feeling lucky to be able to get there. All went well as we saw no Indians until nearly ten o'clock that morning, five miles north of where Ballinger now stands. Then two rear drivers discovered about 75 Comanches with a large drove of horses; I guessed them to number about 100. They had evidently been collecting horses for several days from everyone they came upon, ours being the last addition. When sighted, they were hardly a mile from us. The country was comparatively level with no timber or brush in sight, so we could see them plainly.

If you have never been struck dumb with horror, you cannot know the cold, creepy sensation we experienced. Our forces consisted of twelve men—Jess Hittson, Jim Wilson, Ben Wilson, Bill Cockrell, John Smith, Ed Emerson, Frank Emerson, Charley Eslinger, Dutchie the cook, myself and two others—I can't remember their names. All of this little party have long since gone the way of the earth except Jess Hittson and me.

When the Indians first began to advance on us, Dutchie deserted us and I never saw him afterwards; however, he made his escape, going to S. S. Gholson's cow camp and reporting that we were all killed, and finally making his way back to the settlements at Weatherford. We had had all kinds of characters working as cooks, but no matter how hard the work, how big the bunch he had to cook for, how bad the weather, nor how short and poor the grub was, one had never shown his heels in a time of trial. I have never known of a cook deserting in time of battle except this one. Usually a cook was faithful to the trust no matter what ordeal it took him through and became a fighting soldier when the occasion demanded. He "shorely" was a necessary adjunct to a cow camp.

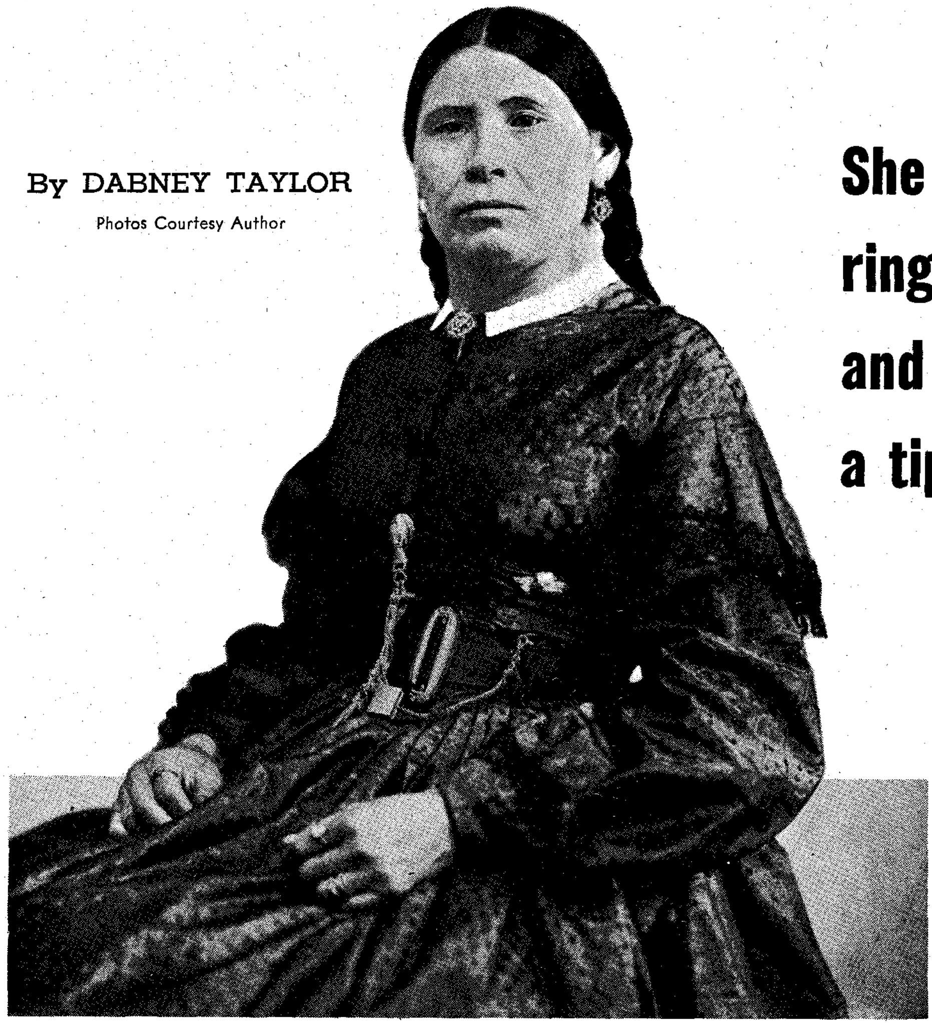
WE HALTED AND made ready for the worst, examined our guns to see that they were all in commission, and then held a short council of war. The Indians seemed to be doing the same thing. We turned the herd loose and made for the wagon as quickly as possible. We were well armed with modern firearms at the time, having Winchesters and Colt's six-shooters, but twelve men pitted against nearly a hundred Comanche warriors was no equal. The odds were not much in our favor so we determined to sell out as dearly as possible.

Jess Hittson proposed that we hoist a flag of truce and go to meet the big chief to form a kind of "Treaty of Peace," as we were outnumbered ten to one.

(Continued on page 42)

By DABNEY TAYLOR

Photos Courtesy Author

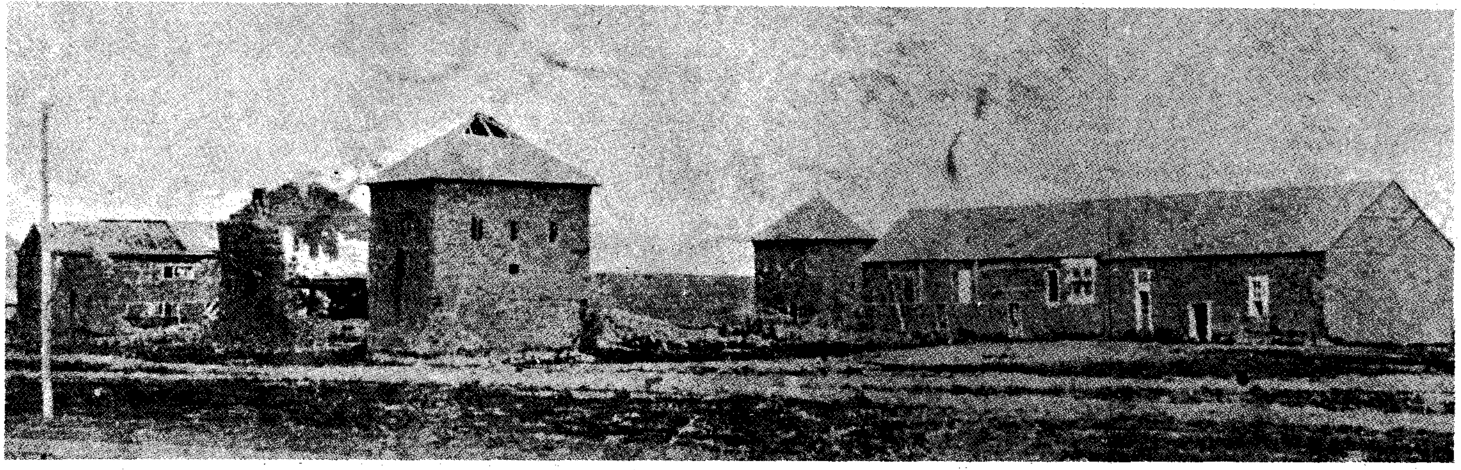


She had rings on her fingers and a tipi on the lawn!

Sacred Snake Woman, Mrs. Alexander Culbertson, "First Lady of the Upper Missouri."

The Major's BLACKFOOT BRIDE

Fort Benton, the Culbertsons' home in 1870.



ONE of the juiciest bits of gossip of its day was an item published in the Peoria, Illinois *Daily Transcript* of September 12, 1859. It was announced in a discreet paragraph:

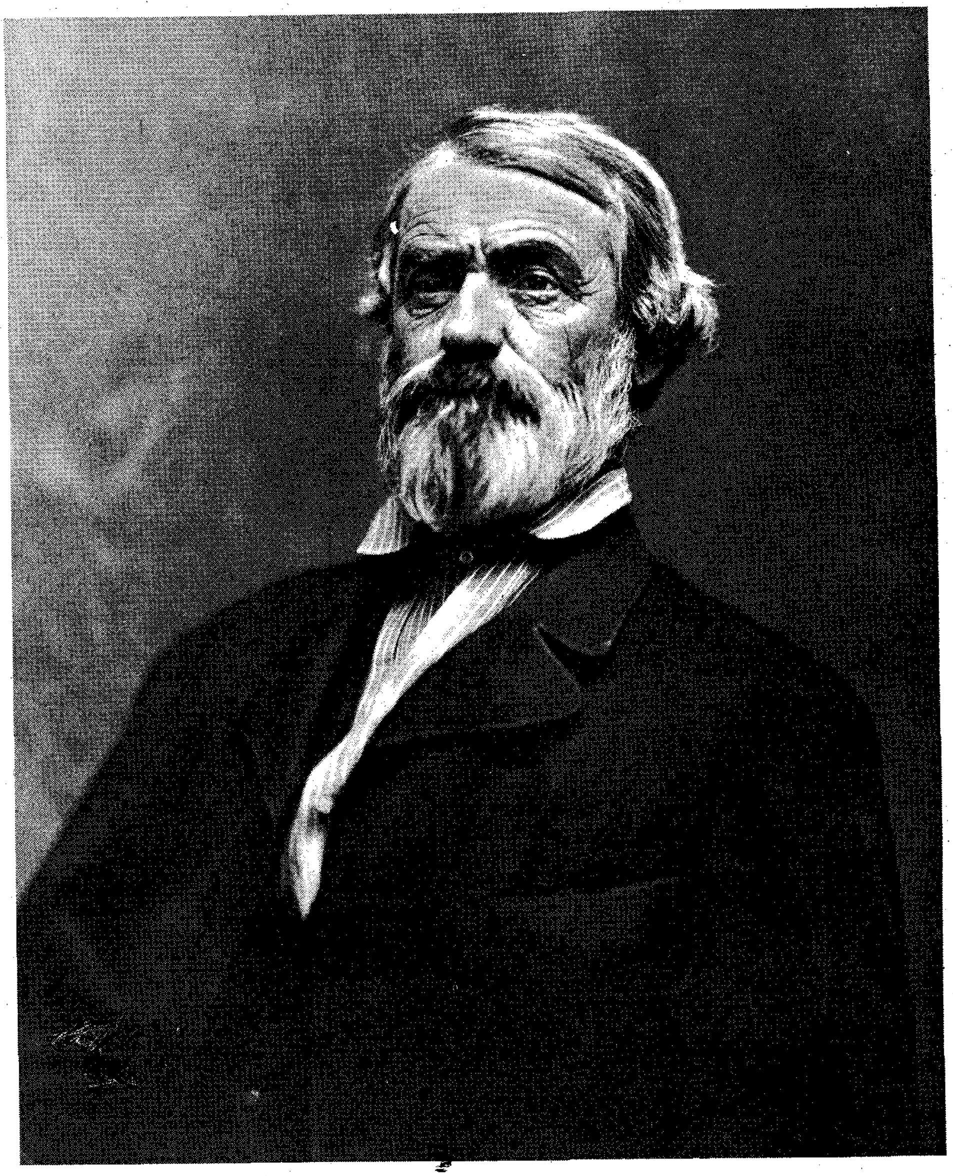
"Major Alexander Culbertson was married on Sept. 9th, in Peoria by Rev. Father Scanlon of St. Joseph, Missouri, to his Blackfoot Indian wife 'Natawista' [Natawistacha-Iskana was the family spelling of her name] to whom he had been married some 16 or 17 years previous [1840]. Among the guests was Capt. James Kipp, a member of the American Fur Co., and an old associate of Major Culbertson's since the latter's connection with the Fur Company. Father Scanlon is an old friend also, who established a Catholic mission among the Indians of the Blackfoot nation. Mrs. Culbertson is a lady of talent. She rendered good service to Gov. Stevens and Major Culbertson . . . at the time they visited the Blackfoot country and made a treaty of the Judith between the government and the nation to which she belonged."

Natawistacha-Iskana—"Sacred Snake Woman" (or Medicine Snake Woman, as she was called by some)—was my great-grandmother. Her daughter, Julia Culbertson Roberts was my grandmother. I can recall how my grandmother's gray eyes would gleam with amusement when she recalled "the marriage ceremony" of her parents. At the time her brother Jack, the eldest, was sixteen and she, thirteen. Frances, called "Fannie," was some years younger than Julia. And Baby Joe, who had been born that year at Peoria, had been held up in his nurse's arms to view this rather unusual event.

The romance of this exceptional couple from widely divergent cultures occurred in the fall of 1840 when "Natty" rode outlined against the piercing blue of the fall Montana sky in the train of her father Ma-Ne-To-Kos (Father of all Children), chief of the Blood tribe of the Blackfoot Nation. Decked in full finery they were returning from a summer spent in Canada to their winter encampment on the Yellowstone River near Fort Union.

Culbertson, standing on the bastion of the fort, looked through his spy glass with more than ordinary interest. At thirty, he was in line to succeed Kenneth McKenzie as chief factor of the American Fur Company, but that day his interest was certainly more than commercial as the cavalcade galloped into view.

The American Fur Company had entered the Upper Missouri in 1828. John Jacob Astor was the organizer and sole owner of this successful trading firm for many years. From the beginning the A.F.C.'s trade with the Blackfoot Nation was one of its main projects. These proud, war-like Indians had developed an implacable hatred for the mountain men from the States which they never lost, and in addition they had been brainwashed by the Canadian Hudson's Bay Company who wanted their exclusive business. The result had been the complete rejection of any overtures from the American Fur Company—so emphatic that several company traders had been killed.



Major Alexander Culbertson

THIS HAD had a most discouraging effect on the A.F.C. until Kenneth McKenzie, chief factor at the time, managed to secure a toe-hold in the Blackfoot country in 1832. The trade at Fort McKenzie at the mouth of the Marias River was still far from satisfactory, and it was Culbertson's ambition to make every effort to improve it.

It is obvious that Culbertson felt an alliance with this beautiful Indian girl of fifteen would have its advantages. It would bring the friendship of her father, the head chief, and her brothers Red Crow, Gray Eyes and Eagle Ribs, all men of importance in their tribe and the Blackfoot Nation.

It is equally probable that Natawistacha-Iskana knew a great deal about the major—that he was six feet tall, handsome, a noted horseman, and one skilled in the sports of the frontier. She was also undoubtedly aware that he would take over command of the A.F.C. when McKenzie retired and that his rapid promotion and influence had resulted from his complete mastery of the psychology of the Indian. He spoke the patois of the French traders and was fluent in many Indian languages. From their first contact the Plains Indians' respect and trust for "Little Beaver" (their name for him because of his industry) never faltered and he, in turn, never betrayed them.

Culbertson had been married before to an Indian woman who had borne two daughters, Jane, called "Janie," and Maria (who was baptized by Father De Smet on November 5, 1846 at Fort Union which indicates that she was living with her father and her new step-mother). Records show that Janie was sent east to school, that she was married in 1859 and died in 1860. There seems to be no record of Maria in later life.

Plural wives were not uncommon among the Plains Indians. As with most nomadic people, the attrition of war and the hazards of their daily life made it imperative for young women, who had lost their husbands, to find a protector as quickly as possible. Sisters frequently shared the same husband with apparent good nature, which was also accorded the "Sits-Beside-Me-Wife," the husband's favorite who accompanied him to feasts and such.

But this sort of domestic arrangement

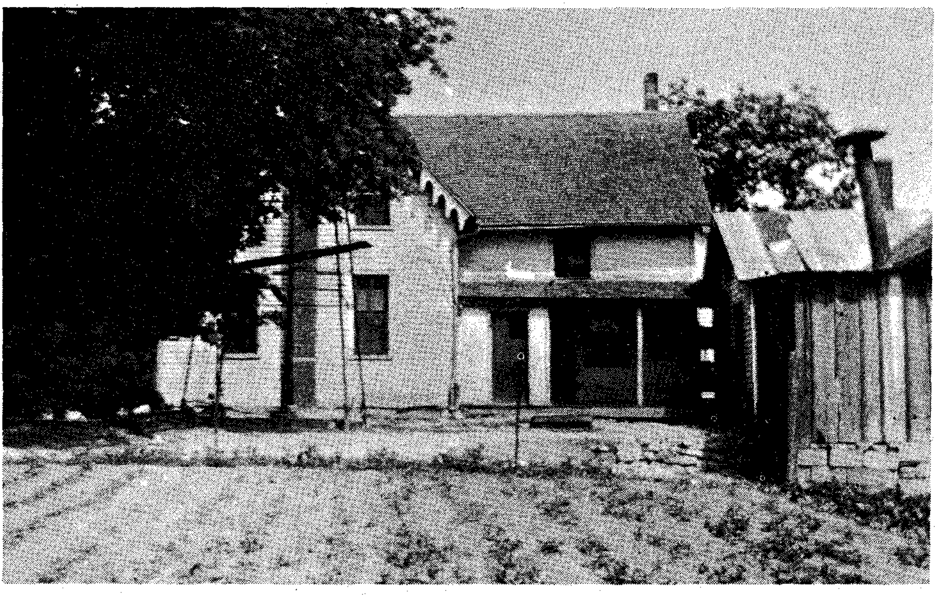


Photo by E. E. East, Peoria Historical Society, Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena

House built by Culbertson before 1860 in Limestone Township, Peoria County, Illinois. View from west side, taken in June 1936.

was not for Alexander Culbertson, brought up in a distinguished Scots-Irish family who had established Culbertson's Row near Chambersburg, Pennsylvania in 1773. He quietly divorced his first Indian wife some time before paying court to Natawistacha-Iskana whose position as his lawful wife and the "First Lady of the Upper Missouri" was never challenged.

THE COURTSHIP of the young girl and the major was extremely brief according to the accepted traditions of the Blood tribe. Culbertson, as soon as he saw the smoke drift up from the chief's lodge, sent a clerk from the fort with nine fine horses to tie to the door of Natawistacha-Iskana's elder brother's lodge.

Apparently the present and offer it implied was well received, if not expected, for on the following day nine horses of equal value were fastened to the door of the major's quarters. This exchange was in no sense a bride-barter, but showed the esteem in which the maiden was held by her family and by her suitor. Shortly after all this the bride-to-be was escorted to Fort Union by her family and presented to the bridegroom.

In this simple manner the wedding vows were made which resulted in thirty years of constant companionship and mutual support. In time the relationship took on the aspect of a sovereign and his consort, for Culbertson was a dominant figure on the Upper Missouri.

Had she been an European, the young Blood girl's rank would have been that of princess, but no such designation prevailed among her people. She was simply the daughter of the principal chief and was educated and trained accordingly. Rather than painting watercolors of flowers and landscapes she decorated the tipi with designs whose colors were skillfully blended from clays, flowers and animal substances. Rather than needlepoint she embroidered parfleches (tanned skin bags) with dyed porcupine quills set out with bead designs.

The work of making and decorating shirts, bags and other equipment was done chiefly for her brothers. Among the Bloods a beautiful brother and sister relationship existed. Brothers felt a protective responsibility toward their sisters who, in turn, did them many favors.

After Natawistacha-Iskana was married, this association became extremely formal. Yet it did not mean a coldness had occurred, for the opposite was demonstrated when their sister used her influence with them to the great advantage of the U.S. Government as well as the American Fur Company.

From this marriage five children were born. Jack, the eldest, was born either in 1843 or 1844. Nancy, the second child, was born in 1848 and baptized by Father De Smet in July 1851. Shortly thereafter, she was drowned in the Missouri River. It was during this period of great anguish that Major Culbertson decided to send his children east to school, and they were shipped off to Pennsylvania over the violent objections of his wife. Julia was registered at the Moravian Seminary at Bethlehem from "Fort Union on the Yellowstone River" in 1858, and probably went earlier. Fanny was registered from Peoria in 1859.

As a result of the long separations the girls became quite strangers to their mother. Julia always referred to her mother as Natty and to the Major as Father. She was his favorite child. Sylvester Wolh, superintendent of the Moravian Seminary while she attended, she called "Papa Wolh" and his wife she referred to as "Mama Wolh." As she spent many summers at the school as a lonely

Scout Joseph Culbertson Sr., son of Alexander Culbertson, looks over the battlefield at the mouth of the Redwater where Chief Gall and his entire camp surrendered to the 7th Cavalry and 5th Infantry in the winter of 1880-81. The cross shows where the camp was located.

Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena

little girl, this can be understood.

WHILE Madame Culbertson grieved over the absence of her children, she became drawn more and more into the orbit of her husband's ambitions. As his hostess and ambassadress she accompanied him everywhere and as time went on played a vital role in the affairs of the region.

One of the interesting developments in the life of the Culbertsons was the arrival at Fort Union of John James Audubon who came into the Upper Missouri country to study the animals there. Audubon was fascinated by the pretty young Indian matron and seems to have been the first person to write of her. In his journals he describes her skill as a swimmer, for as he was sketching mallards on the banks of the Missouri she slipped into the river and soon came up with four fine ducks, which she had captured alive and quacking with only her hands. She presented these to Audubon who recorded, "She was able to stay under water for a long time."

Audubon had brought four assistants with him to help collect material for *The Viviparous Quadrupeds of North America* which he was co-authoring with John Bachman and which was finally completed by Audubon's two sons. He presented these three volumes and other material to the Culbertsons and they were eventually inherited by Julia. In her collection Julia also had a wonderful specimen of bead work—an Indian saddle completely covered with this specialized art. This could have been the same saddle Natty rode when she dashed off on the white wolf hunt described by Audubon. She rode like a man, as did her maid, and they both flew across the prairie with their horses at a full run and their long black hair flying behind them in the wind.

One time Madame Culbertson was even too much for Audubon and he wrote of his revulsion when she directed that the skull of a recently killed buffalo be cracked so that she could devour the brains. However, he overlooked this so-called primitive taste in food in favor of those softer moments when she would sit silently beside him for hours while he would pore over the construction of the claw of a bird, or when he painted the animals and birds in the living colors she knew to be so right. She presented him with many samples of her own native work.

Of his friend Audubon, Culbertson had this to say, "He was a man devoted to scientific studies," but was "fond of an occasional indulgence in the compound of the cup." This was like the pot calling the kettle black as the major himself was a great whiskey drinker.

In 1842 a most disastrous event plunged the American Fur Company into a near war with the Blackfoot Nation. Because of unsatisfactory returns from Fort Pierre, now in South Dakota, Major Culbertson was transferred to that trading post to straighten out the trouble. Knowing the extreme difficulty of dealing with the Blackfeet, with whom he had been making good progress, Culbertson urged that someone else be sent in his place but, despite his strenuous objections, the officials insisted he leave at once for Fort Pierre. F. A. Chardon was sent to replace him at Fort McKenzie.

Courtesy North Dakota Historical Society, Henry Boiler Papers

Julia Culbertson Roberts

LATER in the season, a party of Blackfeet returning from a raid chose to hang around the fort. The exasperated Chardon sent out some employes to chase them away and in the scuffle a Negro named Reese was killed.

Urged on by his assistant Harvey, whose thumb he was under, Chardon planned his revenge. The next Blackfeet who, with family members, came to trade were lured into the fort grounds and blasted with a cannon filled with heavy shot. Thirty men and women were killed; others escaped by climbing over the compound walls. Then the white men mutilated and scalped the Indians and held a savage dance around their bodies. After this terrible crime the traders, with Chardon and Harvey, burned the fort to the ground and fled in fear of their lives from a possible Blackfoot attack.

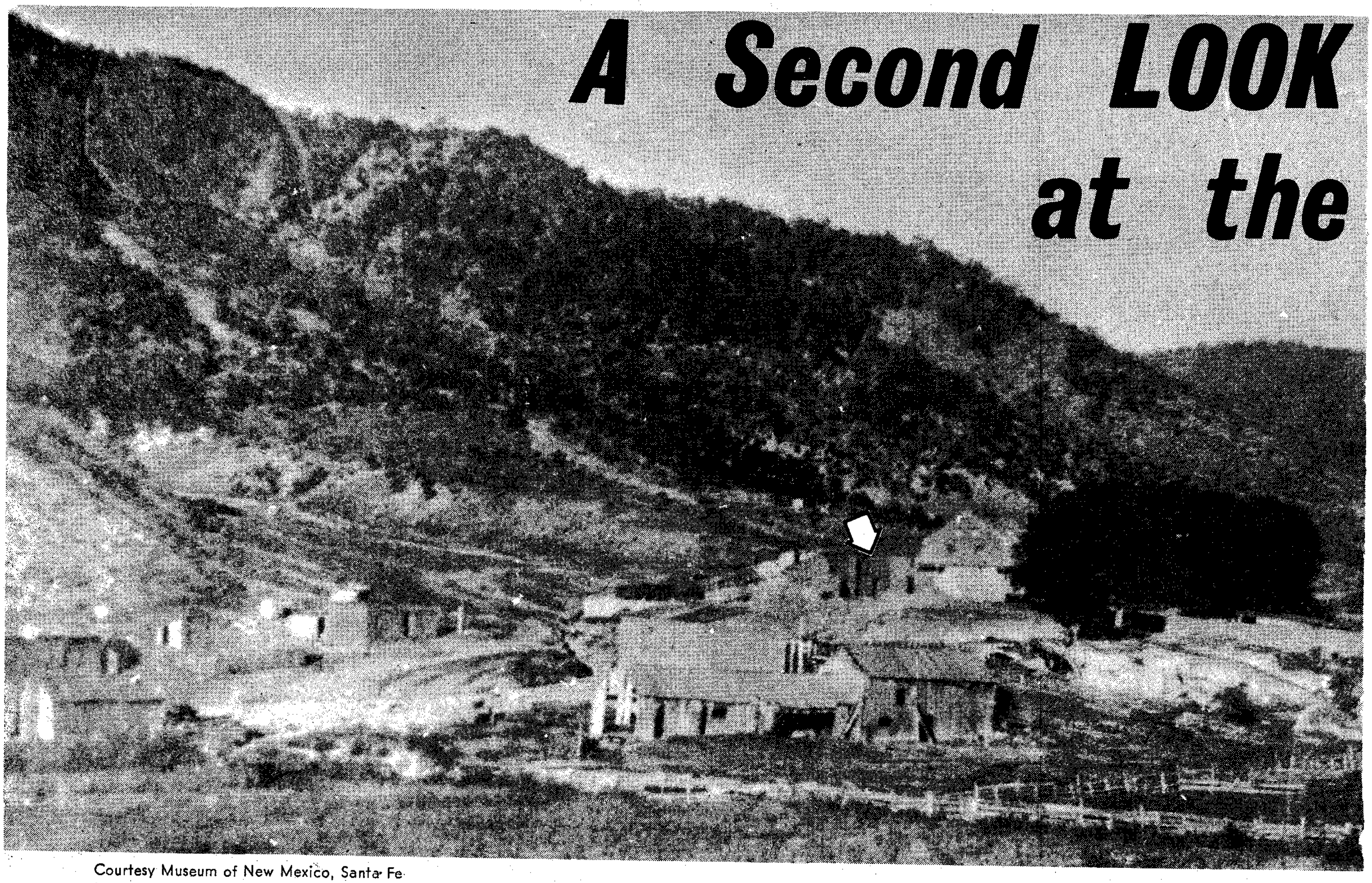
In May of the same year, this act came to the attention of the officials of the American Fur Company and the guilty men were promptly removed from the area, but it appeared as though all trade with the Blackfoot Nation was doomed and that war was inevitable. Once again the company turned to Major Culbertson and his wife. The major was urged to return to the Blackfoot country and try to calm the dangerous situation.

When he was contacted, and it took considerable time to get the message to him, Culbertson refused to comply. He reminded the officials that he had warned them about the difficulty of handling the Blackfeet and felt that it was unfair to ask him to return to their country at the probable risk of his life.

Despite Culbertson's reluctance, Pierre Choteau, head of the organization and then in New York City, pleaded for a meeting there in June and the major consented. After an agreement was reached Culbertson asked for two weeks

(Continued on page 44)

A Second LOOK at the



Courtesy Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe

Blazer's Mill in the early 1900s. Arrow points to the remains of Dr. Joseph N. Blazer's home at the front door of which Andrew L. "Buckshot" Roberts was mortally wounded.

THE BATTLE at Blazer's Mill, New Mexico, between Andrew L. "Buckshot" Roberts and a gang led by Richard M. Brewer has gone down in history as one of the classic gunfights of the Old West. It has been described by numerous authors, most of whom have based their accounts on George Coe's *Frontier Fighter* or Walter Noble Burns' *Saga of Billy The Kid.*

This is natural enough. Coe was one of the participants and his book is easy to obtain. Burns is believed to have secured his material principally from Frank Coe, George's cousin and another of the participants. Unfortunately, both of these men were members of Brewer's crowd. Not only are the Coe-Burns versions suspect, they are demonstrably in error in many respects. Luckily other—and presumably impartial—eye-witnesses have also left a record of what they saw. They were David M. Easton, manager of Blazer's store and Justice of the Peace in Precinct No. 3, Lincoln County, and Almer N. Blazer, Dr. Blazer's son who was then thirteen years of age. Paul A. Blazer, Almer's son, has also written an account of the event as handed down by his father and grandfather.

My purpose is to reconstruct the fight on the basis of the evidence of all the witnesses, rather than on that of just two of the Regulators. There are unresolved discrepancies, of course; for example, some of the eye-witnesses say Roberts was shot in the right side, others that he was shot in the left. In such cases we can only follow those who seem to have been in the best position to make valid observations.

The background of the trouble has been related on many occasions and is probably familiar to most readers. It may therefore be summarized very briefly. John H. Tunstall, a young Englishman, had come to Lincoln County, New Mexico, in 1876, determined "to entirely control the county" and "to get half of every dollar that is made in the county by anyone." He allied himself with Alexander A. McSween, a lawyer who had arrived in the county penniless in 1875 and had "expressed his intention of making his El Dorado at Lincoln." There seems to have been no great mutual respect between the two men, but cooperation between them promised to be mutually profitable.

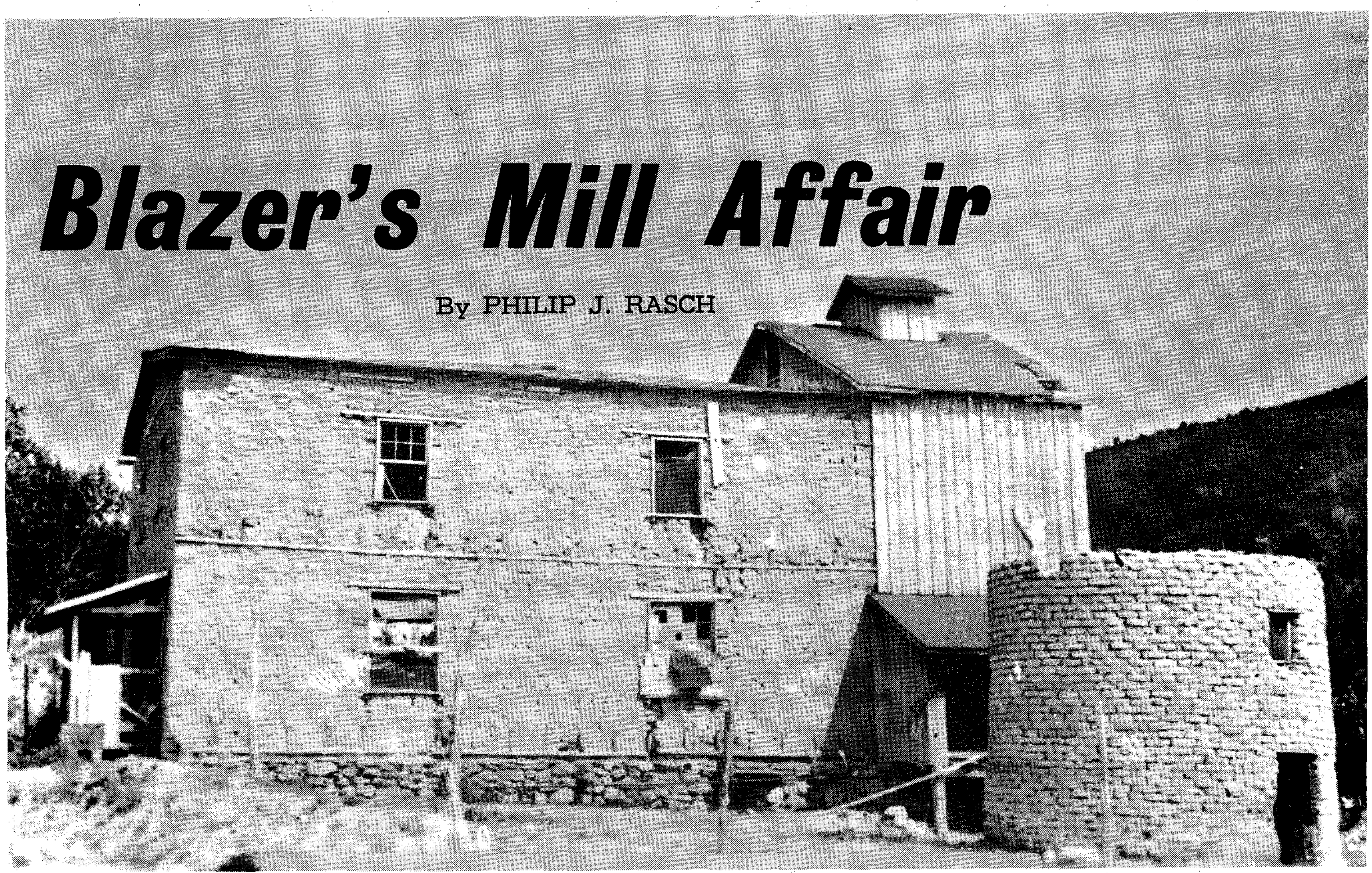
The combination promptly set forth to wrest control of the county from its economic dictators, the firm of Lawrence G. Murphy, James J. Dolan, and John H. Riley. A former partner in the concern, Emil Fritz, had died in Germany. The insurance company had made difficulties about paying his policy and McSween had been retained to collect it. He succeeded in obtaining the money, but the heirs became alarmed when he deposited the funds in his personal account in an East St. Louis bank and announced his intention of leaving the Territory. Fritz's brother and sister had the lawyer arrested at Las Vegas on a charge of embezzlement and obtained an attachment against his property, including that which he held in partnership with Tunstall.

A curious mixture of sheriff's posse and rustlers undertook to levy the attachment. The latter gave as the pretext for their presence the fact that they had lent some horses to "Kid" Antrim (later to become famous as "Billy the Kid") and wished to recover them before the attachment was effected. Arriving at Tunstall's ranch on February 18, 1878, they found he had already left for Lincoln, driving some valuable horses before him. The rustlers and some of the possemen, not including Roberts, went in pursuit of Tunstall. The evidence suggests that he was overtaken and shot down in cold blood by William S. Morton and Tom Hill.

JOHN B. WILSON, justice of the peace in Precinct No. 1, appointed Richard M. Brewer, Tunstall's ranch manager, a special constable and gave him warrants for the arrest of the murderers. This was not a judicious move. In addition to his affiliation with Tunstall, Brewer was a bitter enemy of Murphy, Dolan, and Riley. He seems to have been indebted to their firm for something over

Blazer's Mill Affair

By PHILIP J. RASCH



Courtesy Library, University of Oklahoma

Blazer's Mill was located in the mountains above Tularosa, Otero County, New Mexico.

$2,000, and to have been more interested in defrauding them than in paying them.

The new special constable promptly gathered a posse of desperate men, who were to become known as the Regulators or the Modocs, and set out to exterminate the men involved in serving the attachment on Tunstall. Morton and Frank Baker were the first to be captured and executed. Coincidentally, Hill—at almost the same time—was shot by a sheepherder whom he was attempting to rob. On April 1 the Regulators hid in a corral at the back of the Tunstall store. As Sheriff William Brady and some deputies walked past, they were fired upon from ambush, Brady and Deputy Sheriff George Hindman being killed.

Billy the Kid was slightly wounded on the inside of the left thigh by a shot fired by Deputy Sheriff Jacob B. Mathews when he ran out to seize Brady's new Winchester. With something akin to poetic justice, Justice Wilson, who was hoeing in his garden, was painfully injured by a wild shot which passed through the backs of both thighs.

Troops from Fort Stanton were sent to Lincoln to restore order and the murderers rode off across the mountains to the home of George Coe. Their next move was an attempt to take George Kitt, who had been with the group that killed Tunstall, and Roberts.

Little is known of Roberts' background. Henry Brown had met him in Texas, where he was using the name Bill Williams. It has been stated that he had been a soldier in the Union Army during the Civil War, a Texas Ranger, and a railroad meat hunter under Buffalo Bill Cody. He is generally depicted as a small man, given to riding a mule. It is said that a crippled arm incurred from a load of buckshot gave him his nickname and made it impossible for him to raise a rifle to his shoulder; hence he fired from the hip. How much of this description is fact and how much fiction is yet to be proven. Some accounts say that he owned a small ranch on the Ruidoso. So far no legal record attesting to this has been uncovered, and various old-timers were convinced that he was simply a reward hunter. His role in Lincoln County affairs had been inconspicuous and it would seem doubtful that any of those who knew him suspected that he was the stuff from which heroic legends are made. We now pick up the accounts of those who were there when he proved that he was.

IT IS SAID that Roberts had sold his ranch to a man from Santa Fe, who was to mail a check to him at the South Fork Post Office which was operated by Dr. Joseph N. Blazer. In Blazer's employ at the time was a man named Sam Miller, whose friendship with Roberts dated back to the days when they had worked together under Buffalo Bill. Roberts decided to go to Blazer's Mill and to stay with Miller until the check arrived.

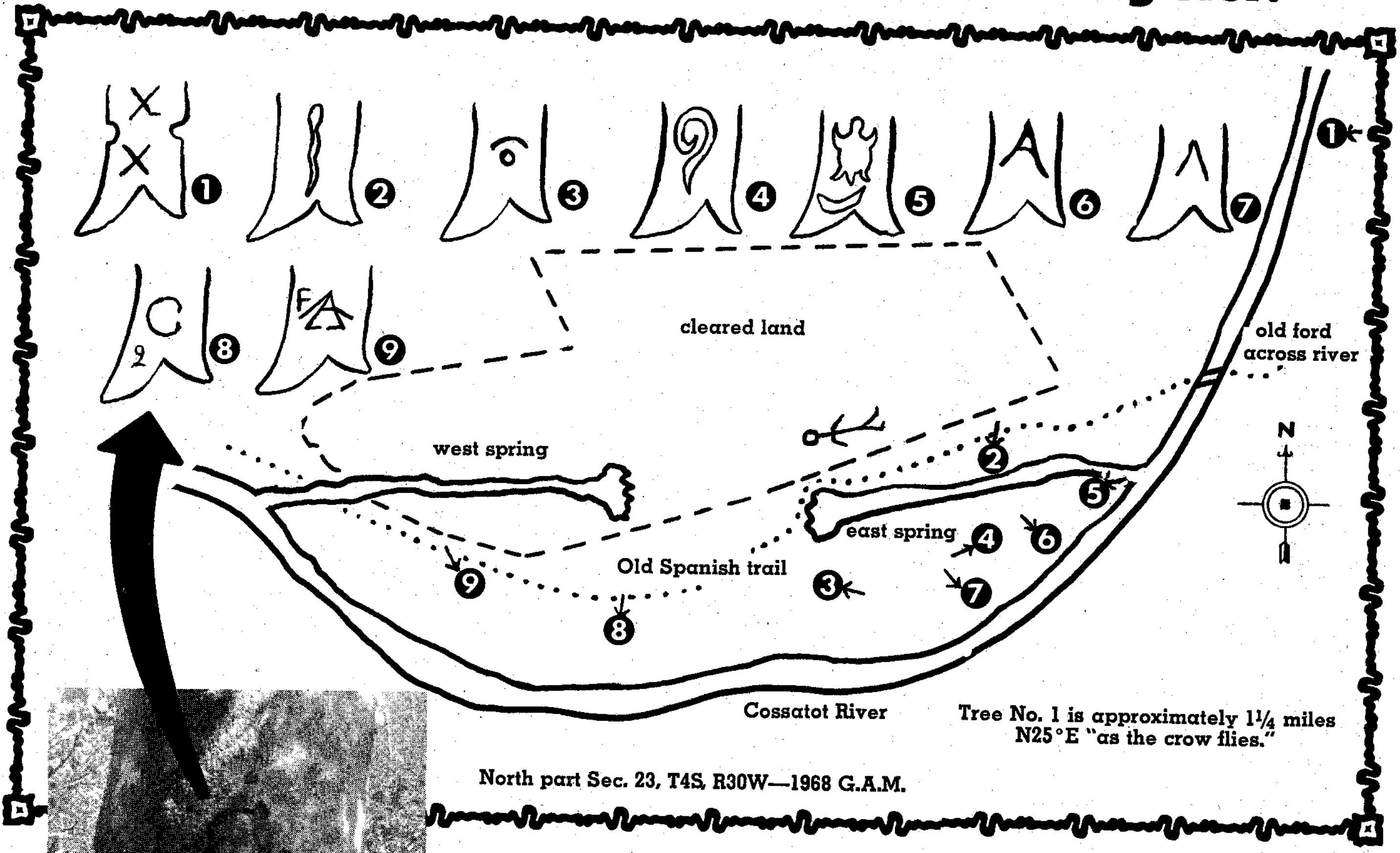
On Thursday morning, April 4, some Mescalero Apaches came in to the agency to report that a gang of men had killed a beef in Rinconada the night before. Recognizing the men from the description the Indians gave, Blazer foresaw the possibility of trouble and asked Roberts to leave. The latter replied that he planned to depart the country anyhow and would go to Las Cruces, to which point Dr. Blazer could forward the check when it arrived.

When Buckshot had ridden about eight miles from the mill, he saw the mail

(Continued on page 65)

Billy the Kid's gun loses a notch?

Where one flows east and another flows west, your metal detector should sing like a cash register!



Tree No. 1 is approximately 1¼ miles N25°E "as the crow flies."

North part Sec. 23, T4S, R30W—1968 G.A.M.

TWIN SPRINGS'

By GEORGE A. MITCHELL

Photo Courtesy Author

THE STORY of buried Spanish treasure on the Cossatot River in Polk County, Arkansas in not new. I heard it many years ago, and every now and then a modified version can be heard from a different source. All seem to agree on a few basic points. First, seven burro (jack) loads of precious metal were hastily buried by a party of Spaniards after a brush with Indians. Second, the treasure was buried within a few feet of the bank of the river. Third, it was buried near a spring.

Now the Cossatot River winds its way among the hills for many miles in Polk County and there are countless springs along its course. One story I heard places the treasure near the old Scroungeout school southeast of Wickes. Another tale places it near the Highway 246 bridge east of Vandervoort. There are others.

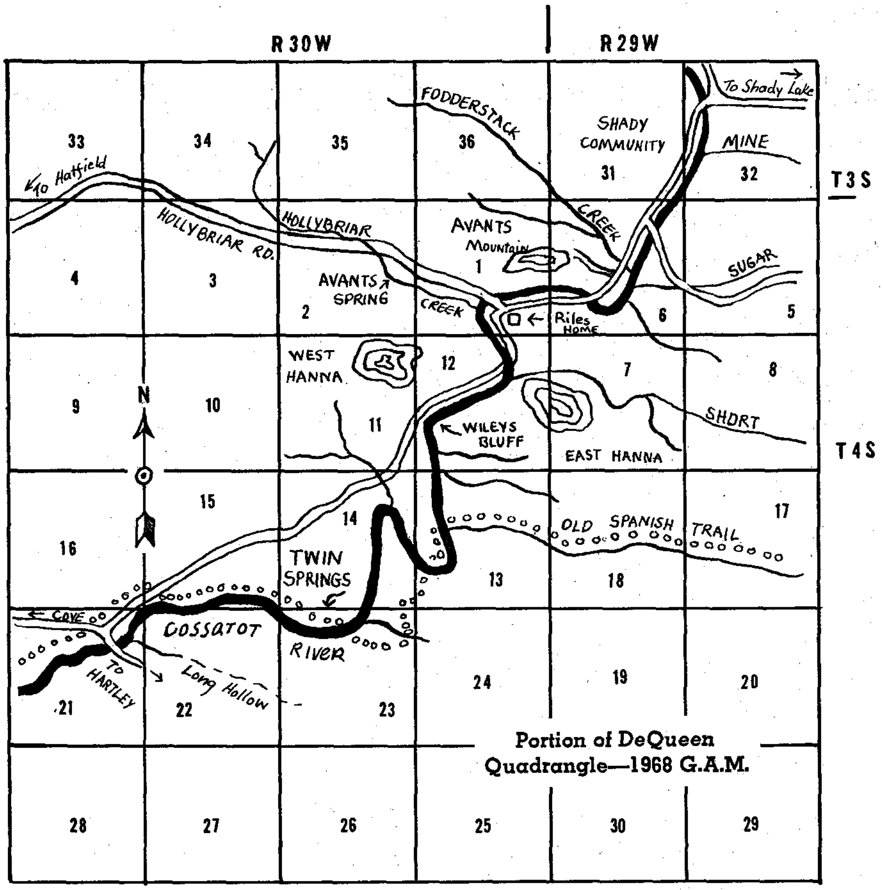
I was actually checking on something else when I bumped into still another version of the Cossatot River gold—and this one had a ring of truth to it that all the others lacked. In the first place, a lot of it was first-hand; in the second place, I was talking to two men who could look you in the eye and not hesitate to say, "I don't know." That's generally the trademark of an honest man.

SHORTLY after the close of the Civil War, John Avants homesteaded a piece of ground near what was later to be the community of Shady, Arkansas. With him were his seven sons—Bob, Isom, John, Ep, Wade, Bud and Terry. Game was plentiful and the boys ranged the hills and valleys nearby on many hunting, fishing and trapping expeditions. Scarcely a square foot of land for miles around failed to meet their gaze or feel the imprint of their feet.

Ten or twelve years later, when the boys ranged in age from their 'teens to early twenties, a stranger appeared in the neighborhood and sought assistance from John Avants and his sons. He was searching for a landmark that would lead him to a vast amount of treasure. The landmark was rather peculiar, consisting of two (he called them "twin") springs very close to each other, but flowing in opposite directions. One should flow to the east—the other to the west, and they should be located on the northwest side of the Cossatot River.

Old John called his boys together and questioned them, but none could recall ever having seen such a place. The stranger, whose name has been lost over the years, was greatly disappointed. He is said to have remarked that "if Old John and his seven sons haven't found the place in a dozen years, then I don't stand much of a chance." He was bitter about "having spent so much money and traveled so far only to be defeated in the end."

Thinking perhaps the stranger had reference to the old "Hamilton prospecting party" of some fifty years before (1820-1825), John Avants started to direct him to Hamilton's campsite just across the Cossatot from what is now the Riles house in Sec. 1, T4s, R 30W, but the



Portion of DeQueen Quadrangle—1968 G.A.M.

Note: Carved tree No. 1 is located at the crossing south of Wileys Bluff. Two sight holes are cut through the shell of a hollow tree.

stranger would have none of this. He was apparently familiar with the local history and was not interested in the rich vein of silver purported to have been found by Hamilton and his men. He was searching for buried treasure dating back many years before Hamilton's expedition, and needed only the final landmark (the twin springs) to bring his search to a successful conclusion. The stranger told a portion of his story, fragments of which are recorded here: A party of Spaniards with seven jackloads of gold made camp near the twin springs on the northwest bank of the Cossatot River and "got into it" with a bunch of Indians. One of the Spaniards and several pack animals were slain. The Spaniards fought off the attack, but realized that they would have to leave the bulk of their treasure behind if they hoped to escape with their lives.

After it was securely hidden they buried their slain companion in a shallow grave and proceeded in an easterly direction. On what is now Caney Creek, the party suffered its second attack by the hostile Indians. Two or three of the Spaniards were slain but the remainder managed to fight clear and make their escape.

Just where the Spaniards had obtained their gold is not known. In all probability the gold was bound for the coffers of the Catholic Church of Spain via the Mississippi River port of Guachoya. About the only known fact is that they were traveling in an easterly direction over an ancient trail thought to have been established by Moscoso or Teran.

OLD JOHN and his boys were evidently not too impressed by the story. They had traversed the area for miles around, and very little managed to escape the sharp eyes of these woodsmen. Besides, it was near a full-time job to wrest a living from the rugged hills. Little time could be spared for something as foolish as hunting for buried treasure. The stranger remained at John Avants' place for a few days, searching in a desultory fashion for his landmark, then departed as suddenly as he had come.

Some two or three years later, two of old John's boys happened upon twin springs very much like those described by their mysterious visitor. With the aid of another brother they searched the area but failed to find anything other than numerous Indian "spikes" (stone arrow and spear points) and some curious carvings on nearby beech trees. With no way to contact the departed stranger, no further exploring was attempted.

MANY YEARS LATER Isom Avants was living at the home of his nephew (grandson of old John) and told him the story of the stranger and his search for treasure. As they talked young Isom disclosed that a skeleton had been plowed up in a newly cleared field just to the north of the twin springs—thus tending to substantiate the story of the Spaniards and their hidden gold.

As soon as possible young Isom, his brother Ed and their uncle Isom made a trip to the springs and carried a war surplus mine detector with them. They succeeded in locating several bits of rusted metal and nothing more. However, the beech trees with the carvings were still standing and what's more—most of them are standing to this day. "Young" Isom Avants and his brother Ed (though both well in their seventies) accompanied me to the twin springs area and pointed out several of the old beech trees. Two of the trees (Nos. 2 and 4) are no longer standing. The stump of No. 2 is still in place; it evidently fell victim to a homesteader's ax and was probably used to cook a bait of ham hock and black-eyed peas. No. 4 was uprooted by the elements and, while the log is still sound, the carving on the outer bark is no longer visible.

The other marked trees are sketched as I found them and, while the scale of distance may be a bit off, the directions indicated are very nearly correct. Doubtless many of these ancient "signposts" have been destroyed by man or the elements over the years but enough remain so that the old Spanish trail can be followed for several miles along the Cossatot, up Caney Creek, over the divide and on down Blaylock Creek.

Just why the survivors of the Spanish caravan did not return to claim their gold can only be surmised. Perhaps the fear of Indian trouble held them at bay until the white settlers took over the countryside and claimed it for their own. In any event, the elusive seven jackloads of gold seem destined to remain forever buried somewhere along the Cossatot.

The carvings on the beech trees could provide a clue to some serious minded treasure hunter and perhaps eventually lead him to the resting place of this golden hoard. A word of caution, however, to the novice. This is heavily timbered, rugged country and several varieties of poisonous snakes (including the huge velvet-tail rattler) are in plentiful supply. To keep them company are ticks, chiggers and mosquitoes in season—and enough poison oak and poison ivy for all hands. Few people live in the area and it is very easy to get lost in the hills. In addition, just because a map shows two points to only be a mile apart—'taint necessarily so. By the time you detour around and climb up and down, you may well have traveled three times that distance and feel as if you had gone ten times as far.

However, I never knew a dyed-in-the-wool treasure hunter to get discouraged by a few trifles—so good luck and the best of hunting.

SPANISH GOLD

NUGGETS

THE CANOE MAKER AND THE BOY

By George W. Thomson

NEAR THE OLD Indian fisheries on the banks of Salmon River in the Pacific Northwest, Mark, a Tillamook Indian, selected a log for his new canoe. He had searched long and hard to find the perfect one. He needed at least a fifteen-foot log for his dugout; his old canoe was cracked and patched from many, many years of hard use.

Another reason he must start his labors was the eager-eyed twelve-year-old boy who had no canoe of his own—me. I was Mark's friend and ardent champion. And I was the white boy who squatted by the stream, watching.

I interrupted the early morning quiet with, "Mark, aren't you the best fisherman on the river?"

The Indian paused, raised a protesting hand, and said, "George is a big blowhard."

Just the same, I thought, no one else on the Siletz Reservation can always strike the big salmon and steelheads as they swim by.

Mark's powerful arms moved with graceful precision. For all his sixty years, his hair was crow-black and his dark eyes lighted up with pleasure when he gave me one of his rare smiles. To me, Mark was the handsomest man I knew. He was never troubled with a schedule; he was in no hurry. He had lots of time, nothing but time. In 1899, in the Oregon country, life moved at a slow pace.

His tools consisted of one small hatchet and a broken spring from our old wagon seat, which he laboriously sharpened into a chisel-like instrument.

"When canoe finished, you can use 'em, George," he confided to me. I had taken this for granted. Mark had always shared his meager loot.

After dignified consideration of the project, the red man took up his hatchet and began shaping the outside of the log. Very slowly, very carefully, he proceeded. He would chip awhile, stop, and look at his handiwork—never taking measurements. Now and then, other old Indians would slip by to check his progress and make suggestions; the conversation was limited to gestures and a word or two.

When the exterior of the dugout had assumed the lines of a canoe, Mark gathered a quantity of spruce pitch and hardwood fuel. He built a very small fire in a hacked out spot on the inside, and as the fire burned, he used the wagon spring to scrape away the charred wood, and water to stop the burning at any point desired.

"Why don't you make a whole bunch of fires, Mark, and burn her out quick?" I asked at the end of two or three hours of watching his snail-like pace.

"George too big hurry. Want to ruin canoe? Mark builds one fire—never two. You wait."

So I waited, and watched, and dreamed of the great day when Mark and I would launch the dugout and paddle down Salmon River to the fishing grounds. Little by little and inch by inch, the craft took on form until it was a thing of beauty. The side walls were an inch thick and the bottom a good three inches.

ONE BRIGHT September day, after nine interminable months, Mark dropped his hands with a satisfied grunt. I knew that the canoe was finished! My admiration for Mark increased; my friend had worked so patiently with his crude tools—never neglecting a detail. The next morning I was there at the river hours before Mark appeared. I couldn't sleep for thinking about the launching. I skipped my chores. When he came, he never spoke a word, but motioned to me as we put the dugout in the water.

"Gosh, Mark, this is the darndest best canoe on the river!" I blurted out.

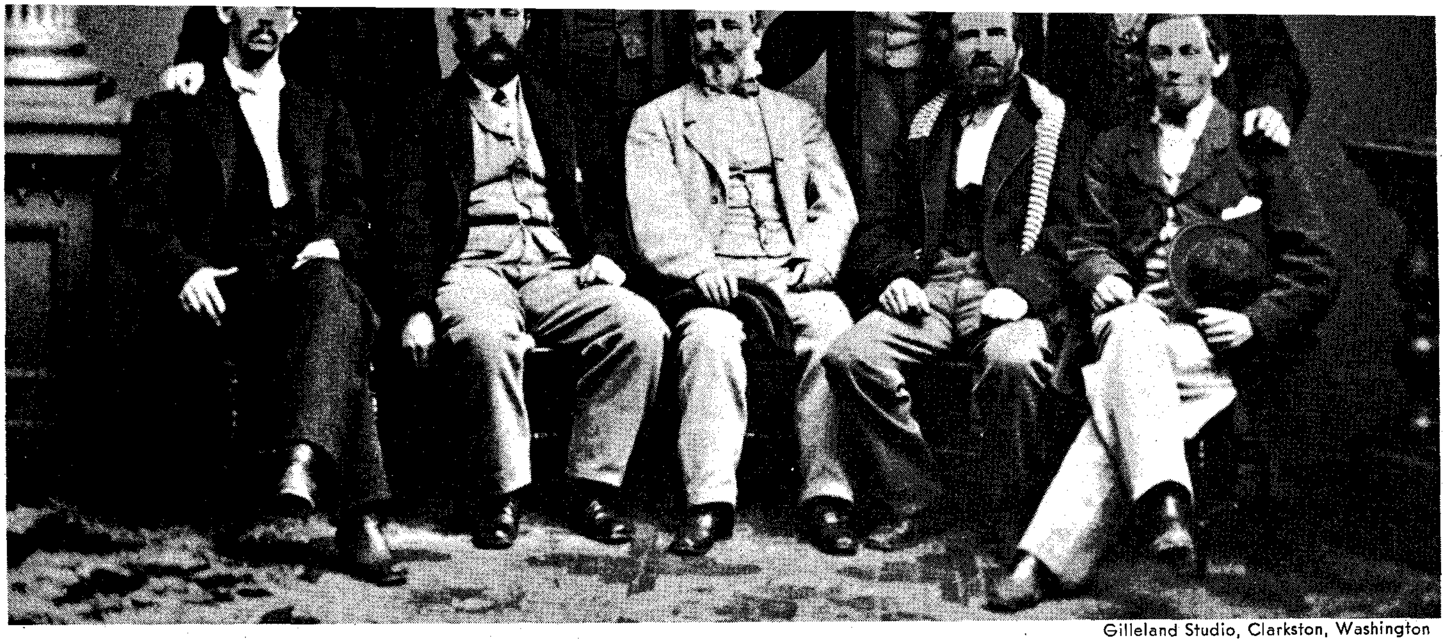
"George liable to tip over canoe with hot wind," Mark chided.

Our motive power was a paddle and a pole. In going up the river, Mark speared steelheads and the task of learning how to hold the canoe for him in swift water was difficult for me at first. But he repeated his instructions as to just where the canoe should be maneuvered and held with the pole so his keen eyes could search for Mr. Steelhead. Very few escaped his skillfully thrown spear.

On this gala occasion there was no sound except the lapping of water and the screaming of seagulls disturbed at their early morning feast. An occasional splash in the water along the shore showed that an otter or a mink was about his work. When we came back up the river, it was my turn to fish. Mark held the canoe with the pole in just the right spot so I could fish with my willow pole, a string, and a hook. The catch was good, almost a half a sack of cutthroat trout. Beautiful to look at, especially in the frying pan.

Mark's Indian allotment was close to my family's homestead, and so intent was I on following Mark on his fishing

Mark's old canoe that once saw use in the Salmon River.



Gilleland Studio, Clarkston, Washington

Members of the Arizona Mining Expedition that left San Francisco, California, January 11, 1864 for the mines fifty-two miles northwest of Tucson, Arizona. Seated, left to right: James Day; Elihu Baker, chief carpenter; M. O. Davidson, general superintendent; William Sim, engineer; Clark Sweeten. Standing, left to right: Lewis Pennipacker, guard; William Herick; J. D. Swain, guard; and Charles Lambert.

and hunting expeditions that I attached myself to the old Indian like a shadow which could not be shaken off. If I bothered him, he never showed it.

Later that fall, we went duck hunting. There was a slough; that was where the duck hunting was best. I had to take the paddle (while my companion was on his knees in the front end of the canoe with his shotgun) and slip along very close to the bank, following the slough to a turn so that Mark could see the ducks. This had to be accomplished without a sound or riffle in the water, lest the ducks become alarmed.

IT WAS RAINING and blowing one Saturday when we went hunting again. The ducks didn't come in. Mark seemed more preoccupied and thoughtful than usual, although he was never prone to waste words when a grunt or an expressive gesture would do as well.

"If canoe ever upset with boy and Mark not there, stay with canoe, he bring you out."

In late October, school started in our one-room schoolhouse on the north bank of Salmon River. The building was a homesteader's deserted cabin. There were five pupils and our teacher was an eighth grade graduate with a temporary teaching permit.

Mark, who understood nature so well, had never learned to read and write. He was, however, very anxious for me to go to white man's school and become "heap smart."

As his contribution to my education, he frequently ferried me across Salmon River in his dugout. On a stormy December morning, I found him waiting and I was grateful. A strong gale was blowing from the southwest, and the rain came flooding down, lashing the river with rushing, churning fury.

"Bad morning, Mark, maybe I better stay home," I said.

"Git down, George. You go to school," he replied.

Noting his determined expression, I sat forward in the canoe. Mark began to paddle, shoving from shore. But I was afraid. The river was in freshet condition and we bounced like seaweed on an incoming tide. Mark never faltered until we tried to make a landing on the north bank where the swift current carried the canoe underneath the overhanging willow brush. The dugout caught and overturned. It was submerged by the current. When it finally surfaced I was still hanging on but Mark was not there!

I called out. He did not answer. The wind blew the dugout ashore. I got help from the schoolhouse and we searched the banks of the river. His body was washed ashore a few days later. It was then that I sadly recalled Mark's advice, "If canoe ever upset with boy and Mark not there, stay with canoe, he bring you out."

After Mark's spirit left me and the river, his Indian friends decided that I should have the dugout. Mark will always be with me in memory. There are many things that time cannot efface and my youthful friendship with Mark is one of them.

DAMYANKEE IN ARIZONA - 1864

By Iona Raney

J. D. SWAIN gripped the red-brown stock of his rifle firmly and his keen eyes swept the darkened horizon of the Arizona desert. He peered at the bushes and rock outcrops closer to himself. Every nerve was alert to strange sounds, hidden movements in the starlit night.

Rumors of Apache war parties, massacres, murderous raids on mining camps such as this one, had grown stronger in the past two months. Transient miners, itinerant travelers through the desert, as well as more or less friendly Indians, carried the stories from camp to camp.

An obstinate young man of twenty-seven, Swain had come from Franklin, New Hampshire, through the Isthmus of Panama, through Mexico and California to Arizona Territory to heal a lung disorder. He had no intention of losing his head to savages.

He'd signed on for six months as a guard for the Arizona Mining Company at their richest silver site, fifty-two miles northwest of Tucson. The mine was one of those begun earlier by the Mexicans.

Unrest existed throughout the United States and its territories. The Civil War was reaching its conclusion in the East, but was by no means decided. Currency was devaluated by the inflation of the war; gold and silver were much in demand by Union forces and the United States Government. Gold was being

(Continued on page 56)

The GREATEST SHOT

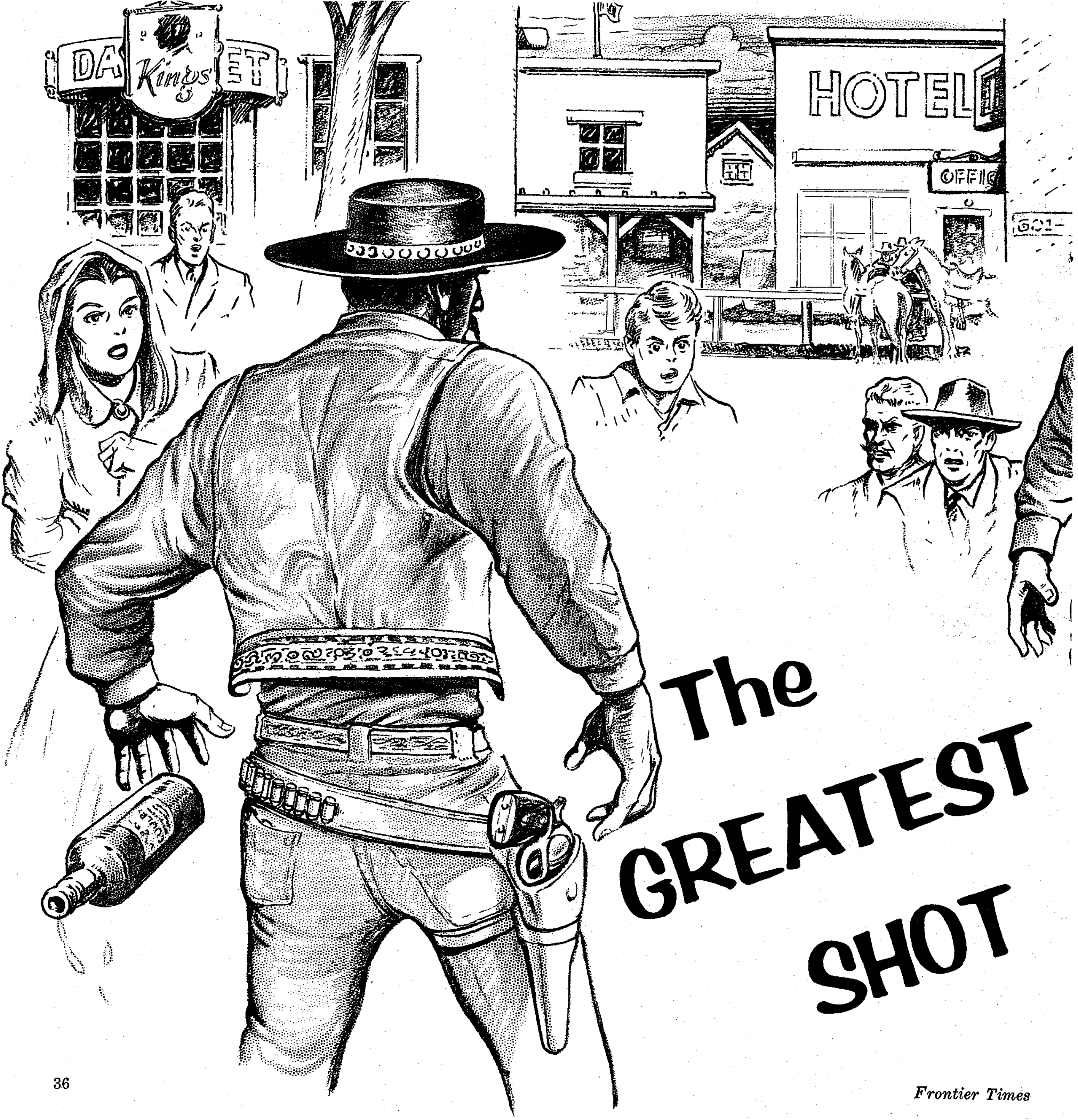
FACTS IN GUNFIGHTING stories tend to become exaggerated with the passage of time. Undoubtedly Wild Bill Hickok, Bat Masterson, Billy Tilghman, Ben Thompson and a host of other famous Westerners did make some fantastic shots under terrific stress.

Ben Thompson, one-time marshal of Austin, Texas is credited with killing a gunman who suddenly opened fire on him in a saloon, then leaped behind and crouched under the bar. Ben did not take the trouble to run around the bar and get at his man. He guessed at the foe's position and fired through the wood paneling. The bullet struck the gunman in the mouth and ended the battle. It was some shooting.

And they say Bat Masterson came up with some real fine marksmanship at Dodge City when two gunmen, up the trail from Texas, tried to blast him down. Their guns roared first but Masterson got off two fast shots, killing one man with a bullet through the heart and hitting the other in his gun arm to put him out of commission. But we doubt if any single shot could match the one made by W. W. Pitman, a quiet, cool, little city marshal in Wharton, Texas on a day back in 1917.

Pitman modeled himself after Billy Tilghman, probably the greatest lawman the West has ever known. Tilghman captured, killed or drove out of the country more criminals than any of his predecessors, yet he never used a gun except reluctantly. Time and again Tilghman gave the criminal first shot in a showdown, hoping the man would surrender rather than fight. W. W. Pitman was in the same frame of mind on the afternoon of September 15, 1917 when Francisco Lopez, a big Mexican bandit, was terrorizing the town of Wharton.

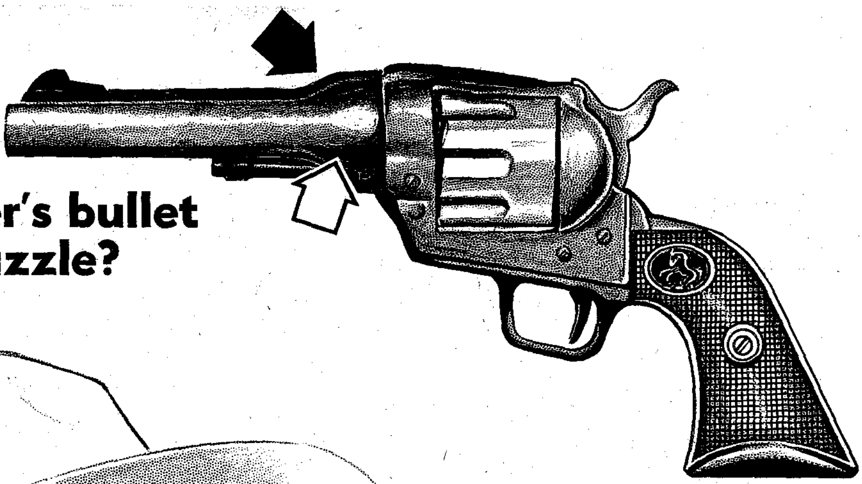
Lopez was full of *tequila*. He had just finished hustling some livestock across the Rio Grande, was loaded with money,



By STOOKIE ALLEN

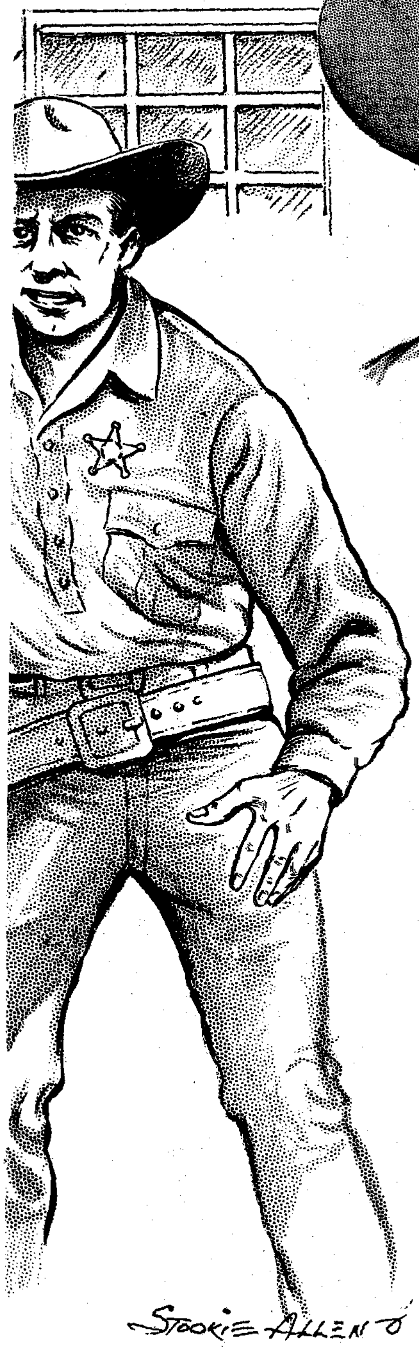
Illustrated by the Author

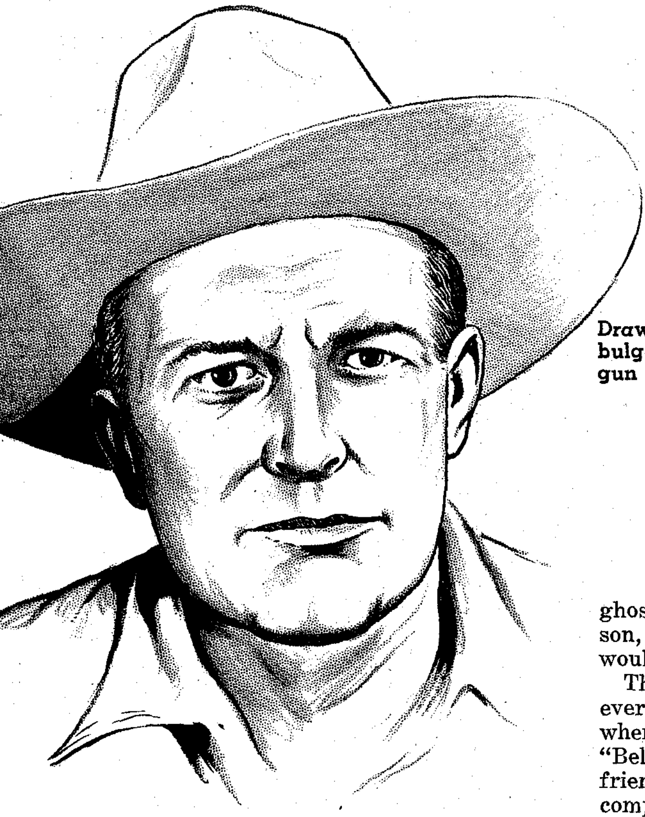
Is it possible to stop a killer's bullet before it leaves the muzzle? It sure is!



Drawing of the bandit's gun showing the bulge in the barrel where bullets met. The gun is in the "Believe It or Not" collection in New York City.

LAND OF





W. W. Pitman of Wharton, Texas

and was on the prowl. There was nothing to do but go out and arrest him, and the task fell to the marshal.

Pitman approached the troublemaker on the main street. Lopez had a bottle of *tequila* in his left hand and took a big slug when he saw the marshal.

The street was fairly crowded and Pitman wanted no one hurt. He walked toward the Mexican and said quietly, "Francisco, you are under arrest."

Lopez laughed and replied, "Señor, Francisco Lopez es nevor onder anytheeng," and with that his gun flashed in his hand and he started firing. Two shots whizzed past the marshal. One bullet passed beneath the officer's left armpit, inches from his heart.

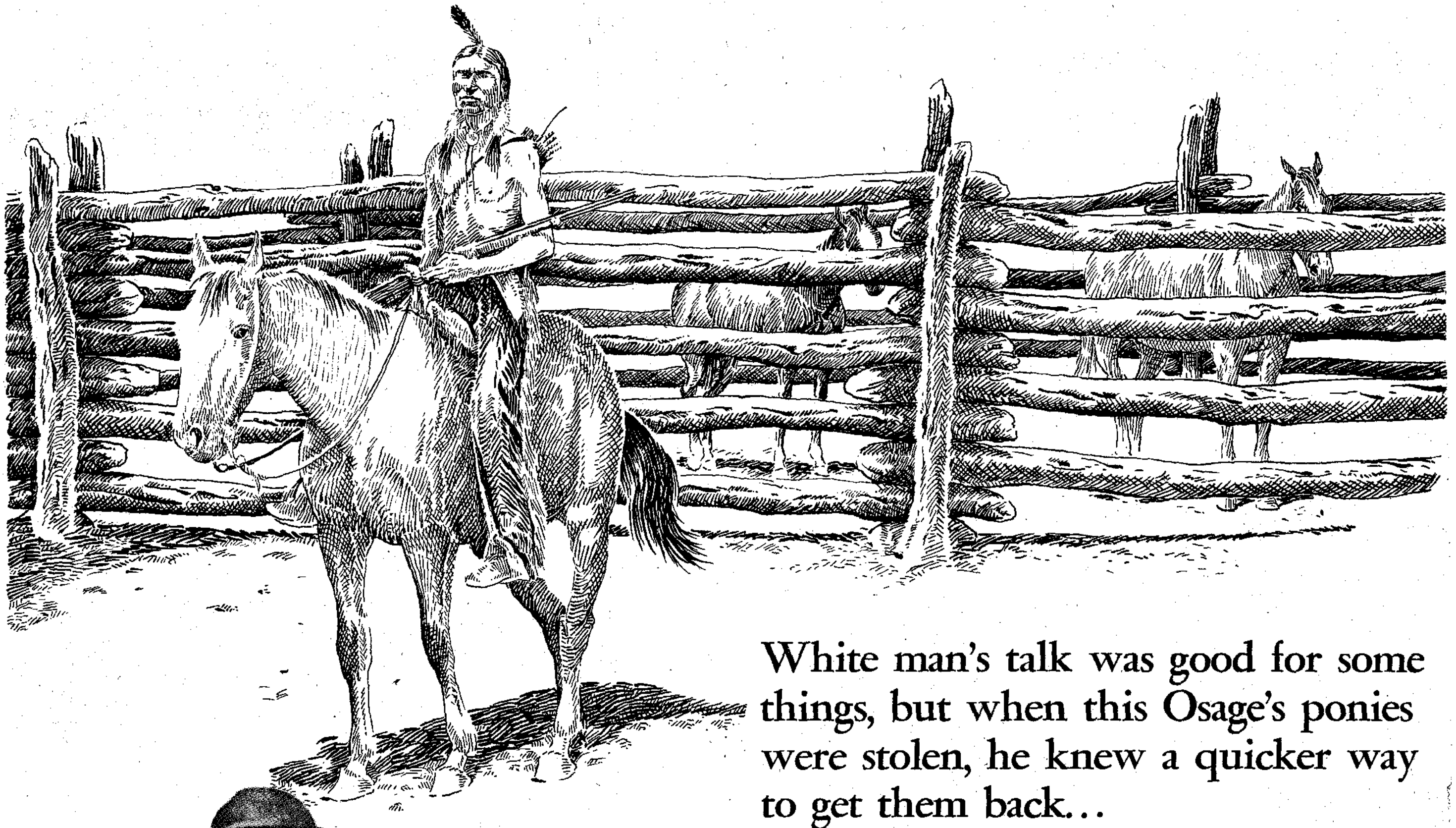
Pitman drew and fired only once, and the roar of his gun went off almost simultaneously with that of the bandit's third but the lawman's bullet was faster. Somehow it found its way to Lopez's gun, went down the barrel and stopped the Mexican's bullet in the barrel! Marshal Pitman's single shot had ruined the bandit's gun, paralyzed his right hand, and saved Pitman's life!

It was undoubtedly one of the most amazing shots of all time as far as gunmen and fast draw experts go and the ghosts of Wild Bill Hickok, Bat Masterson, Ben Thompson and Billy Tilghman would probably nod in agreement.

The only recognition Marshal Pitman ever got (other than local) came in 1932 when Robert L. Ripley staged a national "Believe It or Not" contest and Pitman's friends sent in his feat as an entry. It competed with over 1,500,000 amazing and incredible events. Nine of these were selected after much study and awarded prizes. Pitman's entry was one of the best of the nine. He won a trip to Cuba for himself and his wife, with all expenses paid. They traveled by way of New York where they were entertained royally, then were guests at the Hotel National in Havana for two unforgettable weeks.

The gun with the two bullets locked in the swollen barrel can still be seen on exhibition in the "Believe It or Not" museum collection in New York City.

PITMAN WAS BORN in a log cabin in Fayette County, Texas in 1884. Moving to Wharton in 1910, he attended local schools and soon became a town constable. Before long his ability and fearlessness was recognized by his fellow townsmen and he was elected city marshal. For twenty years he was lawman in Wharton and never had to kill anybody. The bad guys always respected the quiet, reserved man who had made the miraculous shot that put Francisco Lopez out of action. And what of Francisco Lopez? He was given a suspended sentence and a few months later got into a fight down near the King Ranch and was shot down with a shotgun and clubbed to death.



White man's talk was good for some things, but when this Osage's ponies were stolen, he knew a quicker way to get them back...

WILD CAT'S

Ed Finney

YOUNG ED FINNEY, just returned from a mission for the Osage agent at Pawhuska, paused in the dusty road to watch Wild Cat striding fast in his direction. Five years in Indian Country (now Oklahoma) had sharpened his understanding of the red men. He surmised instantly that Wild Cat had come for help in finding stolen ponies—because Wild Cat was afoot. His near-naked body was drenched with sweat above the tightly rolled blanket around his waist. And his black eyes were murderous. Heaven help the thief who took that favorite pony Wild Cat had trained so patiently and skillfully for the hunt!

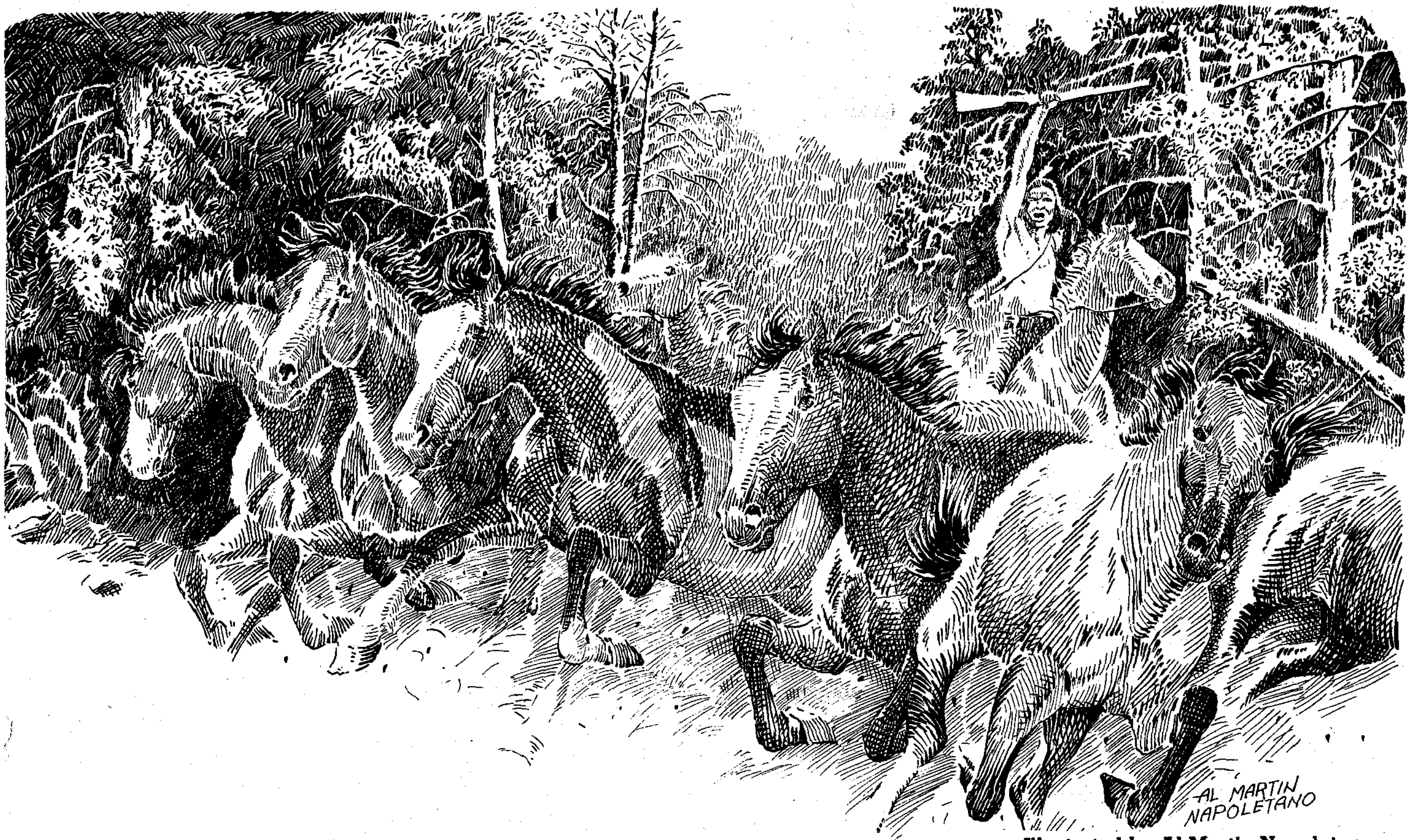
With a grunted "Ho-ow" the Indian towering over the young scout seized his arm and propelled him toward the hill road leading to the agent's residence and office. On the way the Osage told his friend "Sha-pa-nah-she" (Standing Buffalo) that fourteen of his ponies, four moons ago, had been stolen by three white men. He wanted to borrow a horse and take his white brother along for making big talk if need be. He had tracked the ponies north towards the border. They must hurry!

"Well, Buffalo," the genial, redhaired Quaker, Cyrus Beede, greeted his scout, using the familiar "thee" as he did not do with less-liked individuals, "I see thee is back. Thee was successful? Good!" He was studying his visitors with keen blue eyes. "This Indian—one of Saucy Chief's band? Lost some ponies? Saucy Chief was in the other day."

"Yes, sir, Wild Cat here wants to borrow a horse, and—er—take me along. He says he'll tend to the shootin'," Ed drawled with a grin, "but he wants me along for any powwow that need be." He glanced at Wild Cat who was taking in the scene. Evidently deciding the agent's chuckle meant things were going as he wished, he, too, grinned.

"Well, everybody on the reservation knows what a *poor shot* thee is, Buffalo! Thee missed one shot out of 100 last week—thee must be slipping," and he laughed outright. Reaching for his quill pen he added, "Give me a description of the ponies, and I'll add an authorization for this Indian to claim his stock if thee happen to be successful. I suspect they've been sold before now in Kansas." He shook his head, "Bad business."

THE FIRST STOP had to be Wild Cat's own lodge. Ed knew he would be expected to sit on the buffalo robe behind the fire in the center of the tipi, on his host's right, the place of honor. Wild Cat's *wa-ko* (one of them), would serve a meal and Ed hoped it would be beef soup. It was. Ed had known the couple since he had arrived in this

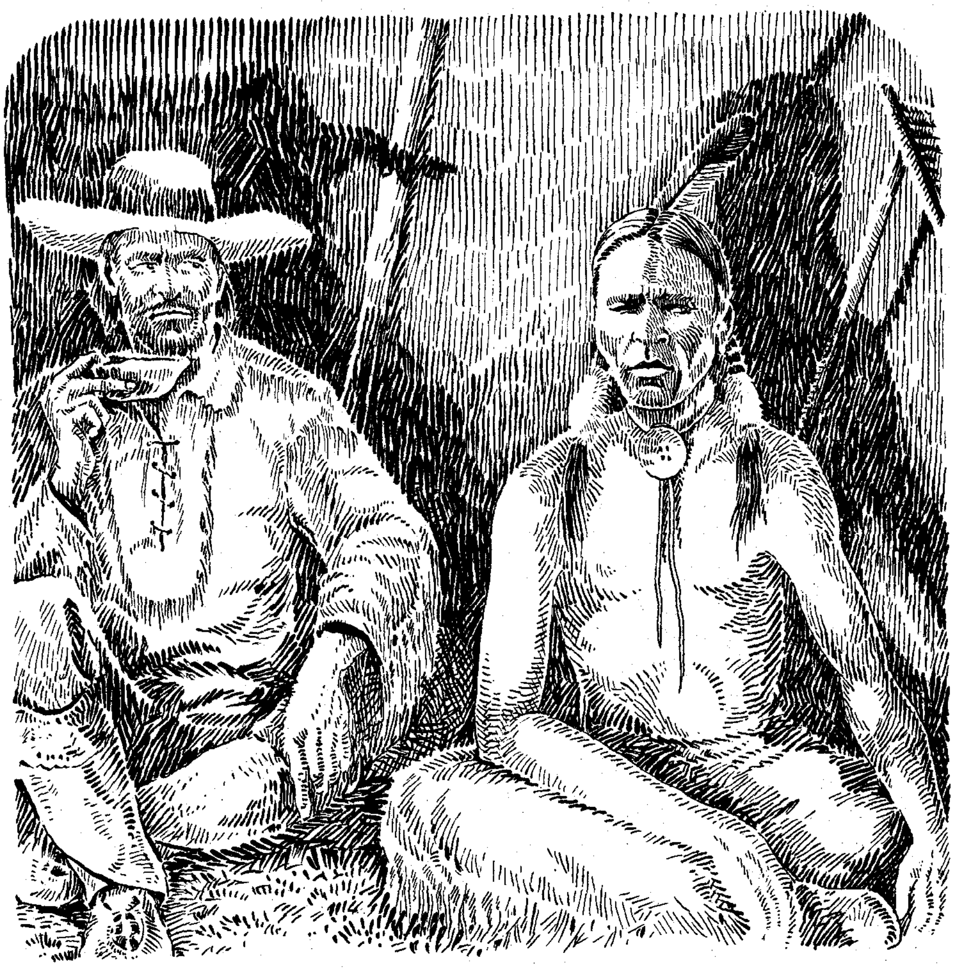


Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

SEARCH

By VIAHNETT SPRAGUE MARTIN

Photo Courtesy Smithsonian Institution



country in 1871, a boy of sixteen.

The next stop was the grazing ground where it did not take Wild Cat's pointing finger to tell Ed that the moccasin prints had been made by white men, wearing moccasins no Osage would be "caught dead in." As usual, here and there the fake "Injuns" had toed out. Wild Cat examined such a giveaway with contempt.

There had been rain. The tracks of a horse with one large iron shoe were deep. Even on rocks, Wild Cat said with a gleam in his eye, he could track that!

They followed the trail till darkness fell. Camp was made by a ford, where they did without a fire and slept with guns close by. Early next morning they were on their way again, and rode without stopping until suddenly the tracks came to an end on open prairie.

ED FINNEY KNEW he was expected to show surprise, so he did. No place to go but *up!* Satisfied, the Osage nodded, "*Ba-cu.*" Wild Cat confidently led the way again, and a mile farther on where hail had not obliterated the prints, they picked them up again, the big iron shoe tracks plain in a jumble of shoeless pony tracks.

Another mile or so the tracks turned sharply east, following not far from the

(Continued on page 48)

A DESPERATE GAMBLE

By FERN DURKEE

Photos Courtesy Author

Only a wild horse stood between six people and death. Could he be caught? Could he be ridden?

Warren L. Durkee at about 25 years of age.

THE BLISTERING SUN was relentless in its intensity. Even the spirit of the wild horse was subdued as he plodded along the sandy waste with his human burden astride his back, the longing for water now surpassing the desire to rid himself of that burden. Perhaps in his animal way he realized their common peril and the instinct for survival kept him moving at the gentle but determined persuasion of the rider.

The merciless glare of the sun as it struck the sand found exfoliated scales of mica and reflected them into the unprotected eyes of the man, further increasing his misery as his eyes swept the horizon constantly to keep his sense of direction.

The journey had begun early that morning in 1905 and continued without rest and without food. As the afternoon hours lengthened so would have the shadows if there had been anything to make a shadow. This was the treeless expanse of the Great Salt Lake Desert.

The rider was my father. The horse was one of a wild herd which roamed the desert. We would never have believed earlier that year that the time would come when we would make use of one of those beautiful, wild animals. We occasionally watched them from a distance as they grazed on the sparse vegetation, alert for the slightest sound or sight foreign to their ungoverned estate, and it would be nothing we could see or hear which would send them off like the wind, manes and tails flying as they sped away with the speed of antelope.

It was the search for gold which had brought my family to this strange, uninhabited place. The responsibilities of a wife and three small children did not stand in Father's way, for he just took us all along when the Iowa Buckhorn Mining Company asked him to go out into the desert where great deposits of this precious metal lurked. His spirit of adventure was challenged and the protests of my mother were only laughed away.

Arrangements were made by the company and the trip was begun from Salt Lake City—by train as far as possible, then by covered wagon drawn by a four-horse team. Sleeping out under the stars, listening to the howl of the coyotes and the thumping of the horses' hoofs as they moved about with restraining hobbles was rather a fearsome experience for me. A secret dread that the horses, made clumsy with their feet tied together, would land on top of me left me sleepless until my father explained that they could see where they were going and that we were loved and protected by the Great Father who watched over us all.

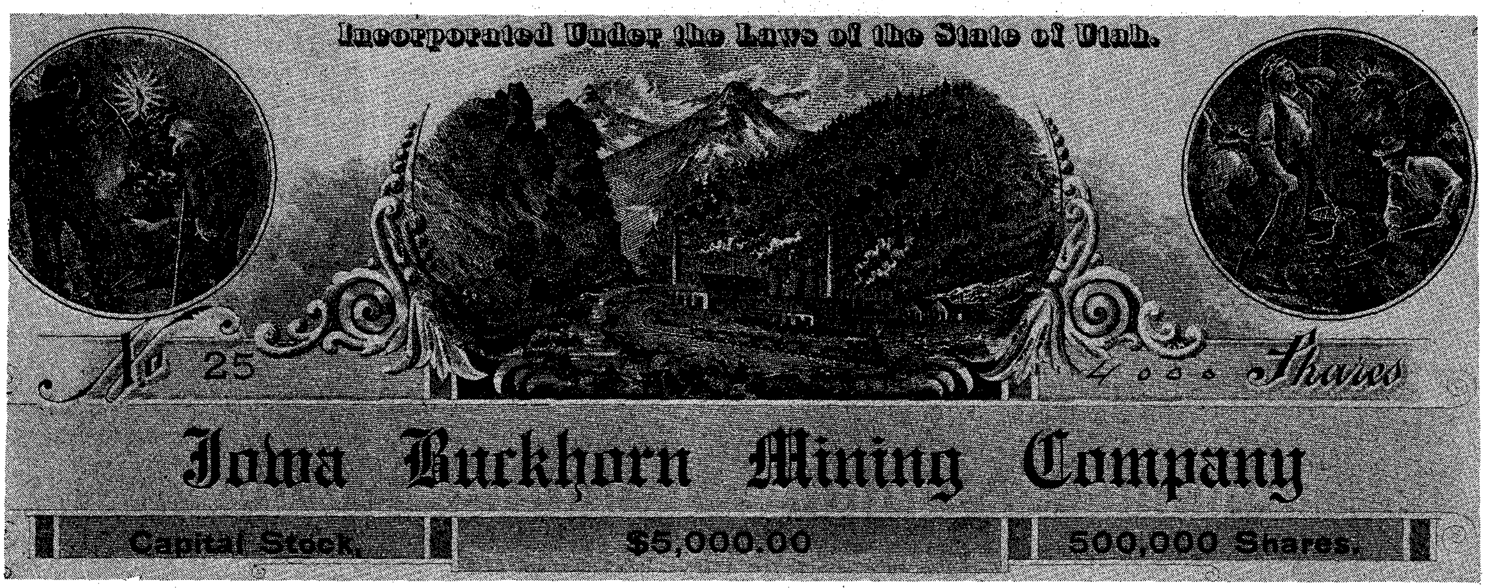
SINCE WATER WAS to be found only during the winter months on the desert, our sojourn into this unfriendly country had to be made during that time. Drinking water was found in various and widely separated places, the search for which sometimes provided adventure of strange sorts. As one waterhole dried out, another would have to be located. Uncertainty as to the fitness of the water was relieved by the ingenious method of placing it in a large duck bag, hanging it from a pole on the side of the house and allowing the water to seep, drop by drop, into a container.

Water for washing and less serious purposes was obtained from an open cistern and stored in large barrels. This supply was replenished each month with the help of the driver of a supply wagon who used his horses to haul the barrels on a ground sled and place them near our house. Yes, we lived in a house. It had been built by some prospectors at some time or another but had been unused for an undetermined period until we came along.

Our food was provided by the company which sent out monthly supplies and all went well for a time until the supply wagon failed to make its appearance. It was this failure which necessitated Father's strange trek across the hot sands on the back of a wild horse.

As warm weather approached, our water supply began diminishing. The delay in the arrival of the supply wagon was also running us short of food. The wild horses, in their unceasing search for water, eyed our water barrels but at first, caution held them back. It was only a short time, however, before telltale signs around the barrels one morning told us that during the night they had visited us. From this discovery sprang a daring plan, the details of which were kept from Mother.

It was palmed off as only a prank carried out by my father and Ed, his partner, who lived with us. For a few nights late vigils were kept with kerosene lamps blown out, shoes removed and all conversation carried on in whispers. I was privileged to share in this excitement until the desire for sleep got the upper hand, for this game lasted until almost morning. Each night from a peephole in the wall we watched the few horses of a small band more daring than the rest stealthily edge their way, closer and closer, to that precious drink of water, constantly alert for the slightest sound of danger. Usually only one would make it to the barrel and when he had taken his drink, the rest would take fright and speed away. Sometimes


Incorporated Under the Laws of the State of Utah.

No 25

400 Shares

Iowa Buckhorn Mining Company

Capital Stock, $5,000.00 500,000 Shares.

A section of the certificate for shares of capital stock issued to W. L. Durkee.

they would not get near the house at all, some signal setting off a wild burst of speed to carry them to safer territory.

Each day during this time, the desert expanse was scanned for sight of the supply wagon. Food was dangerously low and in spite of an attempt to hold to an optimistic view of the situation, worry lines began to show in faces and anxious notes crept into voices. But when tension became too great it was my father who would laugh away our fears and relieve the situation with some funny story.

The time arrived, however, when things grew so acute Father's plan had to be attempted. That night a strong rope was pulled through the peephole. A trap of some sort was built over the top of the water barrel. Darkness fell, the lamps were left unlit. We were charged to be extra quiet. The excitement was communicated to me not so much by the spoken word as by a feeling around me. It was characteristic of my father that he made a game of this also, but I can see now that it was not altogether for the benefit of the younger members of the family.

IT WAS A LONG wait, but finally the dark shapes of the horses were outlined against starlight and sand. Nerves became more taut and a whispered consultation was held between Father and Ed. More quiet. Then suddenly there was a strong jerk on the rope and a wild snort from outside as the horse snapped his head back to free himself from the noose. More convulsive snorts, sounds of heavy strangled breathing and wild hoofs pawing the ground were signals for the men to get out the door on the double.

Mother, according to prior instruction, lit the lamp and held it over her head in the doorway. As I saw the frantic, wild thing gasping for breath, I screamed, "You're choking him to death!" Then I directed my concern to my father who was in danger of the thrashing hoofs. The men were too busy to listen to my frightened cry as the rope pressure on the horse was relieved, then tightened again, until the poor animal realized man's mastery. This took the rest of the night. It was almost daybreak before the men felt they could safely take time out for some breakfast and rest.

The next few days were spent in talking to the animal, petting, feeding and watering him. An old halter on his neck revealed that at one time this particular animal had had a master. It explained how he had overcome his wildness to the extent of coming closer to the house than the rest of the herd and also how he learned more readily to accept man's offer of friendship. Maybe he remembered better days when he did not have to forage for himself against so many odds; maybe it was the memory of a beloved master; at any rate the task of gentling him was not as great as had been expected. Personally, I think the animal recognized the innate gentleness and understanding my father had for all living things.

We were now down to bread and gravy. Mother baked the bread and we still had condensed milk. My folks had made sure of a good supply of that for we had a very little sister. When a scan of the horizon again revealed no sign of relief, my father made up his mind. As usual, he laughed off the apprehensions of the others. He couldn't miss, he said. A piece of rope for a bridle, another piece for tying on a blanket, a lunch of sorts, the effort to get in the "saddle" against the protests of the horse, and he was off.

We watched Father until the distance and the heat waves swallowed him. Then began more watching and waiting with anxiety doubled. Stories came to mind of bleached bones found on desert wastes, mute evidence of failure to survive. Transportation and communication were so poor in 1905 that bones would have ample time to bleach. We had little heart for the bread and gravy, and the days stretched into nearly a week.

A SLIGHT SPECK on the distant horizon after this long wait raised our hopes but we didn't dare let out the glad cry until we were *sure*. Yes! It *was*; it another interminable wait ensued to see whether Father was on that wagon. We all ran out to meet it and that reunion with my beloved dad was one I shall always remember—except I was ashamed of my tears.

He still had his hearty laugh and spirit of adventure but grew sad as his story unfolded. His destination on the first day out had been a sheepherder's cabin at a small oasis, and it was reached without incident other than weariness, thirst and hunger. Father had not dared *really was* the supply wagon! Then to dismount before reaching this watering hole where there was shelter and an enclosure in which to keep the horse.

This enclosure was surrounded with a high picket fence. Several times during the evening the animal was given a small amount of water until it was thought it had enough for the night, and Father retired to the cabin. The shelter proved to be far from clean and inviting, but too tired to care much, he slept. Early morning found him ready for his second day of riding, a lurking fear in his mind about the ability to mount without assistance. All such doubt was instantly swept aside at the sight which met his eyes as he approached the animal's enclosure. The poor, wild thing, in a desire for freedom and more water, had attempted during the night to get away but had only succeeded in impaling himself on the pickets. His disemboweled body was a sorry sight. Pity for the animal and anxiety for his own predicament occupied Father's mind as he made sure with a pistol shot that the horse was well out of further misery.

Although not usually known as a praying man, I think my father must have prayed as he struck out on foot to complete the journey, and just as surely do I think God must have heard him, for toward the close of that day he met up with some prospectors who took him to the nearest railroad station which was, and still is, St. John.

A present-day map indicates a road now, to a place called Dugway. It was

(Continued on page 62)

Trailing West

(Continued from page 25)

None of the boys agreed with him and most of us refused to go. We well knew there is no honor, according to our code, in their composition; they only respect a superiority of numbers, and a treaty to them was only time given to take breath and make preparation for a more advantageous attack upon the white man.

Finally three of the boys agreed to be loyal to the "boss" and go with him to meet the chief. I had seen enough at a wagontrain massacre not long before to help me decide to stay by the wagon. Those accompanying Hittson agreed to go only half way so that at no time would they be any nearer the Indians than to their wagon. It is strange that an experienced Indian fighter like Mr. Hittson, knowing the Comanches so well, would even think of going out to "treat" with a large band, but as there seemed to be no chance of our escape we were anxious that peace be made if possible.

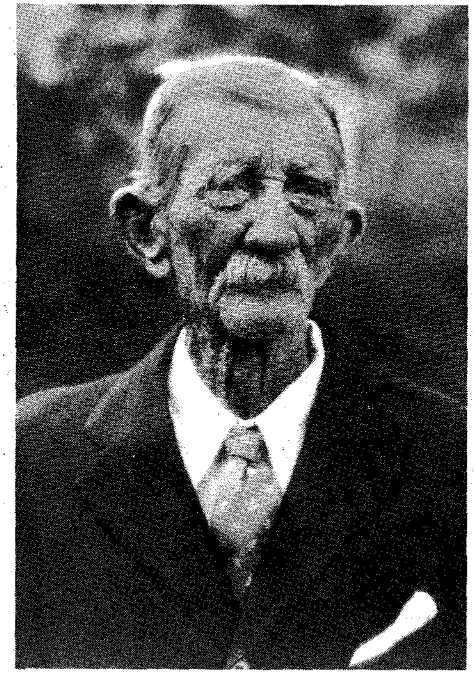
During this time we were making preparations for the fight which we knew was coming, gathering ammunition from among the bedding, examining guns, and making a barricade. We stationed the few horses we rode at the wagon and anxiously watched Hittson and his partners ride away toward the enemy with a white cloth above their heads.

By this time the redskins were advancing slowly. All appeared favorable and our friendly tokens seemed to be accepted until our men had gone about 300 yards from the wagon and were about the same distance from the Indians. Then a war whoop was sounded by the chief and caught up by his entire band, followed by a charge at us that looked desperate. However, we were not much surprised.

You have heard of the "Rebel Yell" and have no doubt heard the "College Yell," but pen and ink cannot describe the hellishness of the yell coming from the throats of a hundred Comanche warriors.

It was useless for Hittson and his aides to fire and take up a battle without some help and protection so they brought their horses to the wagon at breakneck speed, for usually our horses could outrun the Indian ponies. We now understood their attitude and took our stand to defend "the fort" or die game, which was really what we expected to do. They had very few guns, but certainly could hit a bull's-eye with bow and arrow. The chief ordered fifteen or twenty braves to keep the drove of horses a safe distance, about a mile away, and the rest of them made the attack.

We were prepared as best we could be for the death struggle. With a piercing cry from the chief, which was joined by the others, they advanced as one body in a long line riding abreast until they were near the wagon and then divided in half, encircling our outfit. The big chief was in the lead and came dashing up within fifty feet of us; Hittson declared he could have hit him with a rock. As they made their first circle in their charge, we pumped hot lead into them so fast they had to retreat and hold another council of war, but Jess Hittson had wounded the old chief who led the attack and he had to be carried off the battleground by several of his braves. He managed to hold on to his saddle until they were out of firing distance where he was assisted to the ground and treated.



M. L. Johnson

It has been established beyond a doubt that this same old chief died at Lawton, Oklahoma twenty-five years after this fight from the wounds he received in his first charge on us. The Indian agent at the reservation said he suffered at intervals with the wounds in his side, which caused complications resulting in his death.

This unexpected incident hampered them somewhat and they held a long council some distance away. We knew they would be more determined than ever now to exterminate us. Suddenly, almost in a body, they came back and as before divided into two columns which almost surrounded us. As they ran by at full speed the arrows and bullets came pouring at us from all sides, but doing little or no damage.

As I think over the experiences of that day, I cannot understand how in the world we escaped death. If one can imagine how little material we had to use for protection it would seem a miracle that only two or three of us were hit. We had very few clothes and we never carried but a change each, sometimes not that much. The flour, meal, coffee and boxes of provisions were quickly placed along the sides of the wagon, and blankets were spread over them. This afforded no protection from bullets but made a good screen for hiding while the shooting was taking place. In the meantime we had no time to read Sunday school tracts, but our business was to kill as many Indians as we could during that mortal struggle for life. We made ten or twelve good Indians out of bad ones.

They continued to charge us for several hours in the same way, never changing their tactics, but at last they withdrew some distance and held council for nearly an hour, after which five of them advanced toward us making friendly signs that they would formulate a treaty of peace.

We knew that the only treaty of peace these redskins ever observed was on the same principle that a setting hen is made to lay—by wringing her neck. Our previous experience taught us to decline any friendly relations they might suggest, as we knew their signs were only a trap to catch us. We wanted them to understand that hot lead was the only treaty they might expect.

By this time fear had entirely left us and we had become desperate. My experience in battle is that when one goes into it, he is terribly excited—literally scared to death until after the first few rounds are fought—and then fear is all gone and the biggest coward on earth will fight with as much unconcern as if hoeing in the garden.

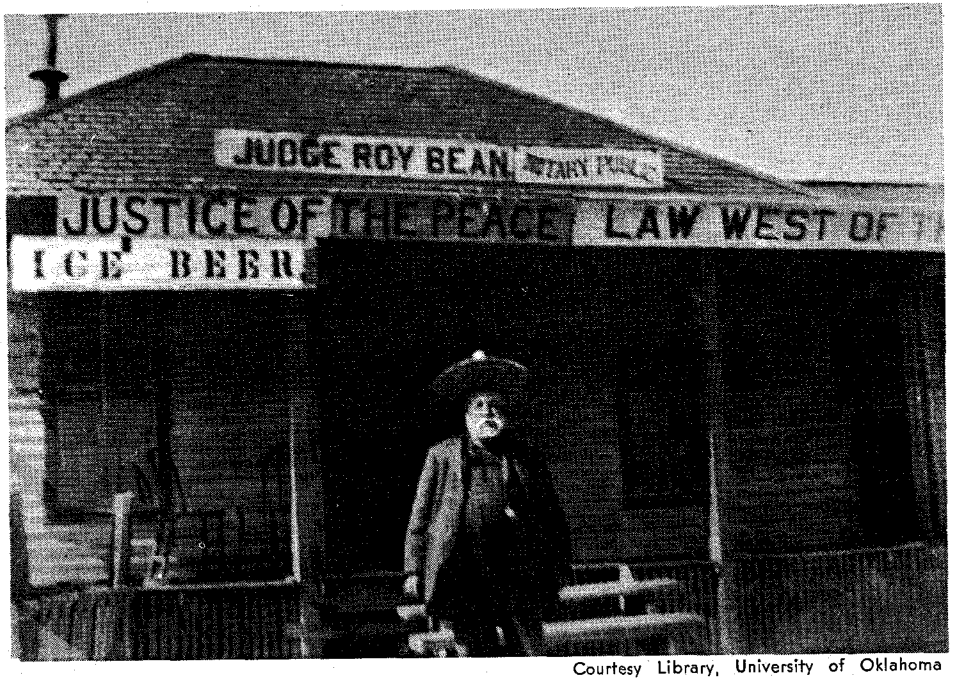
AGAIN AND AGAIN they charged us but, after the first few attacks, they would circle around a long distance out of the range of fire. We were expert marksmen, by necessity, and having plenty of ammunition on hand we had evidently made an impression on the enemy. They were yelling like a hundred panthers—the most unearthly sound the human ear has ever caught. There is no other cry of man or beast that is so terrifying and paralyzing as the war whoop of an Indian.

The first charge they made excited the cattle and they scattered and left. Some could be seen a mile away. Our horses were scared and restless. The long hours of the conflict had had its effect on us and we were getting desperate as night approached. It looked as though we were to be wiped out completely as we had no way of escape unless we overcame them by gun power, and we had little chance of this, being few in number. Charge after charge they made in the same manner.

Late in the evening they withdrew to a respectable distance and after a short consultation they bunched their herd of horses and rounded up about all of our cattle, over 700 head, and drove them off in a northwest direction leaving twenty Indians to stand guard over us until nearly sundown.

You may be sure we made no effort to follow and recover the herd. After what seemed an eternity, the twenty departed in haste, leaving us to gather our wits and treat our wounds. This all-day fight is the longest siege I have ever known Indians to make, as they usually made their attacks and left in a short period of time.

It seems unreasonable to say that the Indians did not kill a single one of us, but such is the fact, although several were slightly wounded. The last charge they made injured two of us. An arrow pierced the calf of my right leg and Hittson pulled it out, causing great pain.



Courtesy Library, University of Oklahoma

Roy Bean in front of his Jersey Lily Saloon in Langtry, Texas, about 1902.

Jim Hart was injured so badly that we had to take him to the nearest doctor at Palo Pinto to be treated. The wound never healed properly or wouldn't stay healed and finally caused his death eight or ten years later.

Charley Eslinger was hurt externally, having a bad flesh wound. He had been shot in the leg, and the flesh of his arm was torn by an arrow. He was bleeding profusely, and we had nothing with which to dress his wounds and relieve his suffering. It is said, "Necessity is the mother of invention," so we put the theory into practice. From a nearby creek bed we procured clean clay and applied it to the bleeding wounds. Fortunately this not only stopped the flow of blood but greatly relieved the intense pain. We believe the clay application probably saved Eslinger's life. Twelve Indians and ten or twelve horses were killed.

The scene of this struggle is now in a densely populated county. Farms, churches and schoolhouses lie along the bloody trail of that murderous band of nearly a hundred Comanche warriors. The Comanche was daring; he was not wanting in courage but numbers, while the Tonkawa tribe lacked courage.

A short time later Mr. Hittson sued the goverment for the loss of his horses and cattle in this fight, but the case dragged on for years until he could not find an eye-witness. Nearly all of the boys had died and my whereabouts was unknown to the Hittsons. After forty years of waiting, he learned that I lived in Austin, Texas, and at once the suit against the government for $14,900 was renewed. My evidence in the case saved the estate this large sum, as it was paid by the government in 1909.

After the battle we started for home again and two of the boys accompanied Jim Hart to the doctor at Palo Pinto. We arrived at the ranch somewhat worse for wear and treated our sore spots and rested our nerves. Gradually our courage was renewed as new plans were made for the next roundup.

THE FOLLOWING YEAR we were late getting started to Deer Trail, partly on account of the raid just mentioned. But several times Hittson's men had been successful in getting herds through to Colorado, and we lived in hope of another safe trip. I had been on one drive to Colorado and was anxious to get started on this one, which reminds me that my last experience with Hittson as a trail driver was to Deer Trail, Colorado.

We had been ordered to gather as many suitable cattle as we could find for the trip. We were to begin the roundup at W. T. Lanier's pens in Shackelford County, cutting our brand from the herd gathered there. It was in October and as the nights were chilly, we slept in the picket shack and arose early the next morning. John Clarke was the first to get out, being anxious to get going. About sunrise, without waiting for any of us, he started off to get his horse which was grazing about one-fourth of a mile from the pens. In about three minutes we heard John calling for help and saw him making a dash for the shack. Looking across the ridge, we saw several Comanches in fast pursuit. They seemed to want only the horses, much to our relief, and hurriedly rounded up sixteen of the best Lanier had, all well broke, and drove them in a fast gait across the prairie. We were outnumbered and unable to hold them back. One horse was shot with an arrow so that he could not travel. This they left and we had to kill it.

Lanier and a few of his men went at once to Fort Griffin, Texas, and notified United States soldiers stationed there of the raid. They followed in pursuit for three days with two old Tonkawa Indians (a very peaceful and trustworthy tribe) as guides and counselors for trailing and finding the vandals. However, they never overtook the raiders. Lanier returned home and died some time later. He never received any payment for his horses. I have been asked about testimony by his attorney, but the evidence has never been recorded with the government and the claim is unpaid.

We were somewhat low on choice cattle now and required extra time to shape a herd large enough to move. When we had rounded up about 1,000 head suitable to go, Hittson gave orders to proceed. We worked steadily across into New Mexico, going along the same familiar route. The herd was easily controlled by then, for after a herd was handled a month or so they became more gentle and less riding was necessary for perfect formation. During this trip the steers got as gentle as dogs. A herd, under ordinary driving conditions, was ready for grazing at eleven o'clock in the morning. We always stopped for dinner at this time, which had been prepared while breakfast was cooking. After this grazing at noon, the cattle would not eat any more until they got to water, which we always tried to reach before sundown. This gave us ample time to have everything arranged for a pleasant night.

After the cattle had grazed they were bedded down in a circle a comfortable distance apart. When we first started out, the cattle were fresh and we needed a double guard, but after we were out three or four weeks or longer, two or three men at a time were sufficient as the herd was well trained by then. In storms or stampedes we were all on duty and sometimes had a hard time keeping control.

In this drive we had intended to spend the winter at the mouth of the Black River in New Mexico and complete the trip in the spring when the weather was more suitable. The days were hot and tiresome, the nights marked by the cry of the wolves following us to devour the young calves that were left behind. Pressing on unceasingly day after day we finally reached our destination and found it to be a good territory to winter in as the range was fine, with plenty of water and comparatively safe from Indians. I was put in charge of the "upper" camp and Archie Shaw was in charge of the "lower" camp some three or four miles down the river. George Slater was boss of both outfits. The herd was divided so as to have a larger range for grazing.

We found rather comfortable quarters in a large "crack," I would call it, in a huge rock about twenty feet high and several feet wide, being almost closed at the top. This afforded protection from rain and wind and was used for cooking and sleeping when we were not in the saddle. By December we were comfortably fixed, and familiar with the country, feeling at home and frequently visiting the boys at the other camp.

ONE DAY A SCOUT from Shaw's outfit notified us of a killing in his camp. My partner and I went down to see what it was all about. On arrival we found Sam Copeland had been killed by Bill Graham in an argument over a spur. Although Cock-eye Graham was a contentious fellow and ready for gun play at the slightest provocation, he was a fine cowhand so he stayed on the force. When the argument arose over possession of the spur, Copeland decided he would show him some real gun play, and started for the wagon to get his gun. Graham shot him in the back before he had gone five steps and Copeland died without speaking.

There was little we could do about it as there was no officer to enforce the law for hundreds of miles except a fellow by the name of Roy Bean, who claimed El Paso as his home but at the time lived in a dugout not many hours' ride from us. For ten years he had claimed to be the justice of the peace. No one knew of his election and if one was held he was said to have been put in office by three or four of his friends. Others say he was self-appointed. Later, about 1885, Bean founded a little town some forty miles from Del Rio on the Rio Grande River and named it "Langtry."

He reigned nearly twenty years in his courtroom saloon and was defeated for justice of the peace by a Mexican in 1902. He died suddenly in his saloon in 1903.

On this occasion it was decided to send a messenger for old Roy Bean. In due time he arrived and was met by Graham, who offered him his fine six-shooter as a token of friendship. Bean had long wanted to be a two-gun man so, after examining the dead body, said there would be no trial and the defendant was dismissed. Bean leisurely walked away, the proud possessor of two guns and a belt of cartridges. We wrapped Copeland's body in a cowhide and carried it near the bank of Black River and buried it there.

After two months, provisions in both camps were running low and George Slater, the boss, ordered me to take Cock-eye with four mules and a wagon and go to Las Vegas, about 200 miles away, for supplies.

One day I was riding the "wheel mule" when I noticed Graham in the wagon examining his gun and pointing it my way. I never knew whether he intended to kill me and make away with the money I carried for the supplies or not; at any rate I was scared to death and, reaching for my gun, I gave him a warning he seemed to remember. I had no further trouble with Graham but always slept with one eye open. It took almost three weeks to make the trip and return, and I was relieved when it was over.

The next trip, some two months later, I took William Chester of Nebraska with me and made it in two weeks. Both trips were made in the winter but the second time the cold was terrible. We took plenty of blankets and at night we would stop where we had a little protection if possible, and build up a big fire. Wood was plentiful most of the way, as pine grew thick along the mountains. We did not expect to keep warm, only hoped we wouldn't freeze to death.

On account of bad weather we had waited unusually long to start after supplies and when we left there was no flour or meal at either camp. Two yearlings, killed and dressed and salted down with salt obtained from "Salt Basin" nearby, was the only food we had to eat until we arrived at Las Vegas.

I really showed myself off on that trip by getting drunk. The long cold ride with very little food was most unpleasant and I was glad to have an opportunity to get a bracer to warm me up a bit. My policy was if a little was good, more would be better, so I indulged myself over and over again. Chester managed to stay sober and took care of the business of buying supplies and looking after me.

In "foreign parts" Texas cowboys were something to be dreaded. They were considered desperadoes. I must have looked the part for I remember as we came staggering out of the general store, a Mexican or two and a half-breed scurried for shelter, scared to death of us. We did not tarry but a day as we were anxious to get food to the camp, and we were most welcome visitors when we drove up.

During our stay at Black River most of our grazing was done around Carlsbad Cavern. Each evening about sundown we could see a dark cloud rise and disappear toward Guadalupe Peak. We could never understand it. We finally called it the Phantom Guadalupe Peak. After the discovering of Carlsbad Cavern the mystery was solved; the cloud was the bats coming from the cave in a body for their nightly pilgrimage. None of the other boys with me on that trip lived long enough to know the solution.

We wintered comfortably and the herd was in fair condition with some increase, and in the spring we were ready to depart. We now had about eight hundred or a thousand head in each herd. Archie Shaw was ordered to go a few hours ahead and I was to follow with my herd and men and pick up the strays he lost along the way. This trip was the most pleasant in my experience on the cowtrail. The scenery through the Raton Mountains at the gap and the water level country beyond with the herds leisurely strolling along made a beautiful picture. The peaceful valley seemed to speak to our fear-torn hearts, and the calm atmosphere quieted our minds. We arrived at Deer Trail and penned the herds. I thought my craving for excitement was satisfied so I decided to quit the frontier and return to Fort Worth by train.

"Ya know ol' Jeb's gonna get us in trouble one of these days with that trick pipe of his'n!"

The Major's Blackfoot Bride

(Continued from page 29)

to spend with his family and Audubon before what seemed, at the time, certain death on the Upper Missouri.

IT IS BELIEVED that Culbertson took his wife along on this perilous adventure for several reasons. First, and most important, she would not have had it otherwise; secondly, she was probably the deciding factor in "resuming negotiations" with the Blackfoot Nation.

Very secretly the experienced party of men from the American Fur Company made its way to a certain point on the Marias River in Blackfoot country. Here they cautiously started to build a stockade to enclose a fort. Unable to hunt because of fear of attack they ate nothing but dog flesh until they had completed the shelter.

Early in 1844 Major Culbertson had a conversation with a Blood Indian who had stumbled onto their fort. This man told them that Mah-K or Big Swan, a leading chief, was camped with his band on Belly River. Through this Blood, the major sent a message to Big Swan and asked for a treaty meeting which resulted in a powwow with the leaders and some fifty men who, after consultation, decided to again enter into trading relations with the American Fur Company. Big Swan said, "The ground has been made good again by Major Culbertson's return. The Blackfeet must not be the first to stain it with blood."

Four years later the major was elevated to the post of principal agent for the company with a yearly salary of $5,000. The largest salary for a similar position prior to this had been $3,000.

After a few years spent at Fort Lewis, for the post had been named for the explorer, Culbertson decided the situation was most undesirable because the great amount of ice in the spring and fall made it almost impossible for the Indians to ferry their furs over from the other side. A better location was needed at once.

Exactly when the ground was broken for the new to-be-famous fort is not exactly known but it was built of adobe bricks and completed in 1846 on the Upper Missouri. Up to the night of the Christmas Ball, given by the Culbertsons, no name had been given to the new fort. There was quite some speculation among all those of the "acceptable" society of the post who had been invited, and these included the traders, clerks and officials, many with Indian wives who were dressed in full hoop skirts or a reasonable adaption of same. Natty was ablaze with emeralds and rubies; she scorned diamonds. General Roberts, Julia's husband, had a very large ruby mounted into a tie pin and surrounded with smaller stones which had belonged to his mother-in-law, and which she had given to Julia.

One concession Madam Culbertson never made to white attire and style concerned her coiffure. She never put up her hair but always wore it in two glossy braids. Rings she wore on most every finger, including the thumbs, for she was very proud of her small hands which seem to be an Indian characteristic.

When the party was at its height and the wines and whiskey had circulated around, the musicians were signaled to stop. The major then moved to the center of the floor and announced that the post was to be named Fort Benton after his great and good friend Thomas Hart Benton, Senator from Missouri.

THIS CHRISTMAS PARTY was indeed a special occasion, but parties were always the accepted thing wherever the Culbertsons happened to be. Audubon describes one such affair which occurred the first night he and his assistants arrived at Fort Union. He had retired when a message was sent him to attend the ball in progress at the Culbertsons' quarters. The affair was held in the large dining room which was well furnished, the papered walls hung with paintings.

Audubon remembered, "Mr. Culbertson played the fiddle very fairly, Mr. Guippe the clarinet and Mr. Choteau the drum, as if brought up in the army of the great Napoleon." Cotillions and reels were the favorite figures.

Rudolph Friederich Kurz, a young Swiss artist who was at Fort Union in 1851 when the Culbertsons were there, regretted the fact that Madam Culbertson had cut off her magnificent black hair as a token of grief over the death of a younger brother. "She would be an excellent model for Venus, ideal woman of the primitive race; a perfect 'little wife'," he wrote.

John Mix Stanley, an itinerant painter, also admired the major's wife. Stanley, who painted everyone who struck his fancy from Indians to Hawaiian kings, and much more besides, made a number of paintings and sketches of both Alexander Culbertson and his wife.

Stanley was especially grateful to Natawistacha-Iskana when she arranged an introduction to Little Dog, her cousin

TREASURES
FROM THE PAST
Can Be Yours With a New
RELCO DETECTOR!

★ Detect buried, gold, silver, coins, treasures.
★ Find placer deposits, veins, nuggets, mineral deposits.
★ All-transistor circuit for extra sensitivity, low operating costs.
★ Distinguishes between gold bearing magnetite and certain minerals and metals, such as silver, iron, copper, etc.
★ Excellent for use along beaches, searching ghost towns or old ruins, etc. Underwater adapter available.
★ Broad detection field. Finds treasures other detectors miss.
★ Determine approximate size and depth of object without complicated switches or dials.
★ Guaranteed two full years.

Relco detectors are favorites with professional treasure hunters, prospectors and collectors everywhere. Order directly from our factory and save.

EXTRA SENSITIVITY
Loud speaker "sounds off" when object is detected

Amazingly LOW PRICED Just $19.95 to $129.50

FREE!
Write for free catalog and treasure hunting tips.

RELCO DEPT. N-91 BOX 10563
HOUSTON, TEXAS 77018

AMERICANA - SOUTHWEST AND WEST

Clothbound, limited to 1000 copies:
TRAIN ROBBERS & TRAIN ROBBERIES, by Wm. A. Pinkerton, facsimile of 1907. 3.50
PIONEERS OF THE BLACK HILLS, or Gordons Stockade Party of 1874, by David Aken, 152 pp. 5.00
THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL, by Wm. Ryus, reprint of 1915, 160 pp. 5.00
The Editor's RUN IN NEW MEXICO & COLORADO in 1881, by C. M. Chase, 232 pp. 6.00
The DALTON GANG & The Coffeyville Raid, by D. S. Elliott & Ed Bartholomew. 3.50

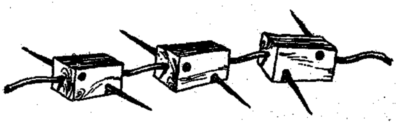
Softbound, limited to 1000 copies
OKLAHOMA OUTLAWS, by R. S. Graves, reprint of 1914, 128 pp. 3.50
FAMOUS GUNFIGHTERS Of The Western Frontier, by Bartholomew (Bat) Masterson, 112 pp. 3.00
OLD MINES & GHOST CAMPS OF CALIFORNIA, by Ekman, etal. From 1899, 148 pp. 3.50
OLD ARIZONA TREASURES, by Jesse Rascoe, 128 pp. 3.00
OLD MINES & GHOST CAMPS OF NEW MEXICO, by Payette Jones, reprint of 1905. 4.00

Frontier Book Co., Publisher, Box 253, Fort Davis, Texas 79734

Here it is
Hot Off the Press
"A PIG IN A POKE"

A book of Shore nuff Hillbilly fun. Get a hillbilly dictionary and a Pig in a Poke as an introductory offer for a ridiculously low-low $2.00.

Hickoryville Publications
Cabool, Mo. 65689



Complete your Antique Wire Collection with my reproduction of Lucian B. Smith's patent of 1867. $3.50. Ox shoes, matched pair. $4.00.

ARTHUR F. WILLIAMS
6 Keeney Street Warsaw, New York 14569

Pure lean beef, smoked and dried. Needs no refrigeration. Fishing, hunting, snacks. Send overseas. 10-oz. Pkg. $3.99 ppd. Pkg. contains approximately 50 sticks.

BEN'S PACKING & PROVISIONS
Dept. W, 1600 Bent Ave.
Cheyenne, Wyoming 82001

BEN'S BEEF JERKY

AT HOME IN THE WILDERNESS

Tells how to live off the land, and about edible wild plants, hunting and fishing, trapping, home tanning. Order direct. Only $3.00 postpaid.

SUN BEAR
P. O. Box 5895-WW Reno, Nevada 89503

GENUINE
Joe Hall
BOOTS

Wood Pegged
Brass Nailed
Steel Shanked
Hand Made
Hand Lasted
Leather Lined
Imported

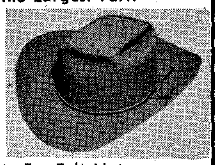
P.O. BOX 17246 T, EL PASO, TEXAS

WESTERN MARSHAL
16-inch tops. All Calf.
Square or narrow toe—please specify.
No. 70 Black
No. 71 Brown $31^95
No. 72 Tan

LINE RIDER
16-inch tops. All Glove Leather. Dogger heel.
Narrow Toe.
No. 50 Black
No. 51 Brown $29^45
No. 52 Tan

Give Measurement in Inches of the Bare Calf of Your Leg at the Largest Part.

GENUINE
Joe Hall
HATS
$14.95
$15.95 $16.95



Genuine High Quality Fur Felt Hats,
Satin Lined—Excellent Quality Sweat Bands.
Many Styles and Colors
FREE CATALOG of BOOTS, HATS,
PANTS, SHIRTS, BELTS, SADDLE BAGS,
JODHPURS and ENGLISH RIDING BOOTS.
$5.00 Dep. on C.O.D.'s—Prepaid Orders ppd.
Satisfaction Guaranteed

NEW WESTERN HAIG
.12 CALIBER
SPECIAL FACTORY OFFER!

$3^00 post-paid

USES POWDER CHARGE
This small bore gun shoots .12 cal. steel pellets fired by small 4.4 mg. powder charge. Not a CO_2 gun! You'll like the handsome lines, grip, and balance. Western in style, but patented ball and cap action allows this low price. 10" steel barrel cased in knurled styrene stock, overall 13½". Develop pistol form, accuracy at a fraction of cost of large caliber pistols. Comes with 50 steel balls, powder caps at stores. Guaranteed.
HAIG MFG. CO., Box H-24, Alhambra, Calif.

NEVADA LAND
NEAR BOOMING MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS
Land is just off U.S. 80 freeway and Humboldt River near Meadow Valley Ranchos and Elko, Nevada. Ranches, hunting and fishing in area. Nearby similar land is selling for $475 per acre. Excellent investment at $80 per acre. 20 acres $1600 full price. $20 down, $20 month. Write Owner, Box 1667, Glendale, Calif. 91209.

treasures YOU CAN'T MISS
FREE Catalog
METAL LOCATORS 27^50 COMPLETE
LOCATE GOLD, SILVER, COINS, HISTORICAL RELICS
ROTH INDUSTRIES, BOX 2548 F HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90028

Send for your free copy of
"Western Americana"
Latest catalog of much-wanted out-of-print books at reasonable prices. Also: send your lists of books wanted. Free search service!
INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS
Box 3003-TW, Beverly Hills, Calif.

and chief of the Piegans. The chief escorted the artist to a great encampment of his people near Cypress Hills. Stanley, one of the excellent, early photographers, took daguerreotypes of the leaders and warriors who were gratified when told that it was the direct action of the sun on the camera which caused the results. As the sun was their divinity they concluded that Stanley was especially favored.

Stanley painted frequently on the heavy white bed-ticking available at the trading posts and his portrait of the major at the height of his middle years is still a family possession. Many other paintings owned by the Culbertsons were burned in the senior Culbertson's house in Chambersburg when the town was raided by Southern forces during the Civil War.

PERHAPS the most important contribution of Natawistacha-Iskana to her husband's people was reported by later Governor I. I. Stevens, a young army officer who had been connected for a number of years with the U.S. Coastal Survey. At the time, he was commissioned by the government to explore a northern route for a railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Coast.

Arriving at Fort Benton, Stevens immediately secured the help and support of Major Culbertson. Much of the success of the project at this time depended on the attitude of the Blackfoot Nation which was always unpredictable but, with the aid of Mrs. Culbertson, Stevens' efforts were brought to a successful conclusion.

The major and his lady accompanied Stevens into the country of her people where they were well received even though Stevens had felt afraid to have Mrs. Culbertson accompany them. He quoted in his government report her remarks to her husband, "My people are good people, but they are jealous and vindictive. I am afraid that they and the whites will not understand each other; but if I go I may be able to explain things to them. I know there is danger, but my husband, where you go I will go, and where you die, I will die."

Again Governor Stevens wrote, "Mrs. Culbertson, who has fully adopted the manners, costume and deportment of the whites, and by her refinement presents the most striking illustration of the high civilization which these tribes of the interior are capable of obtaining, rendered the highest service to the expedition, a service which demands public acknowledgement."

Natty was indeed an invaluable asset to this council, but then she had been an asset to the major since their marriage. Indeed, she could be classed with Sacajawea as an equal in furthering the winning of the West. Perhaps she, too, did a disservice to her own people, but the ultimate outcome was inevitable, and her mediations prevented more serious bloodshed and anguish.

Stevens discovered that Natawistacha-Iskana and her friends and relatives were very social and gay. On this journey the Culbertsons' tent was pitched between the sentry lines of the two parties and all from the Indian camp came to her tent and visited freely. Mrs. Culbertson's pantomime of a fat woman she had seen in a circus sent her Indian visitors into rounds of laughter, as did her imitations of the ladies of the St. Louis social set.

IN 1846, Father De Smet, the great Roman Catholic missionary to the Indians, spent a short time on the Upper Missouri and baptized several of the Culbertson children. Later he was followed by Father Point, a firm, dedicated man who visited the various trading forts acting as spiritual advisor to the traders and trying to convert the Indians.

At one time Father Point became very upset with the Culbertsons. Because one of the children was quite ill with croup and had not been helped by white remedies, Mrs. Culbertson called in a Blood medicine woman who created a steam from herbs by dropping hot stones in water. Naturally, all of this was accompanied by chants in a loud tone. Father Point, who was in the room below, heard the woman and rushed upstairs and threw her out of the room and down the stairs. Natty, never noted for an angelic disposition, told the priest to leave and mind his own business, and brought the woman back who succeeded in breaking the croup.

Father Point appealed to the major against such heathen goings-on but the latter did nothing about it, much to the priest's indignation.

Madam Culbertson made frequent good-will tours of her own to various relatives among the Blackfoot Nation. On these journeys she frequently drove a team of spirited horses with only her maid for company. The light buggy she used also served for many jaunts she made with the major through a country which for miles would contain nothing but animals, birds and wild horse herds.

A NOTICE marking a milestone in the life of the Culbertsons appeared in the August 19, 1859 issue of the Peoria *Daily Transcript:* "Major Culbertson will arrive in Peoria on Saturday Aug. 20th. He has been in the Upper Missouri country, connected with the American Fur Company, as a partner. He will retire to his farm near Peoria." However, the major did not completely retire, quite the contrary, for he retained a close connection with the company until 1861 when he resigned with an accumulated wealth believed to be over $300,000 in gold. A vast fortune in those days.

Endless stories were told of the reckless extravagances of the family. The major left chestfuls of gold coins about the house for friends and relatives to take (which they certainly did as future events showed).

The Culbertsons were famous for their stable of highly bred horses which took blue ribbons at various fairs and meets. Once a high-stepping pair of carriage horses became excited and kicked an English park carriage to pieces. This amused Madame Culbertson so greatly that she stood by laughing and clapping her hands. When the excitement started, she had stepped from her tipi, which she always set up on the lawn during the hot summer months. This unorthodox attempt to catch local breezes from the river set the Peoria population in a tizzy, and people would drive by in their carriages to get a glimpse of this exotic situation.

The house itself, which was later burned to the ground, was elegantly furnished in the decor of the times. There were rosewood sofas and chairs covered with velvet. The rugs were velvet with floral designs and were "wall to wall." The walls were covered with paper imported from Europe and were hung with fine paintings, including those of Stanley. In the drawing room were several full-length mirrors framed in gilt. Jack's pet goat was once allowed to come in and butt his own image in one of them until it shattered. Preservation of possessions was not an outstanding Culbertson trait.

Meanwhile the family went back and forth between St. Louis and the Upper Missouri country. In 1863 they took little Joe with them on the boat, the *Robert Campbell*. This was the scene of the famous Tobacco Garden incident. Natawistacha-Iskana had noticed a number of Sioux lurking about Tobacco Garden Creek and she judged from their actions they meant mischief. She sent for the captain and warned him of the danger if he stopped the boat and allowed the men to go ashore. But he ignored her warning and when several of the crew rowed to shore, the Indians attacked and killed them. The *Robert Campbell* was forced to weigh anchor and escape without doing anything about it.

At the start of the Civil War Mrs. Culbertson took an active part in war work for the Union cause. She was elected head of the Ladies' Soldiers Aid Society of the Peoria Second Presbyterian Church. By this time Natty had gracefully accepted, more or less, three religions—her own tribal religion, the Roman Catholic, and the Scotch Presbyterian.

Natty was so secure in her own estimation of herself and her family that she often remarked to her son-in-law, General Roberts, whom she liked very much, "Abe Lincoln and Victoria, way back dar my back side." Translated this meant that she regarded these leading figures of her time as lacking her own ancestral background. She could speak and understand English but for some reason known only to herself she did not care to make the effort.

MEANWHILE, the clouds gathering over the nation were also darkening the Culbertsons' life, who were apparently either unconscious of their deteriorating financial condition or just ignored it, for the baronial way of life still continued at Locust Grove. Julia and Fanny had all the "extras" that their school afforded and Julia even brought her piano teacher, "Professor Pauling," home with her as a resident instructor. She afterward sent him to teach Brigham Young's daughters at Salt Lake.

Then the unfortunate investments which Culbertson had made in various projects promoted by his close friend Thomas Hart Benton began to cost him dearly. Also many relatives and friends had moved in to take advantage of his inexhaustible generosity. All the money he had spent on the Peoria estate, of course, brought him no returns.

Finally he was forced to execute a trust deed to a distant relative, Thomas B. McCulloch, on Locust Grove for the sum of one dollar. The arrangement provided that McCulloch would manage his property and pay the net proceeds to Culbertson for as long as he lived. In the event of his death the proceeds were to be paid to his wife and at her death to the two younger children, Fanny and Joe. Janie had died in 1860 and Julia had married General George H. Roberts in 1865 at Locust Grove. No mention of Jack was made in the will.

The purpose of the trust deed was so the major might escape from his creditors, for even the servants were well back with their wages. In the fall of 1869 some thirty-three creditors filed claims against the property but Alexander Culbertson and his wife could not be found. The major was again in Montana serving as a witness for the Blackfeet, Crow and Gros Ventres treaties of 1868. His wife and Joe were with him at this time for their names were included in the 1870 census taken at Fort Benton.

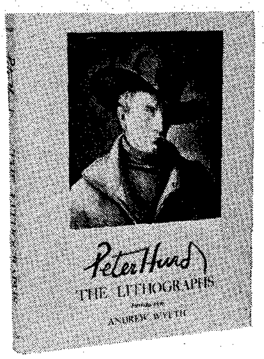
By this time Alexander Culbertson was in his sixties and Natty in her forties, and things had changed on the Upper Missouri. The great American Fur Company had sold Fort Union and as the result of the great migration west, the company found its interest centered in transportation and in suitable merchandise for the immigrants.

The major, whose title was not military but one used to indicate the head of a trading post, was still a figure of importance, however, in assisting the government in its dealings with the Indians, who were being more and more pressed onto reservations.

Madame Culbertson still shared his duties and his life but as time went along there was a gradual and then a marked withdrawal. More and more Natty was with her people until most of her time was spent in the lodges of her Blood relations. As for the two boys, Jack and Joe, they found a life for themselves around the trading posts as scouts and traders. Jack died in Williston, South Dakota in the '80s and Joe in Montana in 1923.

As for Julia and Fanny, they were completely of their father's race. Julia was a distinguished leader in the cultural and social life of Boise where she had moved with her husband who was the first attorney general of that state. Fanny, the family beauty, married Louis S. Irvin in 1888 and lived in California and Montana. She died at Great Falls, Montana, February 5, 1939. Julia died at Boise on March 16, 1929. Apparently the two sisters had some misunderstanding, for they never communicated with each other in later years nor did the brothers.

The major spent the last few years of his life with Julia at Orleans, Nebraska before she moved to Idaho. He died at her house August 27, 1879 without the presence of his devoted wife who had vowed



Peter Hurd

THE LITHOGRAPHS
Introduction By
ANDREW WYETH
Edited By JOHN MEIGS
58 Plates — 150 Pages
Hard Cover — $16.95
BAKER COLLECTOR
GALLERY PRESS
P. O. Box 1920, Lubbock, Texas 79408

COWBOY BOOTS
MADE TO ORDER

$55.00 up

Write for
Free Catalog!

PAUL BOND WESTERN BOOT CO.
233 Morley Avenue, Nogales, Arizona 85621

JAGUAR AND OCELOT!

Hunt the Jungles of British Honduras! We specialize in Boone and Crockett Trophies. First Class equipment available including White Hunter and hounds. Fourteen Day Hunt—All Game Guaranteed! Write to:

PETE TANNER
P. O. Box 658
Belize City, British Honduras

Genuine Handlasted Benchmade "Joe Hall" Imported Boots Handmade Leather Lined Hand Finished

Satisfaction Guaranteed—Free Catalog

The vamps and 16-inch tops with 6-inch Zipper in back are of beautiful soft glove leather. Nylon stitched, steel shanks, leather lined walking heel, narrow toe.

No. 2100, Sun Tan
No. 2101, Black
No. 2102, Brown
No. 2103, Red
No. 2104, Royal Blue
No. 2105, White

SAME BOOT IN ROUGH-OUT
No. 2000, Sun Tan
No. 2001, Brown
No. 2002, Royal Blue
No. 2006, Black
No. 2007, Red

ROUGH RIDER $29.45

Give measurements in inches of calf of your leg. $5.00 deposit on C.O.D. orders—You pay postal charges. We pay postage on prepaid order.

Our guarantee—for exchange or refund return boots undamaged and unworn within 10 days.

FREE CATALOG—Adults' and Children's Boots, Western Shirts, Pants, Hats

HALL-YSLETA BOOT CO.
BOX 17971-T, EL PASO, TEXAS 79917

SMART, TOP VALUE FOX WESTERNS
HAND MADE IN OUR FACTORY, TO YOUR ORDER

Order a Fox Western hat exactly as you want it. Select from 12 colors, all sizes, also select style, crown height, brim width to 4½", and band width. Greatest value at lowest cost. The choice of hundreds. This quality buy only available from Fox. All hats made of heavier weight, imported felt. Money back guarantee.

Send for FREE illustrated Folder—gives ordering details.

FOX HAT CO., Hatters Since 1910
477 Wabasha St., Dept. FT-1
St. Paul, Minnesota 55102

FOX LOW PRICES $12.50 to $20.00

THE GOLDEN TREASURES
of the San Juan (Colorado) by John B. Marshall and Temple H. Cornelius is in reprint edition at $4.50, book with maps, photos, and information, 233 pages. Write to

SWALLOW PRESS, INC.
1139 S. Wabash Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60605

ATTACK DOGS GUARD DOGS
Will your dog really protect you and your family? Can you really count on him to save your life? Would you like to turn him into a quality protection dog?
For information and brochure, send $1.00 to:
NATIONAL GUARD DOG CLUB
1603 Solano Ave. Berkeley, Calif. 94707

WHAT A TREMENDOUS HELP!

Our newsstand sales are our life's blood and you just can't sell a magazine when nobody sees it! So if you will join the "Pull 'em Out" brigade, Podner—you'll have us smiling like a pussycat lapping warm milk!

that when he died she would "die also." As a matter of fact at the time of his death she was in Canada spending the summer with her tribe.

The vibrant Natawistacha-Iskana died some time in the spring of 1893. She was buried in the Indian cemetery near the Catholic mission northeast of Standoff on the road to Cardston near the Canadian Blood Indian Reservation. She was at home at last, but she had traveled a long way.

Wild Cat's Search

(Continued from page 39)

border, into rougher terrain. In a ravine were signs of a fire where food had been cooked.

They decided that from this camp two men had gone north with three or four ponies, and had returned with less. Grimly Wild Cat remounted. Coming up out of the ravine the scout and his Indian friend could see, far across the prairie, a settler's cabin. Disregarding the tracks now they set out quickly for that place. "You will let me do the talking!" Ed said firmly. "We don't want *trouble.* We just want *ponies.* You stay on your horse!"

Ed dismounted. Standing in the doorway, with one hand out of sight, was a settler, not especially hospitable at first.

Casually Ed identified himself, remarking they were looking for some stolen ponies and sure would be glad of a cup of coffee—which, of course on the frontier, would not be refused.

The settler looked back into the cabin, spoke a few words, then came outside. Small children stared out the window at the Indian statue still on his horse. At a sign from Finney the Osage joined the two white men.

Reluctantly the settler said, "I just bought two ponies. I paid sixty-five dollars for them—all I had in cash. No idea they might be stolen. Men said they lived ten miles beyond here. Said they got them on a trade."

Interpreting as they walked to the corral, enjoining patience, Finney said he had no doubt about that part of it, but the fact was the ponies belonged to this Indian.

"Kinda tough to lose your money," the man said, "and the horses, too. I need them!"

"Well, if we find the thieves, like as not we can get your money back. And if it's all right with you, we'll leave the ponies here till we come back this way."

Obviously relieved, the man said he guessed that would be all right, and he sure hoped they'd find the culprits, and the coffee must be ready by now. It was.

Wild Cat could sit on a chair as well as cross-legged on a robe. He tossed down a mugful of scalding coffee—"Heavens, I'd think it would burn his gullet!" the settler's wife said, while the children gaped. The Indian bolted a chunk of cornbread, and stood up. He told his white brother they were losing time and stalked out, ducking his head to clear the doorway.

With a word of thanks to the woman, a smile for the children and "something for candy," Ed followed the Indian out to the horses. The settler watched them unhappily. "I shoulda known better," he said.

Wild Cat, mounting on the "wrong" side, as did all the Osages, favored his host with an uplifted hand and a guttural, "Ho-ow."

BACK TO THE CAMPSITE they went, there to pick up the trail. At first Wild Cat, elated at their first bit of success, was inclined to keep up a lively chatter. But soon the pair lapsed into the usual silent riding, each busy with his own thoughts.

Then they came to a second campsite. As before, an off-trail led to the north. More ponies this time. They followed the jumble of tracks to a fairly good farmhouse, some miles across the prairie. There in a big corral Wild Cat spied six of his herd. He was excited now. Ready for trouble. But he listened to Sha-pa-nah-she who had never given him bad advice.

"If we do the right thing, white man's law protects us both. If you can pick out your ponies, we'll get them. I have the paper for that."

Several men were watching as they rode up. Ed dismounted. The usual preliminaries were exchanged. One of the men remarked, "I remember your premature white hair. Saw you with the agent once."

Then, after explanations, the same man said, "Well, we buy horses all the time, and sell them. None of these were stolen. The fellows who brought them by said they were leaving this part of the country. Couldn't make a go of it, and were selling off their surplus stock." His eyes did not fail to watch the Osage glowering.

"If this Indian can cut out the six ponies he says are his, and they're the ones you bought this morning, that will do?" Ed asked.

The men nodded after a minute's thought. "Sporting proposition. But mind you, I don't think they're stolen. The sellers seemed right sort of men."

Signaling Wild Cat to come close, Ed rapidly explained. Could he do it? Wild Cat's arrogance answered without the trouble of speaking. He strode to the corral, a horsehair lariat in hand. To the astonishment of even Finney, the Indian cut out six ponies in less than five minutes. "They're his all right!"

"We'll leave them here till we come back by," Ed said.

Immediately there was talk of what to do about the thieves. "We'll help catch those varmints!" the men insisted.

"Wild Cat wants to go back to the campsite where these ponies were taken out of the herd, and pick up the trail there. Good idea, I think," Ed said.

"Well, suppose we meet you at Elgin? We'll follow this side of the border and if you get there first, wait for us. Or we'll wait for you."

As they rode back to the campsite Wild Cat was emphatic about his not needing anybody else. But then he lapsed into silence.

Since Elgin was a little trading post

where an east and west trail converged with one running north and south, it was likely, they both agreed, that the thieves would pick up supplies there if they kept on in the direction they seemed to be heading. It was the only trading post for many a mile.

Wild Cat said the thieves were heading for the big timber on the river. If he and Ed would ride without stopping for food and rest he thought they would catch up before dark. Then *he*, Wild Cat, would take care of things. His white brother had done well with his big talk, but the ponies were Wild Cat's. With this verbal pat on the head the Osage led the way again.

Due to the roughened terrain it was hard to follow the tracks—there were fewer of them and many more rocks.

Hours later as they came to the edge of a ravine Wild Cat held up his hand. Smoke curled up over the trees by the river down below. Prior to that moment the trail had been bearing south for some time with evidence that the ponies had been giving trouble. Were they trying to escape and return to their own grazing ground? Now, down in the river bottom, near the trail coming up from the south and leading to Elgin, the thieves were camped. They were not far from the Big Cave.

WILD CAT'S EYES were ablaze with suppressed excitement and hate. Only white men would make the sort of fire that would give away their location! He demanded that Sha-pa-nah-she take his borrowed horse and return to Elgin without him. The Osage would proceed on foot. He did not want a white man's horse to nicker when he smelled other horses. Soon he would have his own back!

Ed Finney was more than willing to have a little help. Enjoining Wild Cat to *wait,* he took the end of the lariat tossed to him and led the Osage's mount back down the trail. But as he looked back he had a creepy feeling that the Indian would not be in the same spot he had left him. Not Wild Cat!

Coming up out of a ravine Ed joined the well-beaten trail leading to the east, and shortly after, through a break in the timber, he saw the tiny settlement of Elgin. Soon he was dismounting, but the party of men whom he hoped to find there were not to be seen.

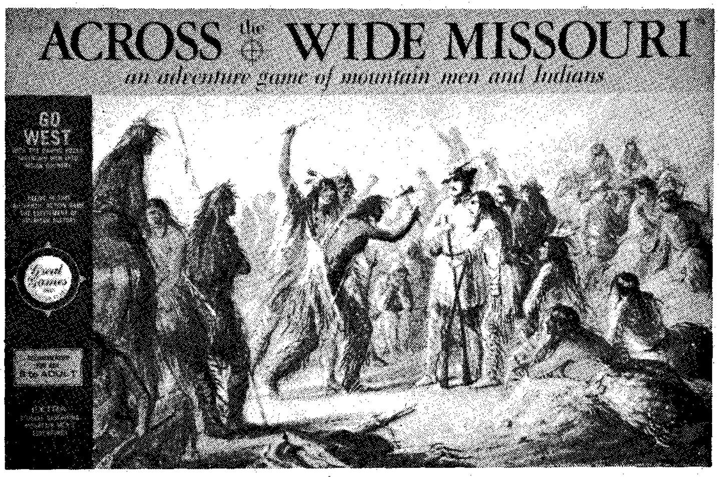
The trader said, yes, a couple of men had been in a while ago and had bought supplies. He'd heard them tell something about going to the river for some kind of sign. He didn't know just what kind of a sign or what they were talking about. Seemed right nice fellers. Said they lived ten, twelve miles further on "Oh, likely here's the ones you expected to find," the trader interrupted himself.

The men Ed had left at the farm earlier that day dismounted and came in. By now Ed had learned that the one who spoke for them all had been a noted scout for the government. Losing no time they proceeded to the spot where Wild Cat had been ordered to wait. Of course, he was gone. While the men were discussing what to do next they

Great Games Inc. presents its first Profile in History

ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI

An action game of mountain men and Indians in the Old West that is challenging . . . exciting . . . and REALLY AUTHENTIC!



ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI is an adventure game that recreates with exciting authenticity the heroic days of the Rocky Mountain fur trade. Roam the Rockies with the giants of the West . . . Jim Bridger, Kit Carson, Jedediah Smith . . . as they risked their lives for a wilderness empire. A great American epic can be relived by players of all ages.

Important features of ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI include

—a multi-colored game board map of the West, authentically illustrated

—attractive pieces of playing equipment, including plastic mountain men and western forts

—a concise history of the fur trade, illustrated by eye-witness views of the mountain men and Indians

—"game appeal" for players eight to adult, based on skill and chance

—average playing time 30-45 minutes. This game has a natural built-in ending. Easy to understand rules.

This is a special introductory offer to introduce our new line of historical games . . .

ORDER NOW—IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

GREAT GAMES INC.
1402 Jefferson Street
Houston, Texas 77002

Please send me ______ sets of ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI at $10.00 each, postpaid.

☐ I enclose ______________.
☐ C.O.D.

NAME ______________________

ADDRESS ______________________

CITY __________ STATE ______ ZIP ______

Wild AND Woolly West Books

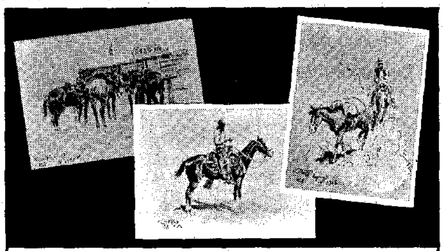
30# RAILS, on Narrow Gauge Trains, Mark Twain's JUMPING FROG, Service's YUKON POEMS, Uncle Jim's BOOK OF PANCAKES, and Matthews' NAVAJO WEAVERS & NAVAJO SILVERSMITHS, only $1.00 each. Cushing's ADVENTURES IN ZUNI, and Englert's OLIVER PERRY WIGGINS, on pioneer life, only $2.00 each postpaid. All quaintly and profusely illustrated. Send stamp for FREE illustrated catalog of Western Books.

FILTER PRESS
Post Office Box 5 T Palmer Lake, Colorado 80133

MAKE BIG MONEY

raising Chinchillas, Rabbits, Guinea pigs for us. Catalog—25c.

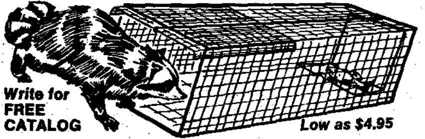
KEENEY BROTHERS
New Freedom, Pa. 17349



C. M. RUSSELL COWBOY NOTES

3 CHARLES M. RUSSELL paintings in an unique, new set of western correspondence notes. 18 full color scenes with envelopes, packed in an attractive gift box. Order "Cowboy Notes" today! Only $1.25 per box. Money back guarantee! Or send for a FREE CATALOG of western Christmas cards, prints, notes and stationery. Our 20th year of happy customers by mail! Thank you kindly.

THE LEANIN' TREE RANCH
Box 1500 Boulder, Colo. 80302



LIVE-CATCH ALL-PURPOSE TRAPS

Write for FREE CATALOG

Low as $4.95

Trap without injury squirrels, chipmunks, rabbits, mink, fox, raccoons, stray animals, pests, etc. Sizes for every need. Also traps for fish, sparrows, pigeons, crabs, turtles, quail, etc. Save 40% on low factory prices. Send no money. Free catalog and trapping secrets.

TRAP FACTORY, Dept. M11, Box 10880, Houston, Texas 77018

Guaranteed 10 Years!

$1.98

The knife for hunting, fishing and all around use. Mirror polished, imported stainless steel blade honed to a razor's edge. Rugged. Opens with flick of finger. Locks into position. Blade will not close when in use. Press button in handle to close. Safety finger guard. Sure-grip handle. Balanced for target throwing. **IF BROKEN WITHIN 10 YEARS WE WILL REPLACE AT NO CHARGE!** Use 30 days. Money back if not pleased. Only $1.98 plus $.27 postage and handling. ORDER NOW! Midwest Knife Co., 9043 S. Western Ave., Dept. RC-171 Chicago, Ill. 60620. Established 1936.

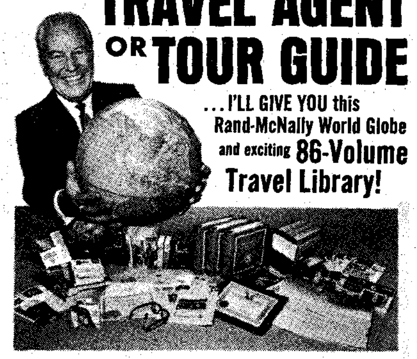
SENSATIONAL 42 PAGE *JOKE & NOVELTY CATALOG* **ONLY 25c**

100's of new and different jokes and novelties gathered from the exotic corners of the world. Everything a modern man could possibly want! Women love it too! GET YOUR COPY TODAY!

ORDER NOW— JOKE BOOK, Dept. 115
P.O. Box 7212, Chicago, Ill. 60680

UP TO $688 PROFIT A RACE DAY WITH $60!

PENCLIFF the world's greatest horse-race computer predicts BIG wins—*easily*. Payoffs up to $79 with $2 stakes. Level stake profits at meetings *on the day* up to $688. Average outlay $60. Full details plus our remarkable guarantee: *Full refund* if no level stake profits with PENCLIFF at *any* track. **R.H.P. CO. BOX 5715, PE-WPC, Carmel, Calif. 93921.** Tear out this ad NOW & mail with name, address, & zip.



BE A TRAVEL AGENT OR TOUR GUIDE

...I'LL GIVE YOU this Rand-McNally World Globe and exciting 86-Volume Travel Library!

World Globe, 12-Volume Rand-McNally World Atlas, PanAm 2-Volume "World Horizons," 12-Volume Vacation Guide Encyclopedia, American President Lines Travel Agents' Manual, 500-page Travel Industry Personnel Directory, Official Airlines Guides, International Shipline Guide, Hotel & Travel Index, 52-issue subscription to **Travel Agent** Magazine and dozens travel folders, maps & posters given to you with your complete 50-Lesson North American Course in Travel.

...When you train at home with N.A.S.T. for a BIG MONEY CAREER IN TRAVEL

(as Travel Agent, Tour Guide or in one of 100's Big Money Career Positions in Travel) There's excitement, big money, fun, prestige in Travel. Thousands big money career opportunities open to qualified men & women. Travel is booming—increasing 15% each year. Easy home-study plan trains you for well-paid job with travel agency, airline, resort, etc.—shows you how to become Travel Agent—reveals how to make big profits escorting tours—discloses how to roam the world at reduced rates. Send for big **"TRAVEL CAREER KIT"—20-Page Book** "Opportunities in Travel," giant full color **World Wall Map & Sample Lesson—ALL FREE!** No salesman will call. Mail coupon today!

Opportunities in TRAVEL
GIANT WALL MAP
SAMPLE LESSON
ALL 3 FREE

J. Russell Calvert / Executive Director
North American School of Travel, Dept. 1031
4500 Campus Dr., University Plaza, Newport, Calif. 92660

Mail **"TRAVEL CAREER KIT"**—20-Page Book, Giant Wall Map & Sample Lesson—**ALL FREE!**

NAME__________AGE____
ADDRESS__________
CITY__________STATE_____ZIP_____

heard two shots, fired in rapid succession.

"Wild Cat!" Ed exclaimed. "He sneaked up on them!"

"Maybe they saw him first," remarked one man dryly. "They wouldn't wait for a second look—not at an Osage Indian, painted like he was!"

But all fell into line and proceeded down as quickly and as quietly as possible under the circumstances, heading for the river and the direction from which the gunfire had sounded.

Before they could reach the river there was a sudden crashing in the brush as ponies were driven up out of the river bottom. The horse herd was followed by an exultant Indian, riding bareback on his favorite buffalo pony.

Grinning from ear to ear Wild Cat told how he had come upon two of the men sitting by the fire and had shot them before they could make a move. The third man, not in sight at the moment, had got away. Too bad. But Wild Cat had his ponies, and two extra ones that would no longer be needed by their former riders! There had been no need of his white brother's big talk then, he said, with a triumphant gleam in his black eyes.

Bill Stiles' Story

(Continued from page 9)

no trouble outdistancing his pursuers. Bill then headed for Minnesota where he met Bill Chadwell, son of a rich merchant and a member of the James gang. Young Bill Stiles, a swaggering two-gunman with death hanging at either hip and an itch to spew it over the land, appealed to Chadwell's imagination. They became fast friends and Chadwell lost no time in introducing him to Jesse and Frank James. They accepted him into their midst but strictly on a trial basis as it turned out.

The next day Jesse called Stiles forward and ordered him to carry a message to a man some distance away. Not knowing that he was being tested, Stiles rode forth. On the trail he encountered a group of hardfaced men whom he took at once to be Pinkerton detectives. Immediately he unlimbered his guns and began shooting, but to his amazement not a man fell before his guns. They captured him and swung him to a tree. When his face was turning blue from strangulation, they lowered him with the demand that he tell them where the James gang was hiding. He refused. They suspended him again and repeated the demand. Young Stiles refused to talk.

After satisfying themselves that the boy was willing to face death, the men cut him down and explained that the whole thing had been planned by Jesse as a test. They also told him that he had not been able to shoot any of them because the cartridges in his guns had been changed during the previous night, with a substitution of blank shells. This, Bill Stiles told me, taught him never to give anyone an opportunity to tamper with his guns.

He became an active member of the James band and for five years thereafter was to ride in some of the most daring holdups this country has ever known, including the famous Rock Cut holdup of a Missouri-Pacific train at Otterville, Pettis County, Missouri; the Glendale raid on the Chicago and Alton Railroad, the East Winston raid on the Rock Island Line, and many others.

AT THE TIME of his initiation into the James band, the Northfield Bank holdup was in the making. Soon after the test, the Youngers, Cole, Bob and Jim, joined the Jameses and the combined gangs planned the final details of the proposed raid.

It has been published time and again that there were only seven men in the Northfield raid, but Stiles claimed that there were ten. Some historians have written that there were eight. The tenth man, Stiles declares, was on guard against surprise just outside of Northfield. He was a man whose identity was unknown to Stiles. The actual raiders, however, were Frank and Jesse James, Cole, Bob and Jim Younger, Clell Miller, Charley Pitts, Bill Chadwell and Bill Stiles.

Prior to the raid, Bill Chadwell was dispatched to Northfield to look over the ground. He returned to the outlaw camp with a favorable report.

Northfield, a little town on the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, drowsed unaware that its bank had become a target. It was September 6, 1876 when the desperadoes quietly entered the town and took up their assigned positions. Each man had a certain part to play. It was not Stiles' business to enter the bank. He went on guard opposite it with Bob and Jim Younger and Charley Pitts. Clell Miller and Chadwell were on guard near the bank. Frank, Jesse, and Cole Younger tied their horses at a hitching post in front of the bank, calmly looked around without creating any suspicion in the few loungers who loafed about, and entered.

Inside the bank were A. E. Bunker, teller; Frank J. Willcox, assistant bookkeeper; and Joseph L. Heywood, chief bookkeeper acting as cashier during the absence of G. M. Phillips who was attending the Centennial Fair at Philadelphia.

On entering, the outlaws immediately forced the bank employees against the wall. A knife was held at the throat of Heywood to force him to open the vault. Heywood refused and as he made a break for liberty, Jesse shot him in the head. Cole Younger swung on Willcox.

"Come on, feller!" he demanded, ready to shoot from either hand. "Open that safe and do it quick!"

"I don't know the combination," protested Willcox. "Besides, it's a time vault!"

"You're a liar!" Jesse barked at him. "Open it!"

But instead, Willcox became panic-stricken and made an effort to escape. Up snapped one of Cole's six-shooters. Willcox crashed to the floor. Then Bunker risked death for freedom. Cole shot him in the right shoulder. Unable to open the vault, the robbers rifled the money tills and obtained, according to Stiles, only about $200.

Jesse, sensing trouble, grew anxious to get out of town as quickly as possible. Before they emerged from the bank that trouble began, for suddenly three horsemen tore into town, shooting at everything in sight. At that moment, said Stiles, Jesse bounced out of the bank, flanked by Frank and Cole. They began shooting at the horsemen who dismounted in front of a hardware store to take refuge there and in adjoining buildings.

The riders were A. H. Wheeler, a young medical student, A. R. Manning and J. B. Hyde, Northfield citizens. Their fire aroused Elias Stacey, Ross Phillips, James Gregg, City Marshal Elias Hobbs and Judge Streeter who took up positions in various buildings and began firing at the outlaws.

According to Stiles, some traitor had sold out the James-Younger bands to Manning, Wheeler and Hyde who arrived in town while the bank was being robbed, apparently fully aware of what was taking place. Who this informer was has never been learned, but Stiles says that several days later the James boys captured a man whom they hanged without so much as a word. Apparently they alone knew the identity of the one who had betrayed them.

AT ANY RATE, a hot fight ensued on the main street of Northfield. The drowsy little town was thrown into an uproar. A hail of lead was poured on Stiles and his companions on guard opposite the bank. Chadwell and Clell Miller, at their posts, went under fire. As Jesse, Frank and Cole emerged from the bank, rifles were concentrated upon them.

The desperadoes made a dash for their horses. As Stiles recalled it, Jim Younger was shot in the mouth and knocked from his horse. His brother Bob whirled around, picked him up and rode on with Jim lying across his saddle. Bullets sang all around them as they galloped up the street.

"There may be people living in Northfield today," said Bill Stiles quietly, "who witnessed this fight and who will remember the man who rode a plunging black stallion up the street. I was that man. It was the same horse I had stolen in Omaha. I bear the marks of that fight to this day. I don't know exactly who shot me full of buckshot. But somebody did and I have reasons to believe it was Manning, as he seemed to be the only one of the three riders carrying a shotgun tied to his saddle as they rode up." Stiles showed me his back, and it was covered with small, purple welts.

Northfield buzzed like a hornet all stirred up and ready to sting, and the James-Younger gangs were stung plenty that day. They not only failed to get a big haul, but had to run a gauntlet of infuriated citizens, leaving three dead men in the street—Miller, Chadwell and Pitts. The survivors rode out of town with a posse hot on their heels.

"That's when my knowledge of the

DISCOVER THE TRUE WEST...

with the new GOLD-MASTER Super Sensitive Mineral, Metal, and Treasure Finder.

Detects Gold and Silver Nuggets, Rings, Coins, Mineral Float, Veins and Treasures.

- No cumbersome earphones . . . a powerful speaker is used.
- Easy to operate.
- Comes with two special loops. *A small loop for detecting nuggets and one for detecting treasures.*
- Instructions . . . and fresh batteries included.

A small NUGGET goes with each instrument which it will detect.

Buy the GOLD-MASTER on Easy Terms! Just $29.50 down and balance at $10.57 per month . . . Also available thru your local Finance Co. with no down payment upon approved credit.

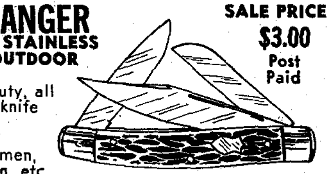
COMPLETE . . . ONLY $169.50

Send for FREE literature now! ! !

WHITE'S ELECTRONICS
Room 400
1011 Pleasant Valley Road
Sweet Home, Oregon 97386

CAN'T FIND OUR BOOKS?

If your favorite newsdealer in your area does not now regularly carry TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES or OLD WEST on his newsstand, send us his name and address and we'll see that he is supplied with each publication for you and your friends. Write: Newsstand Circulation Dept., Western Publications, P.O. Box 3668, Austin, Texas 78704.



BIG RANGER
DELUXE STAINLESS STEEL OUTDOOR KNIFE!

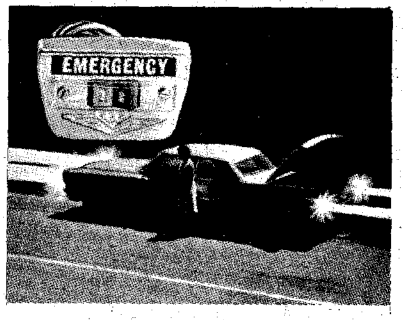
SALE PRICED! $3.00 Post Paid

Heavy duty, all purpose knife for professional outdoorsmen, sportsmen, etc. **FEATURES 3 TOUGH, RAZOR SHARP BLADES FORGED FROM FINEST STAINLESS CUTTING STEEL!** Blades hold their edges—Won't rust! Has *brass linings, stainless bolsters,* and a thick nonslip bonestag handle. Exceptional value. Similar *strong, husky knives cost $5.00 or more!* 4 inches long closed. **SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK!** Mail your order now. (*Buy 2 for $5.50.*) **SELECT VALUES, DEPT. TW1, WADENA, MINN. 56482.**

$1,000 AMERICAN BILL!

ANTIQUE . . . 1840 . . . 128 years old . . . Authentic Parchment Reproduction. 1861 $1,000 Confederate Bill! Authentic Antique Parchment Reproduction. Unique curiosity pieces for $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed.

COLUMBUS HOUSE
808 North Irena, Dept. WP
Redondo Beach, Ca. 90277



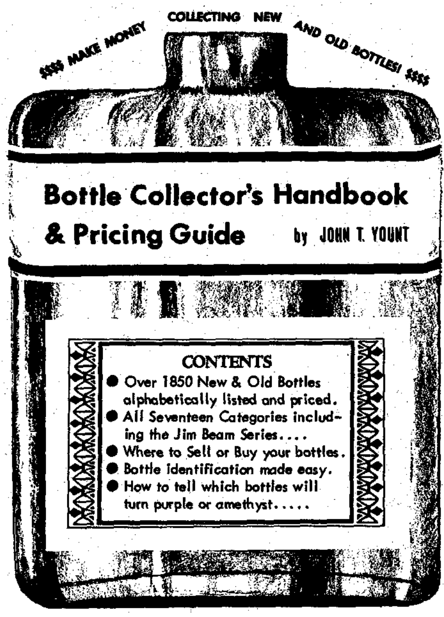
EMERGENCY FLASHER

Nine cars crash in fog on turnpike! Driver killed while changing tire. Don't let it happen to you! If your car is disabled, fogbound, or you want help, just flip the switch on this amazing safety unit. All four directionals flash on and off—warning traffic in both directions. Soon to be required on *all* cars! Complete instructions for easy mounting under dash. Operates on either 6 or 12 volts.

MO-0042A Emergency Flasher $3.98

Texas Residents Add 3% Sales Tax.
No C.O.D.s.

FOUR SEASONS
500 E. Anderson Lane—200P
Austin, Texas 78752


$$$ MAKE MONEY COLLECTING NEW AND OLD BOTTLES! $$$

Bottle Collector's Handbook & Pricing Guide by JOHN T. YOUNT

CONTENTS
- Over 1850 New & Old Bottles alphabetically listed and priced.
- All Seventeen Categories including the Jim Beam Series....
- Where to Sell or Buy your bottles.
- Bottle Identification made easy.
- How to tell which bottles will turn purple or amethyst.....

★ $3.95 p.p. NO COD's. Order From......
EDUCATOR BOOKS, INC.
P.O. Drawer 32
San Angelo 4, Texas 76901

Tiny **HEARING AID** fits here

Almost invisible, no wires or cords, ⅓ dealer prices. If you or a loved one have a hearing problem, hear but sometimes don't understand, cringe at loud noises or barely hear at all, you need this FREE booklet. Tells how you can have FREE HOME TRIAL of this new electronic miracle. To know the confidence and joy that normal hearing brings write **today.** No obligation, no salesman will call.
PRESTIGE, Dept. D-38, Box 10880, Houston, Texas 77018

PRIVATELY PRINTED BY AUTHOR

"Tribute to a Ranger, Captain Alfred Y. Allee, Company D. Texas Rangers" by Robert W. Stephens. Pamphlet limited to 200 numbered copies. $1.50 each. Order directly from author.
2709 AMHERST STREET
DALLAS, TEXAS 75225

SPECIAL! ALASKA
CENTENNIAL EDITION
BLACK SAND AND GOLD! *By Ella L. Martinsen.* Alaska-Yukon adventures of Ed Lung. Has 419 pages and forty goldrush pictures, some rare. Photos of Dawson, Bonanza, Eldorado, Klondike Kate, and many others. Eyewitness account with some diaries. Autographed copies $5.00 C.O.D. or money orders. Ella Martinsen, 30 East Victoria, Santa Barbara, Calif. 93104.

PULL 'EM OUT!

"You can't sell 'em if we can't find 'em!" This comes from our readers in a flow of letters that is too constant for comfort! I've found them myself, sometimes on the bottom shelf, completely covered by other publications. Now we don't have nuthin' against other publications, but we'd like a breath of fresh air and the sight of light now and then ourselves—so if you find our magazines covered, we'd sure appreciate your leaving them in the same approximate spot, but at least giving them a show. Sometimes, if you take them completely out and put them in another spot, the wholesaler will get upset and take them off completely!

Wisconsin timberlands came in handy," related Stiles. "I led the boys out of Northfield and into the big woods. Outside of Northfield, however, the Youngers decided to go on their own. The two gangs parted, Cole taking his men one direction, Jesse going with me.

"I have never told anyone before that I guided the James band to a clean-cut escape from the Northfield posse, but having gone this far, it might as well be known. There are things, of course, that I never will reveal. Among those things are the names of the good people who helped us evade our pursuers time and again when capture appeared almost certain."

Stiles guided the outlaws, every one dripping blood, their horses more or less shot up, in a northeasterly direction and then due north across the Wisconsin border. Having hunted through that territory with the Chippewas, it was familiar to him. Approaching the town of Grantsburg, in Wisconsin, they went to Clam Lake and then on to Yellow River where a band of Chippewas lived. These Indians were a mighty bad lot, said Stiles, and among them were many renegade whites, desperadoes from Missouri, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Illinois, whom the Indians befriended profitably. There the battle-scarred Jesse James outlaws remained for some time to recuperate.

They heard the reports that Bill Stiles had been left dead on the Northfield street. The desperadoes laughed, knowing that the body of Bill Chadwell had been erroneously identified as Stiles, because Chadwell had been in Northfield only the day prior to the raid, using Stiles' name.

As for the Youngers, after leaving the James band they rode hard for the wilds of Missouri. Posses of Pinkertons followed them everywhere. Finally, Sheriff Glispin, operating out of Medalia, got on the trail and overtook the fleeing outlaws in the vicinity of Lake Hanska.

The Youngers took refuge in a brush thicket which proved to be their Waterloo. Glispin stationed some of his men on a little knoll of higher ground nearby and from there peppered the Youngers with a steady stream of lead. The outlaws' every movement in the brush was visible to the attackers on the knoll, but there was no surrender until one of their number was killed and the remainder were wallowing in their own blood. When they were captured, each of the Younger brothers was wounded.

"The Pinkertons tried hard to force the Youngers to tell who of the James gang had escaped from Northfield," related Bill with a twinkle in his blue eyes, "but Cole Younger, with the stubbornness of the tiger that lived within him, refused to help them establish our identities. He knew all the time that I, Bill Stiles, had not been killed and left behind. He knew also that Bill Chadwell was not me."

It is well known that all the Youngers would say, when questioned regarding the Northfield affair and the identity of the James gang members, was, "You can go to hell, gentlemen, and find out for yourselves. We refuse to tell you."

They were taken to Stillwater Prison in Minnesota where Bob died of tuberculosis in 1889, the year of their pardon. Shortly after his death, Cole and Jim went free through the efforts of their sister, Henrietta Younger Hall. Later Jim committed suicide because, it is said, the prison board refused him a permit to marry.

Cole Younger and Bill Stiles met soon and Cole said in greeting: "Well, Bill, how's the world been treating a *dead man?*"

They enjoyed a good laugh over it. And never, to Stiles' knowledge, did Cole mention it again.

"Perhaps you wonder why I'm letting the cat out of the bag now," said Stiles quietly. "But when you get old and lonesome and alone in the world, and think hard of the past and of the future, you get a different slant on life. You begin to see how foolish youngsters can be, and it is because I want to warn these young people of the folly of crime that I open my mouth after fifty-five years of silence. I want to warn everyone that you can't get away with it. I may have survived, yes, but I've paid for my crimes in more ways than one. My conscience—my thoughts. And I paid society with a mighty unpleasant stretch of thirteen years in Sing Sing. Dungeons, cat-o'-nine-tails, hard labor. I went through all that in Sing Sing, of course not under the name of Bill Stiles. I got a life sentence for killing an unarmed man in New York, receiving a pardon in 1913. The victim's identity need not be disclosed, though I will say that his brother and I have been friends for many years."

FOLLOWING THE Northfield raid, the Jameses swept through Missouri, Wisconsin, Minnesota and other central and southern states. Bill Stiles rode with them, a trusted lieutenant of the band. For five long years they stuck together through thick and thin. Then one day Jesse decided to visit his home in St. Joseph, Missouri.

There, on April 3, 1882, he was treacherously murdered by his cousin, Bob Ford who, with his brother Charley, had plotted to kill Jesse and win a reward of $10,000.

"I knew them both well," Stiles told me. "The Ford brothers were a pair of the worst stripe. Bob could have been hanged for his deed, but he was pardoned. He got justice, however, at Creede, Colorado, and I happened to be there when he got it!"

The sudden death of Jesse James was a distinct blow to all the members of the band who, at that time, were hovering close to St. Joe, awaiting the return of their leader. Every man in the band swore to kill Bob out of revenge, but for ten years Ford managed to elude his doom. Meanwhile the James gang gradually diminished in number. Without Jesse to lead, their old recklessness was gone. Pinkertons trailed them like bloodhounds on a warm spoor. In one close brush, Stiles' horse was shot from under him. He received a severe rupture from the saddle horn. His companions saved him, but it was a long time before he could ride again.

Stiles sought out his old friends, the Chippewas. Among them, he recuperated and eventually married one of the Indian girls. She was the only decent thing he had known in years and after her death (which occurred soon after their marriage), Stiles drifted west.

In 1892 he reached the boom town of Creede, Colorado. There, on the day of his arrival, he crossed the trail of Bob Ford.

Creede was a typical mining community; saloons and gambling halls occupied most of the buildings, with miners' tents strung out alongside them. When it rained, which was often in the mountains, mud in the streets became boot-top deep. But the citizens seemed to mind it not at all.

CREEDE HAD ITS QUOTA of questionable characters. Shootings were daily occurrences. Cowards seldom wore guns, for to go unarmed was to keep out of gunfights and live a little longer. Gunfighters rarely killed an unarmed man. It was not considered good form by the best six-gun circles, or by the law.

It was in Creede that Bob Ford was operating a saloon. It was nothing more than a tent, but a large one. There he lived with a woman who posed as his wife, but who was not legally married to him.

"When I learned of Ford's presence in town," related Stiles, "I planned to unlimber my guns on him at first sight but a man named Kelley (O'Kelley) saved me that unpleasant task.

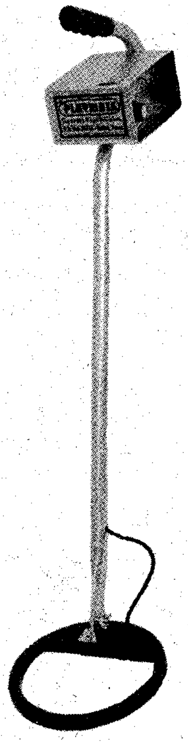
"Kelley, I heard, was enamoured of Bob Ford's woman and wanted her. He was also a Missouri man and a known sympathizer of Jesse James."

One day Kelley got to drinking heavily and as he grew drunk his mind turned to Ford.

Kelley snatched up a shotgun and, sated with liquor, sallied forth. Though drunk, he walked as straight as an arrow. A dangerous man is he who can carry his liquor in that manner, particularly when liquor fans his courage. It was a deadly antagonist who went straight to Bob Ford's saloon.

Stiles said he did not make the mistake of entering by the front door, which was hardly more than a tent-flap. Feeling that Bob might have been tipped off, he went around to the rear. Cautiously peering through the rear flap, he saw Bob Ford standing at the end of his bar as if waiting for someone. He was watching the front, his ivory-handled six-shooters loose in their holsters. His woman was standing white-faced and stoic beside him.

Calmly Kelley walked in. He was ripe for murder. Ford, his eyes glued on the front flaps, his hands within easy reach of his guns, failed to see his enemy approach. But the woman observed him and screamed. Her warning came too late. Men scattered as Kelley's shotgun boomed out. Bob Ford's throat suddenly split wide open. From the hole spurted a stream of blood. Kelley's gun had almost torn off his head. Ford sank to the



Need A New
PLAYMATE?

We believe we have the hottest one going! Our completely new PLAYMATE coin finder has been designed and constructed for locating lost and buried coins, rings, nuggets, and other treasures. The PLAYMATE will easily detect the smallest coins to depths of several inches or larger treasures to depths of five feet.

You no longer have to end your search at the water's edge. The PLAYMATE can be submerged right up to the control housing so that you can find the lost coins and other valuables that other detectors have missed.

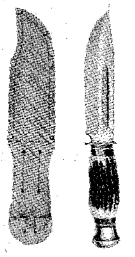
We have incorporated all of the most desirable features of our famous HUNTER into this low priced instrument to give you the best possible detector for the lowest possible price.

Write for full literature on our new PLAYMATE plus our FREE treasure hunting guide book.

GARRETT ELECTRONICS
Room 215
P.O. BOX 28434
DALLAS, TEXAS 75228

Complete only $99.00

The OREMASTER "POCKET MAGNETOMETER"
This is another sensational instrument developed in our Research Laboratory and added to the famous OREMASTER line of super sensitive space age, prospecting and research instruments.
This is an exceptionally sensivitive magnetic meter and will automatically react to either a detectable positive or negative magnetic field in an ore sample, vein, ore body or piece of float. Will pinpoint the source or sources of these fields to show the richest ore. Will react through wood, aluminum, quartz, water, ice, snow, mud and dirt. Add one of these to your modern Oremaster equipment. No batteries required—weight only 7 oz.—size 2½" x 1".
Price—$29.50. No Sales Tax $10.00 down—Balance $5.00 per month
WHITE'S ELECTRONICS, INC.
Special Models Available For Mobile Prospecting
1011 Pleasant Valley Road Room 400 Sweet Home, Oregon 97386



$9.95
Husky Remington model knife, broad blood groove. Thick 7 inch blade. Extra heavy. Sturdy leather sheath. Guaranteed.
COMPTON'S
"The Working Man's Friend"
P. O. Box 147 New Iberia, La. 70560

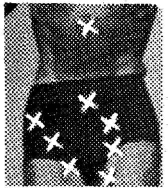
FERDINAND THE BULL
Old Waggle Head himself.
New and exciting.
For cars, TV's etc.
$1.99 Postpaid
WAR EAGLE DISTRIBUTING COMPANY
EAGLE, NEBRASKA 68347

NO PHONE NO ADDRESS
(YOUR NAME HERE)
RETIRED
NO BUSINESS NO MONEY
NO WORRIES NO PROSPECTS
NO JOB

Hand friends YOUR business card—and a chuckle! Great "ice-breaker" for parties, getting acquainted. 15 for $1.00 100 for $5.00 Postpaid.
FUN GUARANTEED! IMMEDIATE DELIVERY!
ORDER NOW!
SHERMAN
DEPT. C1, UMATILLA, OREGON 97882

BURIAL INSURANCE
Leave your loved ones a cash estate—not a pile of bills.................. $2,000 Policy to age 80. No salesman will call on you. Money Back Guarantee..........For FREE details write Crown Life of Illinois, 203 N. Wabash, Chicago, Illinois, 60601. Dept. 2026

REDUCIBLE
RUPTURE AGONY
Removed (or trial COSTS YOU NOTHING)



WHEN you slip into a low-cost, contour-designed Brooks Patented Air Cushion Appliance! Your reducible rupture will be held in securely yet gently—or the trial costs you nothing! This invention has made millions of sufferers happy. You can enjoy heavenly comfort night and day at work and play—or the Appliance costs you NOTHING. Isn't this worth a no-risk trial by you? If interested, write for free facts now.
BROOKS CO., 364-F State St., Marshall, Mich. 49068

STOP TOBACCO

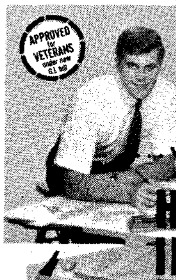
Banish the craving for tobacco as thousands have with Tobacco Redeemer. Write Today for free booklet telling of injurious effect of tobacco and of a treatment which has relieved over 300,000 people.
In Businness Since 1909
FREE BOOK
THE NEWELL COMPANY
Dept. K582 Chesterfield, Mo. 63017

ANNOUNCING THE RELEASE OF
Ma'am Jones of the Pecos, by Eve Ball. Price $7.00 including shipping.
Also, **Ruidoso, $2.00** and **Bob Crosby World Champion Cowboy, $6.50** by same Author.
and
History of the Lincoln County War by M. G. Fulton, edited by Robert Mullin. **Price $9.00.**
HOLLYWOOD BOOKS
Box 215, Hollywood, New Mexico 88335

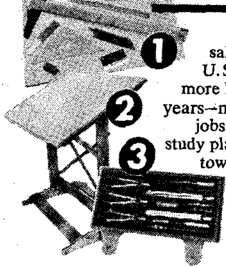
Black Beauty
CROSSBOW 80 LB PULL $29.50

add 1.95 postage
A BIG GAME WEAPON KILLS DEER, FOX, ETC.
adj'ble sights
Silent Powerful Accurate
Satis. Gtd.
incl. 2 target, 1 hunting & fishing arrows. Fishing attach., leather quiver.
Dept. TW
BILL'S MILITARY STORES, 224 W. FORSYTH, JACKSONVILLE, FLA. 32202
Illustrated Catalog 25c - FREE With Order

APPROVED for VETERANS under new G.I. bill



These 3 BIG DRAFTING KITS GIVEN TO YOU!
... when you train at home with NASD for a
HIGH PAY JOB IN DRAFTING!



Take your pick of 1000s big salary jobs open to Draftsmen. U.S. Labor Dept. reports "42% more Draftsmen needed in next 10 years—not enough applicants to fill jobs available now." Easy home-study plan has helped 100s beginners toward $$$$$, security, prestige as Draftsmen—many with only grade school training. Others report good earnings drafting part time while still learning. Why not you?

RUSH COUPON FOR FREE KIT!
Mail coupon for **FREE "DRAFTING CAREER KIT," Sample Lesson,** Drafting **Aptitude Test** including new **5-Way Drafting Instrument** & 20-Page **Book,** "Your Future in Drafting" — ALL FREE. No salesman will call. **G.I. Bill approved.** Write today.

YOUR FUTURE IN DRAFTING
APTITUDE TEST
SAMPLE LESSON

NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL OF DRAFTING, Dept. 1031
4500 Campus Drive, Newport, California 92660
Rush **"DRAFTING CAREER KIT,"** including Book, Sample Lesson, Aptitude Test & Drafting Instrument—**ALL FREE!**
NAME__________ AGE_____
ADDRESS__________
CITY________ STATE_____ ZIP_____

floor slowly, dead as he fell. Kelley, noticeably unshaken, placed his weapon in the crook of his arm and stamped calmly out of the place.

He was arrested a short time later and sentenced to a brief term in prison. After his release he was eventually killed by a deputy in a gunfight. What became of the woman has never been learned.

Stiles remained in Creede for several weeks, then headed for Raymond, Washington, where his stay was cut short by the killing of a man during an argument. He finally fell ill with muscular rheumatism and was confined, incognito, in a hospital in Madison, Wisconsin, for a period of six months during which time he was almost completely paralyzed. His expenses were paid by friends in the underworld. After his release he went to New York, much to his sorrow.

There in 1900 he engaged in a bitter argument with a man who, though Stiles did not know it, was unarmed. Mistaking the man's act of withdrawing a handkerchief from his hip pocket as an attempt to draw a gun, Stiles promptly unlimbered on him. In consequence, he was convicted for "taking human life" and sentenced to life imprisonment. Under an alias he served thirteen years of that sentence before winning a pardon. He then followed a natural tendency once again to go west.

There the old desire to steal swept over him like an all-engulfing monster. He got together a gang and planned to rob the Southern Pacific train between Chatsworth and Burbank.

"But," he said with great earnestness and a note of genuine gratitude, "God interfered with those plans, and I thank again the little lady in the mission who took the trouble to talk to me the night before the holdup, snatching me—as it were—from the very clutches of the devil!"

And so Bill Stiles lived out his days—a good Christian, a man respected by all who knew him. The last survivor of the original Jesse James outlaw band passed away in his sleep, August 16, 1939, in Los Angeles.

Carson City's Chinatown

(Continued from page 18)

egg up to his ear and shook it. He threw a few of them away as he mumbled, "This lotten." Others, "This velly good," were placed in a bowl. When the boys discovered that part of their horde of eggs were bad, they invented a system of putting all the eggs in the water trough, a few at a time. Those which floated were discarded and the ones which sank to the bottom were carefully placed in baskets, then brought down to Chinatown and sold.

One afternoon Marion and Lindsay, failing to find anything else to do, decided to hike down and visit "Jackass Sam," an old Chinese character with a corral of donkeys. His place was located just east of Carson City. Sam, always a friendly and easy-going man, often let the boys take the donkeys out and ride them—no charge.

They stuck around Sam's place until after sunset when old Sam left on an errand to Chinatown. The two boys, perched on the corral fence, watched him until he was out of sight, then looked at each other speculatively with the same thought in their scheming minds. Now would be an opportune time to borrow one of the donkeys and take it home for a few days. The donkey had a different idea and wanted to stay where he was. The boys were as stubborn as the donkey, and took turns pushing the uncooperative critter the three miles home. They reached the Clark mansion about midnight.

Then the problem arose, "Where are we going to hide this jackass so Grandfather Clark won't find out about it?" Lots of head-scratching and discussion took place between the two conspirators, and the decision was to take him up in the loft over the barn.

The next morning Jim was missing; he was nowhere to be found. Finally his uncle excitedly told Lindsay, "He lun away, he see Devil, you go find him Chinatown maybe." The boys trotted down into Chinatown to look for their friend. After a few hours' search they found Jim hiding in a closet at his home.

"What happened, Jim?" they asked him.

He looked at them and said over and over, "I saw the Devil, I saw the Devil."

When Lindsay and Clark finally had him calmed down Jim told them that he had been awakened during the night by a peculiar noise from the loft. He lit the lantern and went to the barn, but when he had climbed just a few steps toward the loft an awful face stared down at him. It was the face of the Unholy, with two red eyes and long whiskers. Jim panicked and not even his uncle could stop him from running all the way home to Chinatown. It took considerable explaining from the boys before Jim consented to come back with them to meet their Jackass Devil.

IN THE EARLY days there was no law against selling dope, and Chinatown's opium dens operated without interference. For a time the Indians were some of the Chinese's best customers, although at eight o'clock in the evening they had to clear out of Chinatown without fail. When the bell rang at the old Curry Engine Station, it meant curfew for the red man.

The police force which patrolled Chinatown consisted of one man making the rounds every so often on a bicycle. The solitary patrolman seemed to be sufficient except on one occasion. That time a crew of Chinese laborers nearly hanged a contractor, thinking he had cheated them on their wages. Unable to cope with the situation the lone officer of the law pedaled his bike full speed up to the firehouse on Musser Street to get help. Their fire hoses soon dispersed the would-be lynchers.

If a Chinese did run into trouble with the law, to find a witness to testify truthfully was hard. It was discovered early that a Chinese had no respect for our way of taking an oath in court, with his hand on the Bible. However, most

Chinese took an oath seriously if it were made over a freshly killed fowl, accompanied by the burning of punk and squibs and with reference to sacred ancestors. There was no allowance, of course, in Carson City or any other Nevada court for such a procedure, but in frustration it finally came into use. When a Chinese witness was sworn in, the bailiff brought in a squawking and indignant chicken, wrung its neck, and then placed it beneath the hand of the Chinese on the stand. At times, in desperation, court attendants would burn punk, squib and occasionally employ fireworks to extract information from a reluctant witness.

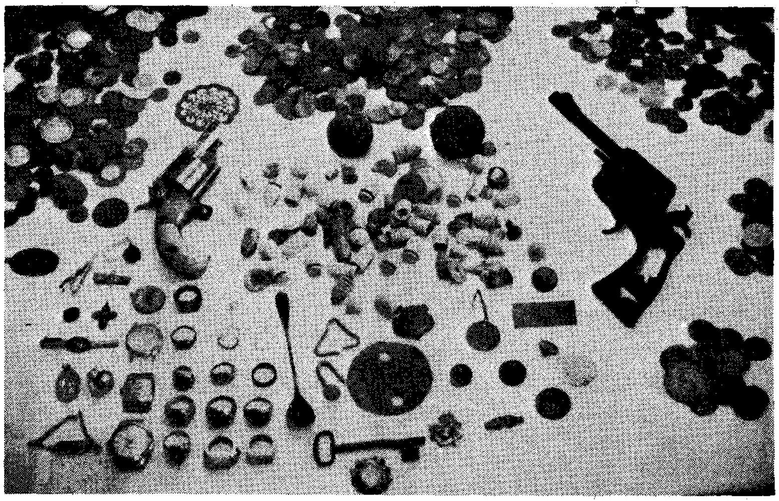
One of the few quaint landmarks in Carson City Chinatown which had withstood the elements and progress until just recently was the Chinese Masonic Hall. The lodge already had a membership of 300 before the building was constructed in 1883. On the top of a pole close to the structure were cut-out letters of wood reading, "CHINESE FREE MASONIC HALL." Similar Chinese characters were also painted above the entrance. During the last few years of its existence it was occupied by an aged Chinese gentleman. After his death the building stood deserted and eventually became the property of Ormsby County. Shortly before it was demolished Sheriff Harold Brooks ventured inside the old lodge and found the original altar still intact. He placed it in the Nevada State Museum at Carson City where it is now. The translation of the Chinese characters on the altar top reads, "GREAT INSPIRATION FOR HEAVENLY POWERS." In the altar's left wing is a list of patrons who furnished money for the construction of the hall. The altar is equipped with pewter urns to hold large incense sticks. Gilt and tinsel flowers decorate the panel screen which encompasses the altar. This lodge never acquired a Masonic charter, and is said to have been merely patterned upon the Masonic order when it was organized in 1865.

In the late 1930s there were only seven buildings remaining of the Carson City Chinatown, the rest having been torn down or destroyed by fire. Of the two largest buildings one was a two-story structure of stone near the corner of Valley and Third Streets which once housed the Nam Wau Company. Here various household articles, bric-a-brac, and candy could be bought. The other, on the opposite corner, also a two-story, was once occupied by Buck Soo's Chinese Restaurant. Because of his excellent food, Buck's place was frequently visited by Carson City residents.

The Chinese used a tread mill similar to a water wheel to supply water for the community. The well was located at Third and Fall Streets.

In 1893 the Silver Purchase Act was repealed and Nevada's population began to decline. Then in 1898 the Carson City Mint became an assay office. Lean days were at hand and Virginia City was becoming a ghost town. The mines were shut down and the mighty steam boilers, which for years had consumed tons of

$ TREASURE HUNTING $
PROVES TO BE LUCRATIVE HOBBY!



Ernest J. Clark writes; "In three weeks since I received my Gardiner Model 190A Metal Detector, I have found a total of approximately $685 worth of miscellaneous coins, jewelry and artifacts. Some of the coins dated back to 1802. I think the features of this metal detector are really way ahead of all the other makes, especially in the fact that it will distinguish bottle caps and other worthless items."

Free catalog of our patented metal detectors gives comparison tests of different makes.

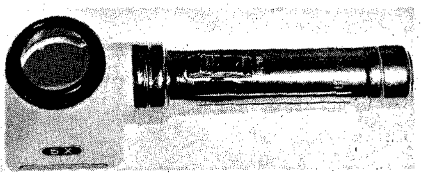
GARDINER ELECTRONICS
Dept. 34 4729 N. 7th Avenue • Phoenix, Arizona 85013

OLD TIME BOTTLE PUBLISHING COMPANY
611 Lancaster Drive N.E.
Salem, Oregon 97301 Dept. TW

BOOKS ON
BOTTLE COLLECTING
. . . *a Specialty!*
Wholesale—Retail

Send for free photo illustrative catalogue.
A wide selection of collectors publications available.

NOW!
16" DEERSKIN
SCOUT BOOT
Comfort, durability, protection, and good looks. Genuine heavyweight deerskin. Hand-molded thick rawhide sole, foam-padded leather-lined insole. Drawstring under fringed flap. Buffalo-brown suede
Order yours today!
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
Ladies' — 4-10 N. & M.... **$17.95**
Men's — 6-13 N. & M..... **$19.95**
SEND FOR FREE CATALOG
ORDER USUAL SHOE SIZE.
LARGEST MAIL-ORDER
MOCCASIN SPECIALISTS
SERVING YOU DIRECT
ADD 50c HANDLING CHG.
$2.00 DEPOSIT ON C.O.D.'S.
OUTDOOR WORLD
Div. of Western Brands FT-1
ESTES PARK, COLO. 80517
PHONE 303: 586-3361



See What Natural Gold Really Looks Like with this new beautiful 5 power pocket battery powered *flashlight magnifying glass*. A host of uses. Comes with a small NUGGET, ready to operate. Weight 4½ oz. Price only $3.95, prepaid and insured to you. *May be shipped* C.O.D.

WHITE'S ELECTRONICS, INC.
1011 Pleasant Valley Road, Room 400
Sweet Home, Oregon 97386

40 TIMBERED ACRES
$1650 TOTAL PRICE
WASH.-IDAHO-MONT.

$50 Down—$25 month, in Northern Idaho, Northeastern Washington, and Western Montana. In the heart of lakes and big game country. All covered with growing timber. Access, Title insurance with each tract. This is select land with natural beauty, recreational and investment values. Your inspection welcomed. Write us for free list, maps and complete information. We have tracts of many types and sizes from which to choose, including beautiful Northwest Waterfront property on the Pend Oreille, Priest, and Kettle rivers; and property on Pend Oreille Lake.

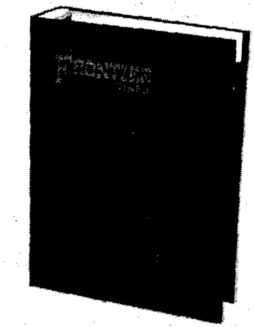
Write to: Dept. H2A

REFORESTATION inc.

P.O. Box 8146, Spokane, Wash. 99203

TREASURE
METAL-MINERAL DETECTORS
FREE 128 page CATALOG
GENERAL ELECTRONIC DETECTION
16238 Lakewood Blvd., Bellflower, Calif. 90706

Frontier Times Multiple Binder



Only $3.00 each Postpaid

- Now you may obtain a sturdy binder with fine simulated leather cover for your copies of FRONTIER TIMES at just $3.00 each, postpaid.
- FRONTIER TIMES is stamped in gold on the cover and the backbone. There are beautiful, four-color photographs on inside front and inside back cover.
- Convenient, easy to handle, it holds 10-12 issues. (Many back issues available.) No punching or mutilation of your copies necessary. You'll like it on your bookshelf!

FRONTIER TIMES
P.O. Box 3668, Austin, Texas 78704

I am enclosing $............Send...... binders at $3.00 each to the following:

Name ....
Address ....
City .... State ....

wood per day, stood cold and deserted. Lumber—no longer needed—had been the main source of income for the people of Carson City's Chinatown.

The flumes, now useless, were closed and discarded and the rich lifegiving water which flowed down so freely from the mountains had ceased. This precious water had served to irrigate the Chinese's extensive vegetable farms. Farming had to be abandoned. The exodus from Carson City Chinatown to greener pastures went on until only a few old-timers remained. The part of Chinatown which had not been destroyed by fires was finally torn down to make way for modern structures. Now nothing is left.

Lost Wagontrain of the Cimarron

(Continued from page 19)

burner' but to be sure I don't get your meaning wrong just what is it?"

"A foot burner is a walking plow." Then as if I might not know what a walking plow was he added, "A plow with only one bottom, or a plow that was pulled with two horses or mules in front, a man pushing behind, and turning over just one furrow at a time." That should have been plain enough for any greenhorn, and we got back to his story.

I was asking him at one point how many children he had and he said ten. I asked if the kids were all born here in this 'dobe house.

"Yep," he laughed, "and the same midwife helped with a lot of them." Then came another black and blue spot on my leg as he whacked me a good one, and lowered his voice. "The midwife was quite an old gal and she used plain words to say what she was thinking," he said. "My wife was having a little trouble with one of our babies and I was poking wood in the old Home Comfort range to keep the house warm and the water hot. The midwife came from the bedroom into the kitchen and I asked her how my wife was doing. She said, 'All right' and, without stopping on her way to the range, commented in a matter-of-fact way, 'People get into places a lot easier than they get out of them'."

HE TOLD ME ABOUT the time he was so scared he was shaking the "dugout floor." And when he had done something a little mean and felt sorry for it he wanted to "put a rope in soak and beat myself over the head with it." He mentioned some fellow he had worked with on a ranch as "hawk-eyed." I said I had heard of "hawk-nosed" fellows—was there any connection?

"Nope," he said, "anybody who could tell you what was over a hill without having been there, we just called hawk-eyed."

I asked him if not being able to speak English when he arrived in this country ever got him into any funny situations. After a short pause while a stream of Redman shot into the air he said, "Well, I can think of a few that wasn't so funny. There was one expression that bothered me for a long time before I ever found out what it meant. Quite often whenever a pretty gal would pass, or the boys in the bunkhouse would be talking about some cow-poke's girlfriend, they would say, 'She's a bone-eater.' I didn't know what they meant and was a little shy on asking them about it. Finally I was with some Mexican *vaqueros* for a while and found out what the cowboys had been saying was Mexican or Spanish for 'beautiful' or 'pretty'—a *bonita*."

I got my lost wagontrain information when I told him I had an old map of his area and wanted him to look at it. We spread it out on our laps.

"Wait a minute until I get my glasses on," he said. "I get along pretty good without them until I want to read fine print." (Not bad for a man who was ninety in June of this year. He does not wear a hearing aid, either.)

I had marked Cold Springs on the map. He looked at it and told me I had it in the wrong location. He moved it over about five miles and said, "It's right here." I then asked him about any hills near the spring. "Oh, there are small hills all over the place," he said. "I used to go to one of them when I needed some iron and pick up some of the old wagon wheel rims lying around."

I just about fell off the sofa and asked him which hill. He told me the hill, and it jibes with my information of the wagontrain's being about five miles from Cold Springs, near the Upper Springs of the Cimarron.

This incident is a perfect example of the unexpected way you can sometimes run across information that heretofore had eluded you. The old people of any given area may be able to save you days of looking and miles of walking if you piece together what they know with what you know.

Nuggets

(Continued from page 35)

shipped from the mines in Idaho and silver from the mines in Arizona. Both ventures were financed by eastern capital. It is difficult to determine how much development in the West was caused by this need for hard cash.

Several letters, written by the scared-to-death young adventurer in the infant Arizona Territory, were discovered recently in the possession of Swain's son at Clarkston, Washington. In these letters, and in the recollections of his children, Swain comes to life, a hundred years later.

CROSSING THE Isthmus of Panama by train, with the thermometer at 105° on Christmas Day, Swain proceeded to San Francisco by boat and signed on there with the mining company. Before they left the City by the Golden Gate, the nine men traveling together had their pictures made by Silas Selleck, Photographic Artist, 415 Montgomery Street (two doors from Wells Fargo).

They boarded the steamship *Sierra Nevada* at San Francisco on January 11 and steamed around Baja California, arriving at Mazatlan eleven days later. They stopped only at Cape St. Leucens on the southern point of the peninsula. After two days of provisioning, with perhaps a little Mexican entertainment thrown in for good measure, their covered wagons pulled out, headed for Tucson.

"They pay me expenses from here and wages from the time I start," Swain wrote to his sister Mary on January 3, 1864. "I get pretty small pay but I may get more after I have been there a spell if the Apaches don't cut my head off. This they may do, but I cannot tell. I tell you, Mary, that this is a pretty desperate move. I expect a rough time, and some danger, but hope to come out good as new. The Indians are troublesome down there, but you know that nothing ventured, nothing gained.

"I have heard big yarns about these new places, and I think I shall find it new enough there."

As he made his evening rounds one night after reaching the mining camp, an Indian arrow whizzed past his head, knocked off his soft hat, and pulled a few strands of his thick straight hair, his relatives recall.

Sometimes the Apaches seemed more sly than vicious. They liked to hide in a ravine close to the stock corral until the guard was on the opposite side of his appointed round. Then they silently released and stole as many head of stock as they had the time to untie before the guard returned.

At this period, Arizona contained only a few scattered mines up the Santa Cruz Valley as marks of white civilization outside the San Xavier and Tubac Missions. Seeing the preface of their own doom as a native people, the Indians raided these outposts regularly, killing the men, burning the compound and driving away or stealing the stock.

It required many years for the United States Army to convince the Apaches that the supply of white people was endless while the supply of red people was not. Surely Swain found the territory "new enough."

BECAUSE OF THE regular attacks, Pennipacker, the other guard, had orders to fire a signal shot every hour on the hour, and Swain had orders to return the shot, indicating that all was well. Each had his own patrol beat.

The wind, howling as it can howl only out on the lonely deserts, ripped the sound away from the muzzle of the rifle, carrying it far out onto the desert. Swain, unable to hear it from his location, failed to respond. Pennipacker decided that the Apaches had crept up through the dirt and dust and wind and quietly murdered young Swain, made off with the animals under cover of the storm—or perhaps that they were still working at this nefarious deed. So he crept down to the corral as quietly as possible. The animals were there. This caused even greater caution on the part of Pennipacker, who squirmed on his stomach along the side of the corral toward where Swain should be. His rifle was ready, his nerves taut.

Standing his guard as usual, despite swirling clouds of dust and grit, bits of weeds thrown against him, wind and cold pulling at him, Swain saw motion at the side of the corral. He brought his

FIND BURIED TREASURE!
Regular ~~$18.88~~ now only $15.88
10-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
TREASURE PROBE
This is the same treasure probe that is widely advertised for $18.88. Now order direct for only $15.88 plus $1.00 shipping charge. Guaranteed to detect buried gold, silver, coins, battlefield relics, etc. Used by professionals and amateurs the world over. Fully transistorized. Uses standard 9-Volt battery, 5-inch search coil. COMPLETELY WIRED. Not a kit. Weighs under 1½ pounds. Send $16.88 cash, check, money order for postpaid shipment or $3.00 and pay $13.88 plus small C.O.D. fee when delivered.
TREASURE, BOX 10947, HOUSTON, TEXAS 77018. Enclosed is $____
Please send____treasure probes, complete, ready to operate, for only $15.88 each plus $1.00 shipping.
Name____
Address____
City____
State____Zip____

FIND TREASURE
GOLD • SILVER • RELICS • METALS
WITH POWERFUL
METROTECH Locators
Low Cost • High Performance
Money-back Guarantee
WRITE FOR DETAILS TO DEPT. 2A
UNDERGROUND EXPLORATIONS • Box 793 • Menlo Park, California 94025

$ $ $ TREASURE $ $ $
21 Authentic Accounts—Maps
Send Only $1 for
Treasure Trove
TO:
Golden West Associates
P. O. Box 1522
Boise, Idaho 83701

Books Found . . .
Out-of-print books at lowest prices!
You name it—we find it!
Western Americana and Indian Books a specialty. Fast service. Send us your wants—no obligation.
International Bookfinders
Box 3003-TW Beverly Hills, Calif.

HAVE YOUR
POEMS
SET TO MUSIC
See how your words can be turned into a song. Songs recorded, phonograph records made. Send your best poems or songs for prompt FREE information.
CROWN MUSIC CO.
49 West 32 St. Studio 299, New York 10001

Authors!
Your book can be published, promoted, distributed by successful, reliable company. Fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly, religious and even controversial manuscripts welcomed. Free Editorial Report. For Free Booklet write Vantage Press, Dept. FT, 120 W. 31 St., New York 1.

FIND BURIED TREASURE!
10-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
TREASURE PROBE
WAS $18.88
NOW $15.88
ALL TRANSISTORIZED
3-ft. portable detector widely advertised for $18.88 now only $15.88 plus $1.00 shipping. Finds buried gold, silver, coins, nuggets, jewelry, war relics. NOT A KIT. Complete with earphone and 9-Volt battery. Ready to operate. Send only $16.95 for postpaid shipment or $3.00 deposit for C.O.D. to TREASURE, Dept. K-203 Box 10947, HOUSTON, TEXAS 77018.

RUPTURE RELIEF!
GUARANTEED!
TRY THIS TRUSS FOR 30 DAYS FREE!
OR YOUR MONEY BACK IN FULL!
Lasting, comfortable relief for your reducible inguinal rupture. Prove it. Give WEB a trial. If not completely satisfied return it within 30 days for full refund of purchase price. Write for free booklet.
WEB TRUSS CO. Dept. FT-1 Hagerstown, Md.

CATFISH
Channel, Blue, Albino and Opelousas catfish. Fingerlings, yearlings, or stockers. Goldfish, shiners and experimental fish. For private or commercial lakes and ponds. Live delivery guaranteed. Wholesale or retail.
SABINE FISH HATCHERY
P.O. Box 503 Newton, Texas 75966

MAPS TO GHOST TOWNS
New Book Titled "California Ghost Town Trails" has 36 maps showing the way to 90 California ghost towns with mileage to the tenth of a mile. 36 photographs show the old towns as they appear today. Find old bottles, western relics, antiques, buried treasure. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Order now. Only $2.95. A. L. Abbott, Dept. 71, P.O. Box 4262, Anaheim, California 92803. *California residents add 5% sales tax.*

American-Old West Indian Relics
Large Free List—Arrowheads 10 for $3.00, Birdpoints 10 for $5.00. Fine arrowheads 10 for $5.00, extra fine arrowheads 5 for $5.00. Spearheads 5 for $5.00. Pottery and special collectors and museum specimens. HYDE'S, Box 2304, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501.

See Special Christmas Gift Offer On Back Cover

rifle to his shoulder and challenged, "Who goes there?"

"It's me, you blankety blank, blank! Why didn't you answer my signal shot?" and Guard Pennipacker gave Swain a full load of wrath and indignation for failing to answer the shot.

Being a good and dutiful son, when he wrote to his mother in April of 1864, he told no tales of marauding Indians, desert cloudbursts, or snakes, spiders, rodents and other varmints which probably made up their share of troubles on the desert.

"We have beautiful weather . . . most of the time it is warm and clear as June or July. We have not had any rain since March until today. We had no snow all winter until the 20th of March when it snowed up in the mountains and lasted about a week. I don't believe in freezing up eight months in the year.

"What little money I get is hard cash and you know that will be more than the same number of greenbacks." Paper dollars were devaluated to about forty cents by the Civil War in the East.

"This is a rather poor looking country . . . if it was not for the mines. This is one of the richest mineral countries in the world. You can barely get forty rocks without seeing silver beads, but I think that few of them will ever pay to work, for everything is very dear—flour is 12 cents a pound, sugar is 75 cents a pound."

As his contracted six-months guard period drew to a close, Swain debated with himself. Should he stay or should he go? The mining company offered more money; the work was not too hard; the climate was pleasant. On the other hand, and overshadowing all other arguments, the Indians kept threatening. Stories of burned mines, massacred miners and stolen ponies were originating within five miles of the Arizona Mining Company's operation. There was the desolate appearance of the country, few friends, and little to occupy the twelve or so hours daily that he didn't stand guard over the mine, its men and livestock.

Finally he decided, and in midsummer he said goodbye to the bleak hills and the Arizona Mining Company. With a $600 grubstake, he returned to San Francisco, then went to Oregon where settlers were taking up fertile valley land in the Willamette River valley.

The week after he left, the murderous Apaches descended upon the camp, ill feeling welling in their bronzed hearts, and swiftly and silently killed the guard, burned the compound and dealt death to the miners. All but three.

How those three escaped can be only conjecture. There is no clear record. Perhaps they snatched the fastest ponies and outraced the Indians. Perhaps they hid behind rocks; perhaps they feigned death and were lucky.

However, through those three who survived, the Arizona Mining Company lived on and was incorporated by the State of Arizona as late as 1941. The charter was revoked in 1952, and only one annual report was filed—that for 1941 with the Arizona Corporation Commission.

CRAZY CURES FOR MAN & BEAST

By Frost Woodhull

(Written in 1929)

I HAVE COLLECTED some 300 home remedies. I undertook the work at Frank Dobie's request and have discovered that my 300 family-cures have done no more than scratch the surface.

The high points of pioneer existence—the Indians fights, outlaws, stampedes, etc.,—have been covered but the homely and everyday incidents are ignored. To me these low spots show more clearly than the high spots what the pioneer family had to contend with. Doctors were few and far between and veterinary science was unknown. About all the pioneer had to use were the materials at hand, and he used them with a curious admixture of doubt and humor, faith and satisfaction. Most of the home remedies are based upon the use of fire, water, smoke, pepper, salt, grease, the plant life around, physical force and, down along the Rio Grande, an occasional resort to the supernatural. Let me illustrate:

Ant-bite:—Strong solution of salt and grease or salt and water.—Colonel Goodnight, Clarendon.

Asthma:—The Jimson weed was used for asthmatic trouble.—Henry T. Fletcher.

Asthma:—The leaves of the evergreen sumac were used in relieving asthma. —Ellen D. Schultz.

Belly-ache (Horse):—Set fire to gunny-sack. Place the burning sack in a bucket and hold the bucket under the horse's nose so that he will breathe the smoke.—Edgar Kincaid, Sabinal, Texas.

Bleeding:—Where an artery is cut, sear with a hot iron. Where a vein is cut, apply a mixture of charred feathers and cobwebs and bind these on the cut. —Tom Short.

Blemish on a horse:—The one that I have seen used for most every kind of a blemish on a horse is "sebo" or tallow rubbed in well with a hot bone.—Richard King, Corpus Christi, Texas.

Botts:—Use a tea made from tobacco and mix it with sorghum molasses. Drench the horse with the mixture. Botts like sorghum molasses and they turn loose to eat the molasses and then get sick on the tobacco tea.—Geo. W. Saunders, San Antonio, Texas.

Castration:—Castrate only when the signs of the Zodiac are low. Cool dry weather is best. Don't castrate when it is cold and wet.—Tom Short.

Colic (Horse):—Tie the horse down and whip his belly with a wet rope.—Gallie Bogel, Fabens, Texas.

Colic (Human Beings):—The Mexicans prepared an emetic for colic by brewing the leaves of the black brush.—Henry T. Fletcher.

Distemper:—A teaspoon of coal-oil in each ear; then ride or drive the animal. It'll make the phlegm turn loose right now.—Ab Blocker, Big Wells, Texas.

Earache:—Melt the grub of a dirt dauber in a spoon and pour the melted grub in the ear. The grub turns into a fine clear oil.—Frank Dobie.

Gunshot wound:—One of the remedies for gunshot wound where medical aid was not available was to merely keep a wet rag on the wound until it healed, and personally I found this to be very efficacious.—W. W. Collier, San Antonio, Texas.

Felon:—Strong lye and tobacco boiled together, thickened with cornmeal, as a poultice.—From the notebook of J. H. Polly, 1836.

Film over the eye:—Don't whip the horse over the head.—John M. Doak, Del Rio, Texas.

And so it goes. I am busy now accumulating ranch remedies for founder, freckles, hollow-horn, lampers, lockjaw, lumpjaw, malaria, nose-bleed, poison oak, rattlesnake bites, rheumatism, ringworm, rope burned hands, scours, screw-worms, skunk bite, sore-back horses, sore eyes, sore throat, splint, sprains, joint trouble, sweeny, tapeworm, teething babies, tonics, toothache, venereal diseases, warts and yellow fever, all ailments of man or beast that the pioneer was heir to.

THE POLITICIAN OF WHISKEY FLAT

By Ben T. Traywick

DICK KEYS precipitated the Kern River gold rush to the Greenhorn Mountains in 1855. Keysville was named in his honor. Somewhat later Lovely Rogers made a discovery eight miles from Keysville. His strike was known as the Big Blue Mine. The camp itself was called Quartzburg and was to become an unusual gold camp due to the fact that the majority of its residents did not drink at all and the sale or consumption of any type alcohol was completely discouraged.

Now the average type gold miner or prospector could not live with these customs. They believed that a man who worked hard should be allowed to "throw a drunk" and blow off steam every once in awhile. Consequently those with these beliefs and those with a thirst moved downriver about two miles and established their own camp which came to be known as Whiskey Flat. It became the wildest, toughest, loudest, hell-raisingest camp in California. Wicked as it was, it outlasted pious Quartzburg by many years and was later known as Kernville.

Gold, whiskey, and sin flowed freely at the height of Whiskey Flat's glory. To this wild, ripsnortin' diggings there came one Waldo Flannery. Waldo was a big man with a big smile, a booming voice, and an inexhaustible supply of gold. It was only a short time until he was the best liked and the most respected man in the camp.

Waldo had a yearning to go into politics and here where he was so popular seemed a likely place to start. He wanted to be the first justice of the peace of Whiskey Flat. His many friends were enthusiastic and encouraging. They knew, however, that his adversary had quite a following also and that the election would be a scorching humdinger of a race.

Advertising, they concluded, was what Waldo needed. Every building, tree, post, and rock would be covered with posters and placards. Each one would bear a picture of the candidate. Waldo heartily agreed to the posters and placards, but modestly declined the photos, saying the voters would think him conceited.

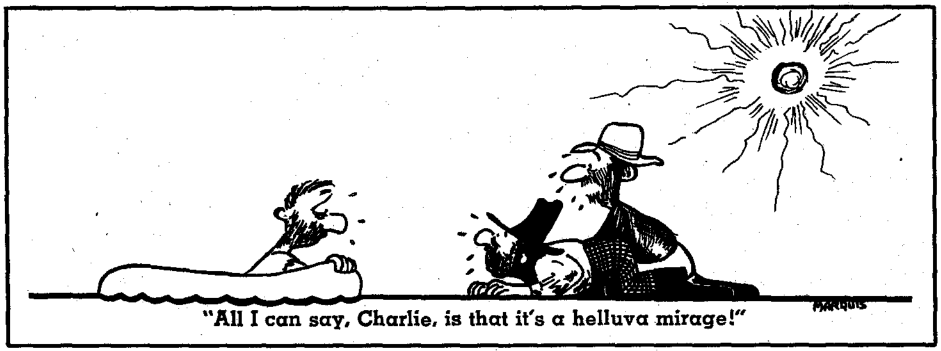
Aided by an adequate supply of liquid refreshment the boys decided there must be a picture of the candidate in order to make the campaign effective. Finally a miner was found who, though a bit unsteady, could draw a pretty fair picture of Waldo. A rider was sent to Sacramento with the drawing, and a woodcut was made. When the engraving reached Whiskey Flat it and the posters were rushed to the only printer in camp.

The printer and his elderly helper were dead drunk in the small lean-to behind the print shop. With a great deal of difficulty the men succeeded in explaining the job they wished to have done.

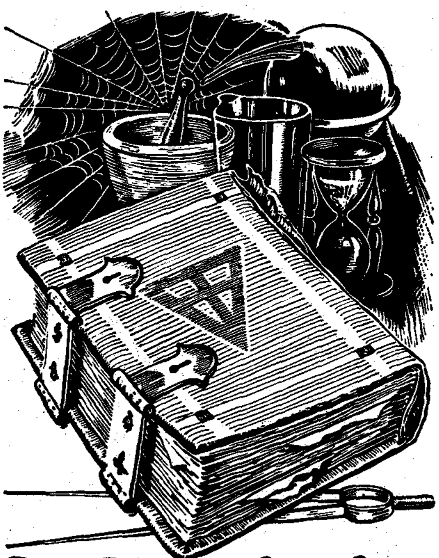
Election time was only a few hours away so the bleary-eyed printer labored through the night to have the posters completed by morning. Just as dawn broke over Whiskey Flat he gave the finished posters to his helper to post through the town. As the voters flocked into town bright and early the smiling face of Waldo Flannery beamed down at them from every post, tree, and building.

Waldo must have seen the posters because he disappeared unnoticed, and Whiskey Flat neither saw nor heard of him again.

The unsteady status of the printer had caused him to place the wrong type on Waldo's posters but in spite of that, Waldo would have won the election if he had stayed in town, for the voters of Whiskey Flat admitted that they respected and admired any man who was truthful enough to advertise that he was wanted for stagecoach robbery and breaking jail!



"All I can say, Charlie, is that it's a helluva mirage!"



SECRETS ENTRUSTED TO A FEW

The Unpublished Facts of Life

THERE are some things that can not be generally told—*things you ought to know.* Great truths are dangerous to some—but factors for *personal power* and *accomplishment* in the hands of those who understand them. Behind the tales of the miracles and mysteries of the ancients, lie centuries of their secret probing into nature's laws—their amazing discoveries of *the hidden processes of man's mind,* and *the mastery of life's problems.* Once shrouded in mystery to avoid their destruction by mass fear and ignorance, these facts remain a useful heritage for the thousands of men and women who privately use them in their homes today.

THIS BOOK FREE

The Rosicrucians (not a religious organization), an age-old brotherhood of learning, have preserved this secret wisdom in their archives for centuries. *They now invite you to share the practical helpfulness of their teachings.* Write today for a free copy of the book, "The Mastery of Life." Within its pages may lie a new life of opportunity for you. Address: Scribe P.H.O.

The ROSICRUCIANS
(AMORC)
San Jose California 95114, U.S.A.

SEND THIS COUPON

Scribe P.H.O.
The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)
San Jose, California 95114

Please send me the free book, *The Mastery of Life,* which explains how I may learn to use my faculties and powers of mind.

Name..
Address.......................................
City..
PLEASE INCLUDE YOUR ZIP CODE

GET 'EM NOW! BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE...

If you secured the first eighteen issues of OLD WEST as they hit the newsstands, you now have a set of COMPLETE rare book reprints worth $937.50 (book dealer value of the original editions). If you did not, then latch on to these collector issues while our limited stock is still available at the original newsstand price! These books, in addition to the bonanza of stories, articles and features by America's top western authors, go to make up a stockpile of great western reading that will be as interesting ten years from now as it is today.

OW1-50c

OW2-50c

OW3-50c

OLD WEST
$15.00 BOOK BONUS!
JACK HAYS

OW4-50c

OW5-50c

OLD WEST
$15.00 BOOK BONUS

OW6-50c

OW7-50c

OW8-50c

OW9-50c

OW10-50c

OW11-50c

OW12-50c

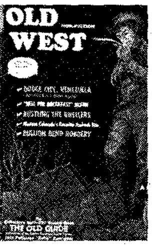
OW13-50c

OW14-50c

OW15-50c

OW16-50c

OW17-50c


OLD WEST
DODGE CITY, VENEZUELA
BUSTING THE RUSTLERS
PIGEON BEND ROBBERY

OW18-50c

THEY SIMPLY WON'T LAST LONG . . . SO ORDER NOW!

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, P. O. Box 3668, Austin, Texas 78704

THE WAY

TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES never get out of date. Filled with the timeless sagas of the Old West, the back issues are fascinating to read, and to keep. Begin the interesting hobby of collecting them, and watch their value grow as they become more and more scarce. As soon as we sell out of a back issue, collectors immediately begin asking $1, $5 or more for a copy—and getting it!

Issues on this page are available now, but won't be for long. Why don't you take advantage of this offer—pick a few back issues to try. Each issue has the same high quality, factual Old West material you expect and get from current issues.

And don't forget that TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are really the same type magazine—we are just sneaky enough to issue them under different titles so they will stay on the newsstands longer. Order now, before it's too late!

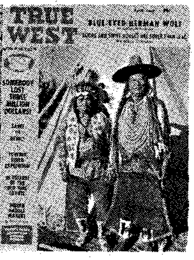
WESTERN PUBLICATIONS

Box 3668-B I **Austin, Texas 78704**

NOTICE: Western Publications will give a 10% discount on all back issue orders totalling $30.00 or more.

78TW-35c

79TW-35c



80TW-35c

22FT-35c

Frontier Times

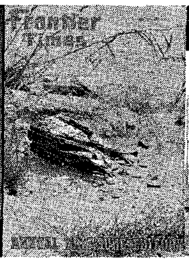
27FT-35c

Frontier Times

29FT-$1.00

Frontier Times

30FT-$1.00


Frontier Times

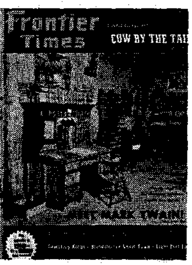
31FT-35c

Frontier Times

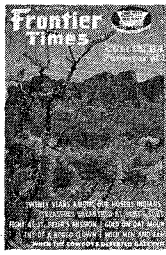
32FT-35c

Frontier Times

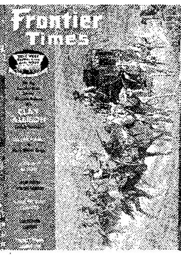
33FT-35c


Frontier Times

34FT-35c


Frontier Times

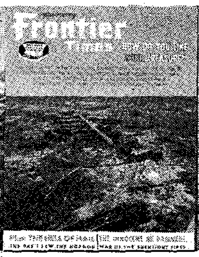
43FT-35c


Frontier Times

44FT-35c

Frontier Times

45FT-35c


Frontier Times

46FT-35c

Frontier Times
I CORNERED A LION UNDERGROUND!

47FT-35c

Frontier Times
WILL ROGERS and CHARLIE
MOUNT FRANKLIN'S LOST TREASURE

48FT-35c

Frontier Times

49FT-35c

Frontier Times
COUNTRY JAKE

50FT—35c

THE WEST REALLY WAS!

47TW-35c

48TW-35c

49TW-35c

50TW-35c

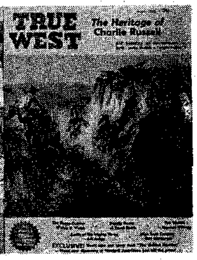
51TW-35c

No Longer Available
53TW-35c

54TW-35c

55TW-35c

56TW-35c


57TW-35c

58TW-35c

59TW-35c

60TW-35c

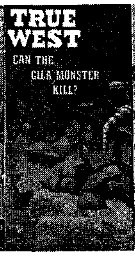
61TW-35c

62TW-35c

63TW-35c

64TW-35c

65TW-35c

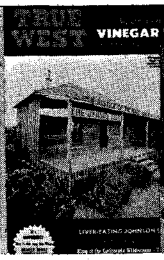

66TW-35c

67TW-35c

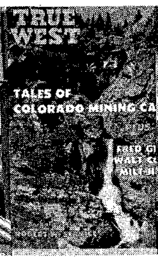
68TW-35c

69TW-35c

70TW-35c


71TW-35c

72TW-35c


73TW-35c

74TW-53c

75TW-35c

76TW-35c

77TW-35c

81TW-35c

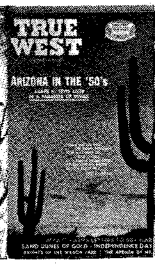
82TW-35c

83TW-35c

84TW-35c

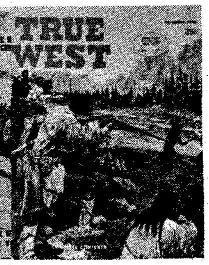
85TW-35c

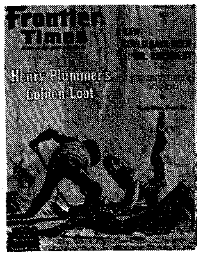
86TW-35c

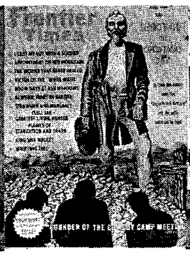

87TW-35c

88TW-35c

89TW-35c

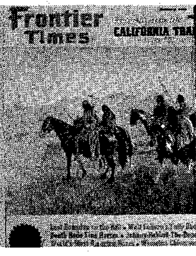

90TW-35c


35FT-35c


36FT-35c

37FT-35c

38FT-35c

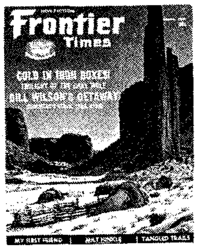

39FT-35c

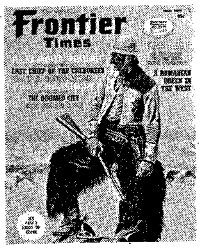
40FT-35c

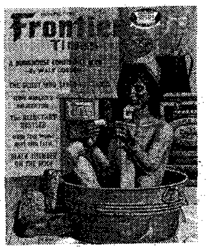
41FT-35c

42FT-35c

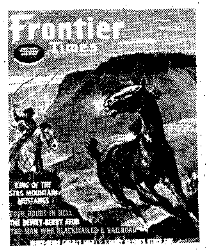
51FT-35c


52FT-35c


53FT-35c

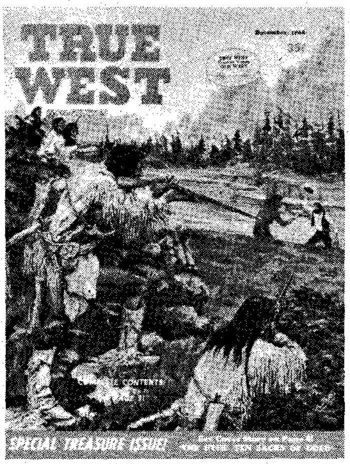

54FT-35c

55FT-50c


56FT-35c

57FT-35c

TRUE WEST
TREASURE
ISSUE



Loads of interesting stories by well known authors!

★ *denotes treasure story*

★ **THE UTES' TEN SACKS OF GOLD**
by John B. Marshall and Temple H. Cornelius

THE LOVE OF SIX-TOED PETE
by Reno "Dad" Ingles and Richard Summers

BILLY WITH A GUN
by S. Omar Barker

★ **THE BURIED MERCURY**
by Maurice Kildare

HELD PRISONER BY GRIZZLIES!
by Tom Bailey

PHANTOM MESSAGE FROM CAYUGA SPRINGS
by E. H. Brewington

THE FABLED FRENCH-INDIAN CHRIS COLOMBE
by Ted Colombe

★ **TREASURE HUNTER WITH KNOW-HOW**
by C. L. Packer

★ **SYMBOLS AND SIGNS**
by Raymond Dow

CAVALRYMAN TURNED RANCHER
by Ethel Kimball

★ **"BLOOD FLINT" AND GOLD**
by Bob Thomas

And lots more!

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

Ask for the December issue.
On sale at your newsstand NOW!

A Desperate Gamble

(Continued from page 41)

here that sometime prior to our sojourn a great amount of gold was removed from a small excavation and this, of course, was the magnet which attracted all gold hunters. By a strange quirk of Mother Nature, this precious metal was left in a liquid state. Supposedly only one other place was known where liquid gold was found in its natural state—some place in Colorado.

I guess the gold deposit was all removed from Dugway before we got there for our prospecting was fruitless and all my father got for his pains were 35,000 shares of worthless stock in the Iowa Buckhorn Mining Company and these were many years later consigned to the furnace.

The wild horses still roam the area of Dugway although this section of the country is not the lone desert as I knew it. The military has taken over. I have heard that the horses now graze on the lawns of residents in this community, the one known as "Easy Area." Riding clubs maintain privately-owned mounts and stables but the wild horses refuse to cooperate. The modern and the primitive, side by side, provide an intriguing picture of the "Old West." Not far from the old wagon trails, wild animals roam close to modern paved roads and the latest modes in transportation. I am sure the coyotes still howl at night when the moon is full.

Prison Break!

(Continued from page 15)

I WAITED FOR what seemed to be a half hour or so; yet no Coffey. I became worried, especially about the string King was to use on the men. I decided to go to where they were and cut off one of my trouser legs to be used as tie string, for the goods in them was strong and nearly new. I ran down the road—over the hump looking from side to side for sight of the men but no one was in sight. Directly I heard a shout from the south and a little back of me. Turning and looking in the direction of the sound, I saw Coffey coming down what appeared to be a long hill extending down into the draw from the west whereas the draw ran north and south.

I walked out in the meadow-like prairie to meet Coffey and upon nearing to within speaking distance I said to him, "Coffey, that King will tie those men up with that rotten string and they'll be loose and after us before we can get away from here." When Coffey got up close to me he was out of breath from running—but not running alone, for Coffey had seen something happen which helped to shorten his breath. With tears in his eyes and half sobbing, said he, "The men don't need tying, Joe. Teel shot them." It was a shock to Coffey and he showed it.

He asked me what was wrong with the car and after I had explained it to him he took off in a limping dog trot in the direction of the car.

I, too, was shocked. Murder, thought I. We didn't come out here to murder. Thought I, I'll kill Teel and go for help. Then I remembered what the possemen south of Wagner, South Dakota had told Coffey, "We're not supposed to let Foremen surrender. The warden doesn't want him back alive." So I gave up the idea of killing Teel and thereupon returned to the car.

Joe Foreman in later years.

Within a few moments King came and within another minute or so Teel showed up. Teel was frothing mad. On approaching the car he raised his gun to level it at Coffey, shouting at Coffey thus: "What did you say no for, you damn - - - - ?" Coffey stepped behind me for protection and said, "Well, I didn't want you to shoot 'em." I raised my hand toward Teel and told him to put his gun down, which he did.

Going up the road for some distance, we came to Belvidere, South Dakota at which time Coffey mentioned the fact that we needed gas and oil. I was driving so I drove through town to a distance of possibly a half or three-quarters of a mile, then let King, Teel, and Coffey out and I returned to town for gas and oil.

The town was deserted so-to-speak, for it was just shortly after sunrise, but not for long. As soon as I pulled up and stopped at a filling station I saw men coming from all directions and two or three of them hadn't taken time to fully dress.

I got the car filled and took time—more time than one would usually use for gassing up alone. I got out of the car and stood up against the back license plate so it couldn't be seen by anybody. I even ordered an extra can of oil to take along which, of course, consumed more time. I took plenty of time counting out the change and at the same time answering questions being directed at me. I could see by the expressions on those faces that an alarm had gone out about us. It dawned on me right away that at least one of those men hadn't been killed and that he had spread the alarm. I acted cool and asked questions too about the hay crops around there, telling them I was working on a hay crew between Murdo and White River.

Taking my time I entered the car and drove off north a block or so to the highway and turned west, not east, like I had caused the men at the station to believe I was going. As I turned west I looked back, and what a sight! Those men were scampering in all directions to get a look at me. I just knew what was in their minds—"We had one of 'em and let him get away!" As I drove that block or so north I felt bullets going through me all the time.

As I neared the place where I had left the boys, here came Coffey hobbling down the road to meet me. As soon as he got to the car he said, "Look out for the Slaughter deal, Joe." Coffey was scared stiff. I knew what the Slaughter deal meant.

A year or so before this time there was a prison break at the Missouri State Prison. Among the gang was a man named Slaughter. He was supposed to be the leader. Paper reports gave out the information that he wasn't wanted alive. His comrades, finding themselves hard pressed, conjured up the idea that since the authorities wanted Slaughter so bad, and dead at that, they would kill him and leave his body where it could be found—thus taking the heat off of themselves for a time and thus it was done.

AFTER PICKING UP King and Teel, for Coffey, as said, had come down the road to meet me and gotten in beside me, we drove on. I had something to think about, and don't think I didn't! The Slaughter deal—me being killed and left on the road was number one, while the fact was we were so hot we were smoking, but how to break the news to the boys, was also bothering me. Here we had a mad killer with us and King an excitable, nervous wreck.

Thought I, I must handle this case right or something will happen to all of us. So after a few miles run I said to the boys, "Boys, let's turn off on the first road we come to, right or left." Immediately King asked me why. Said he, "Did you see anybody at the station and did they act suspicious?" I told him I saw only the attendant and that he didn't act suspicious but that it was a poor policy for us to stay on the highway.

I turned off on the first road which went north by the town of Cottonwood. I sure felt funny sitting there with a killer at my back and we, Teel and I, not exchanging a word. Coffey had little or nothing to say either. Coffey was plumb scared out of wits and who could blame him! He expected to be killed any moment. Teel carried on like a mad tiger—saying nothing but clearing his throat continuously and the sound he made was like that of a snarling tiger.

Again I will skip many events to get up to another time when Coffey occupies an important part in the picture.

"You looked so confounded silly chasing that filly down the street when I came out of the bank!"

After arriving at the Cheyenne River but finding that, due to a heavy rain the previous night, fording it was impossible, we decided to go back to the highway but at the same time I warned the boys that we were running right into the arms of the law.

We started back south toward the highway, and on our way we came to a country store some place north of Wall, South Dakota, whereat we purchased gas and some candy. Just before we came to the store, however, we met a car with several men in it. While at the store this car returned going south.

There was quite a hill south of the store and the road detoured around a portion of it. As we came around the curve at the top of the hill and at a position from which we could see beyond the hill, we saw a man standing at the side of the road with one hand raised up beckoning us to stop. In the other hand he had a rifle, but he made no effort to raise up or aim, or in any way threaten us. I heard him shout, "Halt!" Of course I recognized him as being the law, Sheriff Wilson, and a swell law enforcement officer he was.

Coffey threw up both hands and I pulled the slow traveling car to almost a halt when some men down the road a little distance from us opened fire, killing Coffey. Teel shouted to me, "Step on it!" which I did. As I drove past the parties who were doing the shooting, one of them shot through the door and hit me in the right leg. I had dropped down behind the dash so they couldn't see me and once, before I reached them, I peeped over the bottom of the windshield to see whether I still held the road, for I was driving blind. I had the road. Just before I ducked down again, a bullet came through the bottom of the windshield and drove a streak of fine glass down my spinal column for a distance of about six inches.

Approaching a nearby corner at the foot of the hill, which corner was too close for me to make a turn, I drove through a fence, then back through it again onto the road.

Coffey's body jostled up when we went through the ditch, and when I came back down, the shifting stick passed between his legs, and his body some way pushed it into neutral. I could not drive and lift his dead body at the same time, but in my attempt to do so, I got the left front wheel over the shoulder of the road, and we plunged into the ditch but I braked the car so none of us three alive got hurt.

I want to mention that this sheriff Wilson certainly bawled out the guy who did the shooting. Said he, "I told you not to shoot unless I ordered it. All you are thinking of is that reward but there's more to this law business than that." Oh, how Wilson did bawl him out for killing Coffey. It was manslaughter. There Coffey sat, unarmed and with both hands raised surrendering to the sheriff when he was shot down.

—JOE FOREMAN

IF YA CAN'T
read this...
FERGET IT!

I jest crawled in from the desert an' I got my own troubles. My throat's a mite dry an' them gol-dern snakes was all over out thar. So I figger I best get me a swig o' thet snake-bite medson afore I'm dun in, an' can't talk at ya about my side-kick, the FJ-5TR metal detector.

. . . Aah . . . Thunderation, thet sure do cure snake-bite! Any-how, this hyar detector kinda reminds me o' this ole mule I once had. He wouldn't answer to no name 'ceptin "Stubborn." He couldn't find gold or old coins and relics, but he'd find somethin' nearly as good. He'd let out a squeal an' start a-diggin' with his hoof . . . an' sure enuff, after a while . . . thar it was a-sparklin' in the sand . . . water! Thar's no tellin' how many times ole "Stubborn" sav'd my bones from bleachin'.

The FJ-5TR has 5 transistors an' feeds on a 9-volt battery (feedin' time every 40 operatin' hours), adjustable 6-inch search coil, an' a built-in speaker thet squeals like ole "Stubborn." 'Stead o' it carryin' you, you carry it . . . only weighs 2½ lbs. It'll find gold, silver, old guns, old coins, relics and snake-bite medson if it has a metal cap. I'll send ya more information by the U.S. Mail. But if ya got the fever fer one o' these "critters" now, I'll send ya one, cause I know thet fever real well.

I ain't askin' no fancy high price . . . don't believe in spendin' a fortune to find a fortune. Only askin' $77.00 post paid, or $35.00 an' agree to pay balance C.O.D. This detector is guaranteed and it'll earn its keep more than once. You kin call tha FJ-5TR any name. I call mine ole "Stubborn" 'cause it's always findin' somethin' good. Much oblige fer listenin' to me.

Yores Fer More Findin's
Snake-Bit Bob

COLUMBUS HOUSE, Dept. WP
808 NORTH IRENA
REDONDO BEACH, CALIFORNIA 90277

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward.

RUSHTON AND REMINGTON

Atwood Manley's *Rushton and His Times in American Canoeing* (Syracuse University Press, $14.00) is an Adirondack Museum Book and a dandy. Your reviewer confesses that what he knew about canoes or the Golden Age of canoeing in America (roughly 1875-1900) before reading this entertaining book was practically nothing. But it is all here and skillfully blended with the biography of J. Henry Rushton, master artisan, inventor, businessman and one of the founders of the American Canoe Association. Rushton's boat shop was an important business enterprise in Canton, N. Y. from 1873 until his death in 1906 and was continued by members of the family and others until 1917. Atwood Manley, as had his father and grandfather before him, formerly owned and edited the *St. Lawrence Plaindealer* in Canton and as a boy he watched Rushton build canoes. Atwood is a graduate of St. Lawrence University and since he retired, an active historian known best for his writings about Canton's most famous artist, Frederic Remington. He was the logical biographer of Henry Rushton and while he had some help from another canoe buff, Dr. Paul F. Jamieson, retired professor of English at St. Lawrence, Atwood did a job!

Highly recommended.

A BOSTON MINING MAN

Bostonians and Bullion (University of Nebraska Press, $6.95) is the journal of Robert Livermore, a mining man. It covers the years 1892-1915, a very interesting period in our history, and while Livermore wrote it much later (1937-1950) he had kept a diary most of his life and was able to check dates, names and places, thus keeping his "recollecting" in hand. The result is a highly entertaining account and one has the feeling that Livermore told it just the way it happened. The first sentence reads "I have had a lot of fun out of life" and that he did! He went to sea, hunted and fished in Canada and the Maine woods, inspected mining property in Colorado and Wyoming with his brother-in-law, the one and only Buckeley Wells, and spent a summer as a cowboy in Montana, all before he finished college. After Harvard he went to M. I. T. for three years to get a degree in mining engineering—the family had many mining interests. Mining in Mexico, Colorado (Telluride and Cripple Creek), Nevada, Utah, and Canada followed and there was a time out to hunt on the famed Forbes ranch in Wyoming and to hunt and fish at many other spots. Our friend Gene Gressley, Director of the Western History Research Center at the University of Wyoming, wrote the introduction (providing needed background on labor problems in the Colorado mines of the time), edited the manuscript (it didn't need much), and provided numerous clarifying footnotes on people, places and events mentioned in Livermore's journal. The book is illustrated with maps and some good photos. Highly recommended.

PENNY AN ACRE

When General William B. Hazen wrote in 1875 that the land west of the Missouri River—extending to the Sierra Nevadas and from the Rio Grande to the Canadian Border—was largely useless and not worth "a penny an acre" the fight was on! To be sure it was a word battle and it was fought in the newspapers of the time particularly the Minneapolis *Daily Tribune* but some real bravos, including General George A. Custer, were in on this one. Dr. Edgar I. Stewart, historian and well remembered for his excellent *Custer's Luck*, gathered the evidence presented by both sides in the controversy and with his usual skill has edited it in an interesting book, *Penny-an-Acre Empire in the West* (University of Oklahoma Press, $6.95). At the heart of the matter was railroad land—the millions of acres granted the Northern Pacific to help finance the building of the road to the West Coast. Dr. Stewart has rendered a real service by collecting the diverse views from the newspaper files and the pamphlets of the time into a summary volume and by giving us personal backgrounds on the major participants. The book is enhanced with a map and an index.

BATTEY AND THE KIOWAS

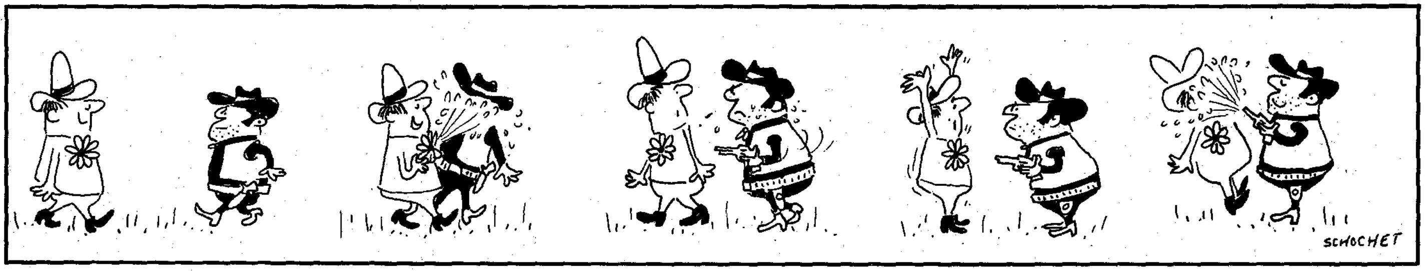
The Life and Adventures of a Quaker Among the Indians (University of Oklahoma Press, $2.00) is a reprint of Thomas C. Battey's rather scarce book first issued in 1875. Alice Marriott, an adopted Kiowa, and the author of the *The Ten Grandmothers*, a Kiowa classic, wrote the informative introduction. It is mostly about Battey which is as it should be since he has but little to say about himself. Battey taught school in Vermont and in Iowa before going to I. T. to teach the Caddoes in 1871. In 1873 he was appointed field agent and teacher on the staff of the Kiowa Agency. It is for his work with the Kiowas that Battey is best known. In fact, he is credited with being the most important single factor in keeping the Southern Plains Indians from joining the Cheyenne and Sioux uprising which resulted in the Custer fiasco at the Little Big Horn in 1876. This is Volume 36 in the Western Frontier Library and it is illustrated. A bargain.

WESTERN VERSE

Yellowstone Jack and other Poems of the Golden West, (Exposition Press, $3.00) is a slim volume (31 pages) of verse by Elizabeth Bustos of Denver. Mrs. Bustos, born in Germany, is a Western buff and her poems are about such scattered spots as Death Valley, Alamosa Sand Dunes, the Grand Canyon and Crater Lake in addition to probably the best of the eight—the Yellowstone.

CALIFORNIA GOLD IN 1899

Old Mines and Ghost Camps of California (Frontier, $3.50) provides a statewide survey of the mining situation in 1899. The reports appeared in *Mining & Scientific Press* (1898) and in *California Mines and Minerals* (1899) and are reprinted in this single volume for convenience and completeness. The authors include A. Ekman, Ivan H. Parker, W. H. Storms, H. W. H. Penniman, and M. E. Dittmar. Perhaps the unknown reporter who wrote, "Among the gold-producing counties with a splendid past, a quiet present, and a quite promising future . . . is Yuba County," should have embraced a larger area. The print is clear and the numerous old photos reproduced very well indeed. Good source material in both text and illustrations.



Another Look at the Blazer's Mill Affair

(Continued from page 31)

carrier coming in on another trail. Thinking his check might be in the mail, he tied his packhorse and rode back to Blazer's establishment, arriving a little after 11 a.m. It was Dr. Blazer's custom to ask his visitors to leave their guns outside. Accordingly, Roberts left his six-shooter belt hanging from the saddle horn and his Winchester in its scabbard when he dismounted.

Seeing Frank Coe in the yard, Roberts asked him to step to one side to talk. The two men seated themselves on the porch. Billy the Kid was in front of the house chatting with Easton. Apparently Roberts did not even suspect that most of the rest of the gang were in the house eating dinner. Coe told Roberts that they had a warrant for his arrest and were determined to take him, and urged that he surrender quietly. Buckshot refused to do this, reminding Coe of what had happened to Morton and Baker after they had accepted a similar offer of protection after surrender.

Suddenly someone cried, "Here's Roberts!"

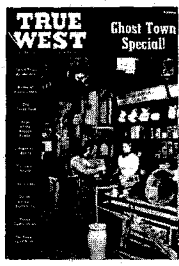
Buckshot sprang to his horse, drew his carbine and ran toward the southwest corner of the building. As he did so, Charles Bowdre, John Middleton, Francis MacNab, and Henry Newton Brown ran around the corner toward him. They called upon him to surrender, to which he snapped, "Not much, Mary Ann!" Firing broke out immediately.

A bullet from Bowdre's gun struck Roberts in the left side, ranged through the body, and came out just above his right hip, inflicting a fatal wound. One shot from Roberts' carbine hit Bowdre's belt buckle and put him out of the fight, bounced off the buckle and struck George Coe's right hand, tearing off his trigger finger. A second went through Middleton's lung and knocked him down. By now Roberts' rifle was empty. As he backed down the side of the house into Dr. Blazer's office, Billy the Kid closed in for the kill. In his eagerness he approached so closely that his quarry was able to jab him hard in the belly with the empty weapon just as the Kid fired. The bullet went wild, passing through a corner of the door facing.

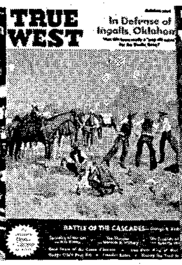
In the room the hunted man found Dr. Blazer's single shot Springfield .45-60 and a belt of cartridges. He pulled the mattress off a cot, threw it behind the partially open door and lay down on it. Brewer entered the house and ordered Easton to go into the room and put Roberts out—an order which the justice sensibly refused to obey. Mrs. Godfroy, wife of the Indian agent, pled with the constable to leave, but Brewer, greatly enraged, swore that he would have Buckshot if he had to pull the house down to get him.

Brewer and Bowdre went down to the sawmill, about 125 yards away, and crawled through the logs until they could see the door to Blazer's room. Two or three shots fired into it drew no reply. Bowdre then left and rejoined the rest of the party. The Regulators had two

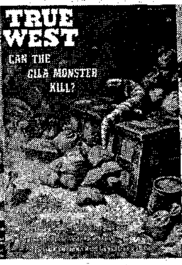
NEW GIFT OFFER!



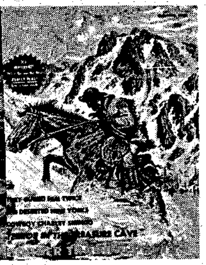
No. 64TW

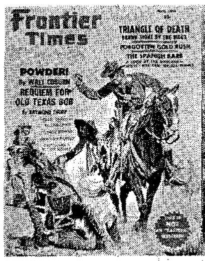


No. 65TW

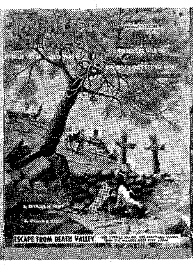


No. 66TW

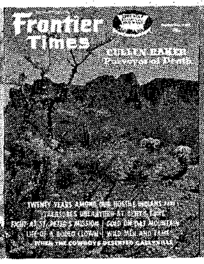

No. 67TW



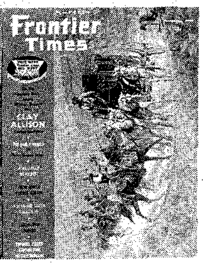
No. 41FT



No. 42FT



No. 43FT



No. 44FT

Here's an easy, inexpensive Gift Package for you. It's a present that is appreciated far beyond its actual dollars-and-cents value. A bundle of magazines with hours and hours of fascinating reading with the timelessness of the Old West for ANYONE WHO LIKES THE WEST—your dad, brother, grandpa, old friend, that guide who was so helpful—by gosh, durned nigh anybody! And you can do it all for a measly buck—or two bucks if you want both magazines sent.

Shown here are our most plentiful issues. We'll send a package of 4 to any address for $1.00! Or, we'll send all 8 for $2.00! Name yer pizen! (This gift offer supersedes all previous offers.)

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
P. O. Box 3668, Austin, Texas 78704

GOOD TROUT FISHING!

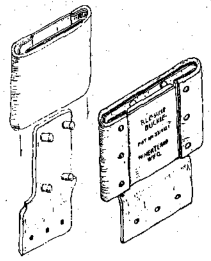
Vacation and rest in the cool Rocky Mountains of New Mexico. Beautiful, clean, modern log houses—completely equipped for cooking—linens furnished.

Rainbows 'n' Browns
On the Chama River below El Vado Dam

Make reservations early to insure accommodations. Groceries, tackle, licenses, bait, liquors and beer.

Carl R. and Gladys Cooper, Mgrs.

EL VADO RANCH
Box 500 (Ph. JU 8-2496) Tierra Amarilla, New Mexico



BLEVINS STIRRUP BUCKLES

BLEVINS "SPECIAL"
PAT. #3,314,121

$5.50

New four post tongue for 3" buckle. Makes buckle stronger and sturdier. One piece tongue is also off-set to let the stirrup leather go through more smoothly. The 2½" width has one piece off-set tongue with two posts instead of the four in the 3" width. Easy to change stirrup lengths quickly and easy to install—won't slip or stick.
Made of stainless steel and heat-treated aluminum. Sleeves covered with leather prevent rubbing horse or saddle. Order either special, improved or regular style buckle.

AT YOUR DEALERS OR
BLEVINS MFG. CO.
WHEATLAND, WYO. 82201

FREE Western Wear CATALOGUE

"Western Hat Center of the World"
Boots—Coats—Riding Accessories

LUSKEY'S WESTERN STORE
DEPT. T 101 NORTH HOUSTON ST.
FORT WORTH, TEXAS 76102

***Find* HIDDEN TREASURES**

Find TREASURE and RELICS with new **1969** models. Used by professionals and amateurs the world over. Guaranteed to detect Gold, Silver Coins, battlefield relics. FREE INFORMATION.

RAYSCOPE DEPT. J-1
Box 715 No. Hollywood, Calif. 91603

men in serious need of medical attention and it seemed probable that Roberts would die soon anyhow, so they reached a decision to leave as soon as Brewer came back.

The constable, however, was determined to make one last attempt to kill Roberts. As he raised his head above a log for a final sight, a slug from the Springfield took him in the left eye, tearing off the top of his head. His body lay in the hot sun until it was safe to recover it. By then it was in such a state that it was necessary for the mill carpenter, a man named Beam, to make a coffin and bury him promptly.

Badly demoralized by the loss of their leader, the gunmen decided to leave. Indian Agent Frederick C. Godfroy supplied a government hack and team to take the wounded men to Fort Stanton for medical treatment. A messenger had already been dispatched to the fort to request aid. En route the party met Assistant Surgeon Daniel M. Appel, U. S. A., post surgeon at Fort Stanton and acting physician at the Mescalero Agency, on his way to the scene of the fighting. Appel rendered what aid he could and sent the party on. (For his thanks years afterwards he was recalled by George Coe as "Dr. Gordon.") Later that month Dr. Taylor F. Ealy, a Presbyterian medical missionary in Lincoln, amputated Coe's thumb and finger.

The question at the mill was how to contact Roberts without getting shot in the process. Finally John Ryan, a clerk in Dolan's store at the Indian agency, waving a white cloth in one hand, slipped up close enough to call to Roberts and explain the situation. Ryan and Easton then entered the room and gave what care they could to the wounded man. Late that night Appel arrived at the house. He told them there was nothing that could be done other than make the sufferer as comfortable as possible. Roberts died about noon the next day, having been unconscious the last six or seven hours of his life. Beam made a second coffin and Roberts was buried in a grave adjacent to that of Brewer. A coroner's jury found that he had come to his death from gunshot wounds suffered at the hands of Richard Brewer, Charles Bowdre, "Doc" Scurlock, Fred Waite, John Middleton, Frank MacNab, John Scroggins, Stephen Stephens, George Coe, Frank Coe, and W. H. Antrim, alias "Kid."

EASTON was appointed administrator of Roberts' estate. This consisted principally of his weapons, clothes, livestock, and a check from Dolan & Co. for $47.20. No heirs could be located. His possessions—other than the check—were sold at public auction in Lincoln. They brought a total of $99.50. When various charges were deducted, including $30.00 to Dr. Appel for professional services and $20.00 to Dr. Blazer for the cost of the burial, the balance of the estate amounted to less than $10.00—surely little enough to show for one's lifetime.

Of those involved in the killing of Roberts, only the Kid was eventually brought to trial for his part in the affair. On March 30, 1881 Billy was arraigned in Mesilla before Judge Warren Bristol, Presiding Justice, United States Third Judicial District, on a charge of murdering Roberts. Ira E. Leonard, Billy's attorney, immediately objected that since Blazer's Mill was private property, the United States had no jurisdiction in the matter. U. S. Attorney Sidney M. Barnes promptly demurred on the grounds that the reservation was "Indian Country" and the United States had exclusive control over Indian Country. Bristol took the matter under advisement.

In due course he issued a seven-page opinion in which he held that no part of New Mexico was included in the definition of Indian Country as set forth in the law. He therefore overruled the demurrer and quashed the indictment. Barnes thereupon asked leave for discontinuance as to the seven others implicated in the case.

Billy was next tried before Bristol, sitting as a justice of the Territorial District Court, for the murder of Sheriff William Brady. For some reason Leonard did not appear as defense counsel. In his stead the court appointed Albert J. Fountain, Simon B. Newcomb, and John D. Bail. Their efforts were in vain. The Kid was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged on May 13. James W. Southwick, Sheriff of Dona Ana County, appointed Bob Olinger his deputy to take the prisoner to Lincoln. With them went Tom Williams, Billy Mathews, John Kinney, D. M. Reade, and W. A. Lockhard. The party left Mesilla about 10 p.m. on Saturday, April 16.

En route to Lincoln the men stopped at Blazer's mill. The Kid gave them a graphic account of the fight with Roberts, pointing out the hole in the door where his shot had gone through the wood and—according to him—inflicted the fatal wound. Almer Blazer accepted his story as factual, and apparently it is on his authority that a number of writers have credited Billy with the killing. However, on his death bed, Roberts told Easton, Appel, and others on several occasions that the shot which struck him had been fired by Bowdre. Bowdre is also named by both George and Frank Coe. Under the circumstances there is little reason to give credence to the vainglorious claims of New Mexico's most famous psychopathic personality.

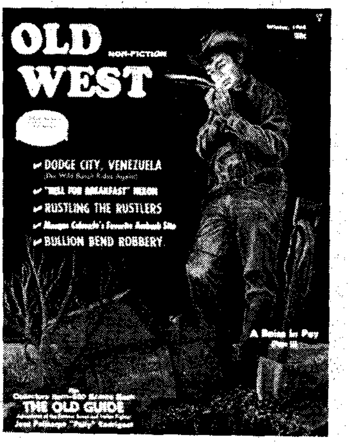
Another "Alamo"

(Continued from page 11)

enemy charge. The Legion dug in and waited for a full-scale attack. To them it was just another battle. No one questioned the reasons why forty-six men of the Foreign Legion should be preparing to die in a remote farmhouse in Mexico, or the rightness of the French ruler in using them to try to put an Austrian archduke on to the throne of Mexico. They were just Legionnaires and it was their job to march and die.

Both sides consolidated their positions,

OLD WEST
THE BIGGEST 50¢ WORTH OF ALL-TRUE, ALL-FACT WESTERN READING IN THE WORLD!



100 PAGES!
Jam-Crammed From Cover to Cover With Exciting & Colorful Features Stories and Articles of A WEST THAT WAS!

Winter 1968 Issue ON SALE At Your Newsstand NOW!

Here Are Some of the 16 Great Stories Included in This Issue!

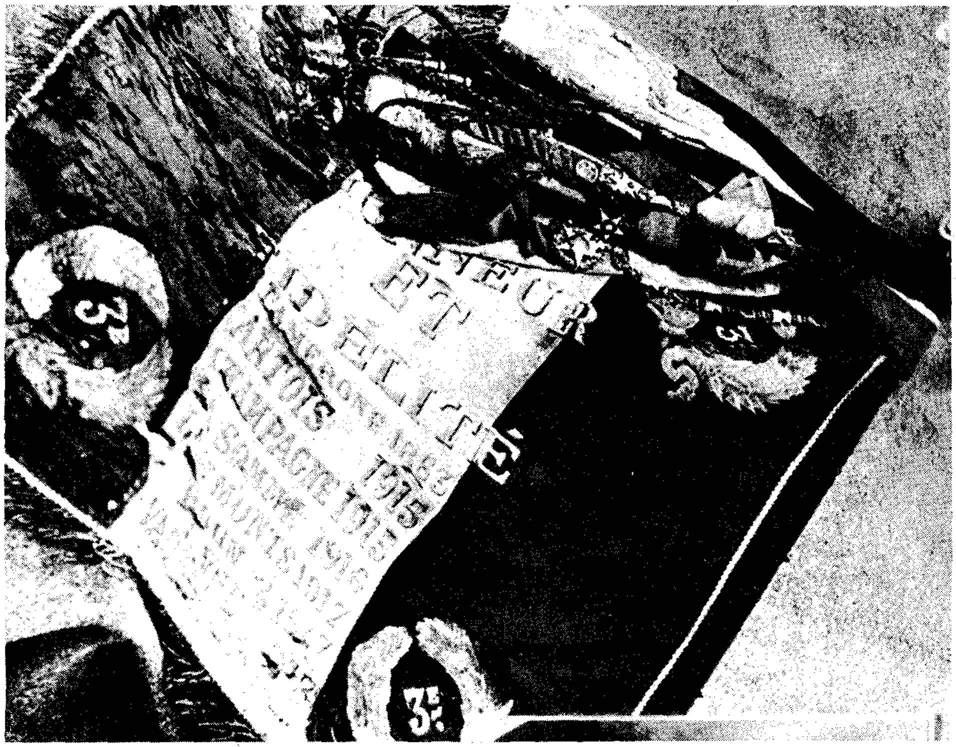
- DODGE CITY, VENEZUELA
- THE BULLION BEND ROBBERY
- A MAN AT BAY IN OUTLAW CAVE
- BEAU BRUMMELL OF THE BIG THOMPSON
- THE CAPTAIN'S "INCOMPLETE" VICTORY
- THE COWTOWNS' VEST POCKET ECONOMY
- SHE RIVALED DENVER FOR A LITTLE WHILE
- MANGAS COLORADO'S FAVORITE AMBUSH SITE
- RUSTLING THE RUSTLERS
- JUSTICE AND JOE
- THE CURSE THAT KILLED SAN PATRICIO TOWN
- LIGE COALMAN—MOUNTAIN BOY
- "HELL FOR BREAKFAST" NIXON—SUN RIVER RANGER

Plus: Scarce Book Bonus!

"The Old Guide"
by Jose Policarpo Rodriquez
$50 VALUE

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

OLD WEST
P.O. Box 3668 Austin, Texas 78704
I enclose: $2.00 for 1 year (4 issues)________
Special! $3.50 for 2 years (8 issues)________
Name________
Address________
City________State________Zip________
(If you don't want to cut this magazine, order on a sheet of paper.)



Battle flag of the 3rd Company of the 1st Battalion who fought at Camerone. Other battle names on their roll of honor include First World War battles.

the Mexicans bringing their forces up behind the broken stone walls of the outbuildings of the ruined farmhouse, the French digging in where they could, distributing ammunition and checking their rifles.

Captain Danjou consulted with his two officers. Lieutenant Pierre Vilain was a Legion veteran, risen from the ranks, decorated at the Battle of Magenta while still a sergeant-major. Red-haired Vilain, who spoke several languages and could converse with many of his soldiers in their native tongues, was popular with the men.

The third officer was Sub-Lieutenant Maudet, middle-aged battalion standard-bearer, bitter at being passed over in the promotion race, a surly, narrow-faced man but respected by his soldiers who knew that he would fight.

It was nearly 10 a.m. when a Mexican approached the corral with a white flag. Colonel Milan was inviting Danjou to surrender his men. The Legion commander rejected the terms and the messenger returned to the Mexican lines. A few minutes later he was back. The French soldiers stood no chance, was Colonel Milan's message. If they surrendered they would be honorably treated. Again Danjou rejected the proposal.

Firing broke out immediately and bullets clipped off chips of stone from the walls behind which the Legionnaires crouched. Now and again one would fall back dead. Others slumped in corners while their comrades dressed their wounds with rough bandages torn from shirts and jackets.

Outside the perimeter of the walls the Mexican dead lay in the blazing sun. Legionnaire sharpshooters picked off their enemies everytime they showed themselves. A mad charge ordered by Colonel Milan was driven back with heavy losses. Then an even crazier frontal assault was repulsed so effectively that scarcely a Mexican soldier was alive when the retreat was sounded.

Captain Danjou was everywhere among his men, urging them on, talking to the wounded, folding the hands on the chests of the dead. He walked among the Legionnaires speaking to each individually, extracting a promise that they would fight to the death. At precisely 11 a.m. a bullet pierced his brain.

Lieutenant Vilain took command and the battle raged on.

"The heat was appalling," Count de Torny wrote in his campaign diary. "No one had eaten since the previous evening or had a drink since early morning. The wounded and dying suffered tortures from thirst. It was impossible to give them any relief in their agony. Some even drank their own blood."

At 2 p.m. a long line of marching troops was seen approaching Camerone and for a glorious moment the Legionnaires thought that they were being reinforced. Their hoarse cheers died away as the soldiers drew nearer and it was seen that they were Mexicans.

The new arrivals were seasoned veterans with the names of Vera Cruz, Cordoba, and Jalapa emblazoned on their colors and they brought Colonel Milan's force up to near the 2,000 mark.

The battle resumed with renewed ferocity and soon afterwards Lieutenant Vilain fell, shot like Danjou through the forehead.

THE ACCURATE FIRE of the Legionnaires cut down the Mexicans as they moved about the out-buildings trying to get into better positions. The French troops had enough ammunition and wasted few shots. Even so, with the superior numbers it was only a matter

ARE YOU BALD? or LOSING HAIR

Today you have new hope for hair regrowth...it's been proved that, even though you are bald, hair roots may still be alive to produce new hairs. Thousands *have accomplished this* with the amazing Brandenfels Home System. See "before" and "after" pictures at left! Write now for full FREE information!

Carl Brandenfels
Box 816J2 • Scappoose, Oregon

BILL PROBLEMS?
WE CAN HELP YOU — TODAY
NOBODY REFUSED UP TO $18,000.00
Bad Credit No Problem ■ Not a Loan Co.
Send Your Name and Address
For FREE Application To Nearest Office
INTERNATIONAL ACCEPTANCE, dept. M-76
5133 N. Central Ave., Phoenix, Ariz. 85012,
711 - 14th St. N.W. Washington, D.C. 20005
507 Carondelet St., New Orleans, La. 70130

WORTH $50 Powermaster HUNTING CROSSBOW KIT Special $35 POST PAID

KILLS DEER, BEAR, Etc. RABBITS, SQUIRRELS, ALL SMALL GAME
COLLECTOR'S ITEM
terrific target sport
80 LB. THRUST
Centuries old, crossbow shooting is now a fast, modern sport. Powerful and silent. A precision instrument, beautiful as it is accurate. Hunters knock down game at 200 ft. Two-way sights — open and peep — windage and elevation. Anyone can target-shoot right in their own backyard. Harpoon fish with free line attachment. 34" hardwood stock. 33" bow. Handsome den display. Possession is legal in all states... Money back if not completely satisfied. Kit includes 2 Target Arrows, Hunting Arrow, Fishing Attachment and Leather Quiver.
S&R RESEARCH, Box G-20 San Gabriel, California 91778

EXPERT DICE
CARDS, INKS, etc.
STRONG! RELIABLE!
CATALOG $1.00
O. C. NOVELTY CO., Dept. WP-1
1311 W. MAIN, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA. 73104

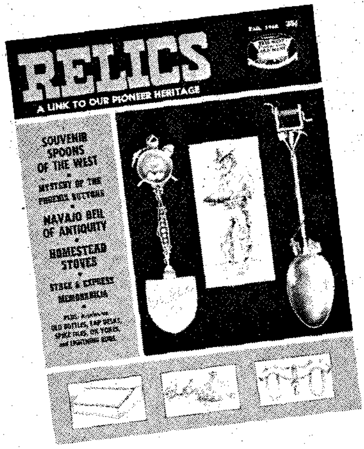
"COIN-FINDER" LOCATORS!
FIND COINS, GOLD, SILVER AND TREASURE. Lowest prices. Write for FREE literature.
ART HOWE & COMPANY
811-T Kansas Avenue
Atchison, Kansas

SEND ONE TO A SOLDIER

- - - or a Sailor, Marine - - anyone in the Armed Services. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW THEY APPRECIATE IT! We contributed 1,000 copies to South Viet Nam—and the letters we have received! If you could read just one you would send a single copy, gift pack, or a gift subscription to someone in the service right now!
If you do not know anyone in the service, call your local U.S.O. or any service chapter recruiting station or representative.

TREASURE HUNTERS!
AMERICANA BUFFS!
COLLECTORS!

THIS IS YOUR MAGAZINE!



Our current issue (Fall, 1968) contains a Conestoga wagon load of outstanding features, stories, articles and departments covering the "hottest" areas of collector interest today. Look at this broad listing of contents!

- **SQUAW DRESSES**
- **LAP DESKS**
- **BOTTLES & JARS**
- **BARTER BUTTONS**
- **LIGHTNING RODS**
- **PIONEER STOVES**
- **OX YOKES**
- **SOUVENIR SPOONS**
- **SPIKE FILES**
- **STAGE & EXPRESS MEMORABILIA**

Sorry . . . but RELICS is **NOT** on sale at newsstands. It's strictly a subscriber magazine . . . and a WHOPPING BARGAIN at that!
$1.25 per year

HURRY . . . Head for the big gold strike NOW—by subscribing on the convenient coupon attached.

Subscribe NOW!

RELICS-TW
P. O. BOX 3668, AUSTIN, TEXAS 78704
☐ ONE YEAR SUBSCRIPTION . . . . (4 ISSUES) VALUE $1.40 . . . . $1.25
☐ TWO YEAR SUBSCRIPTION . . . (8 ISSUES) VALUE $2.80 . . . . $2.50
(If you don't want to cut this magazine, order on a sheet of paper.)
NAME__________
STREET__________
CITY______ STATE______ ZIP______

of time before they would be fought to a standstill. Colonel Milan knew it and again offered surrender terms. Sub-Lieutenant Maudet loftily rejected the suggestion.

Minutes later the Mexicans began hurling flaming brands onto the roof of the houses which some small Legion detachments occupied. The straw thatch caught fire, and heavy, acrid smoke filled the rooms, the sparks falling onto the wounded and driving the men into the open, their eyes streaming from the smoke. Mexican sharpshooters picked them off as they staggered out into the corral.

Sergeant Moryzeki yelled to the Legionnaires Kipps, Bohr and Declaretto and led a determined attack on a spot in the wall where Mexican soldiers were trying to scramble through. The four Legionnaires plunged into the gap, driving the Mexicans back and then went down, shot to pieces.

There was a lull in the fighting at 5 p.m. The Legionnaires sat around nursing wounds and telling stories in the way of men who have looked death in the face. They talked of the women they had known in North Africa and compared their attributes to those of the Mexican girls in the towns the Legion had garrisoned since arriving in the country.

In the unnatural quiet of late afternoon they could hear Colonel Milan haranguing his troops. Legionnaire Bartoletto, who was a Spaniard, translated that the Mexican commander was telling his men it would be a stain on the honor of Mexico if the French soldiers were not crushed.

Almost at once the Mexicans dared another frontal charge, racing right to the walls of the corral before falling at the muzzles of the Legion rifles. At the same time small groups attacked at weak spots in the French defenses.

Corporal Berg, a German and the sole survivor of a tiny group of Legionnaires at one corner of the corral, was clubbed unconscious and captured.

In the southeast corner Corporal Pinzinger and Legionnaires Kunasec and Gorski, attacked simultaneously from front and rear, were captured along with Corporal Magnin who ran to help them.

Only the men at the east end of the corral remained. Dragging their wounded, and firing as they went, they retreated to the barn where Sub-Lieutenant Maudet and a handful of his companions held out amid smoldering ruins.

Faces blackened with cordite and ash, tunics bloody and torn, the Legionnaires fought on. Those who could not stand lay on the ground and fired their rifles until they were too hot to hold.

THE BODIES OF Mexican guerrillas and regular soldiers dotted the open space of the corral as the cream of Colonel Milan's force sacrificed themselves trying to reach the beleaguered Legionnaires.

At 5:30 p.m. only six of the Third Company of the First Battalion were on their feet. Corporal Maine, veteran of Sebastopol and Abd-el-Kader, issued the last rounds of ammunition to Maudet and Legionnaires Leonhart, a Swiss; Cotteau, a Pole; Wenzel, a German; and Constantin, an Austrian. Maudet gave the order to fix bayonets.

When the last round had been fired and the Mexicans were battering a hole in the back wall Maudet unbarred the door, threw it open to the courtyard and gave the order to charge.

The Mexicans fell back for a moment as the six smoke-grimed, yelling men plunged out into the corral. Then fifty rifles crackled.

Legionnaire Constantin threw himself in front of Maudet and went down with nineteen bullets in his body. The officer, hit in the jaw and thigh, crumpled on top of him.

Backs to the wall, Corporal Maine and Legionnaires Wenzel, Leonhart and Cotteau held a ring of Mexicans at bay. No gun was fired as, red-eyed, the four men faced fifty and waited to die.

At that point a voice was heard shouting above the groans of the dying men. The Legionnaires must be taken alive. There had been enough killing.

A Mexican officer forced his way through to the front of his men and stared unbelievingly at the last survivors of the Third Company of the First Battalion.

Colonel Milan himself told Corporal Maine that they would be allowed to surrender. Maine, who had been wounded in the Crimea but came through Camerone without a scratch, agreed—providing that they be allowed to keep their arms and that their wounded received treatment.

It was too much for Milan. More than 300 of his crack troops lay dead and an equal number had been wounded, many of whom would die. Yet here was this Legionnaire setting down terms under which he would surrender.

Milan turned to an officer at his side. "These are not men," he said. "They are devils." The respect that one brave man feels for another was evident in his voice as he "accepted" Corporal Maine's terms.

Captain Danjou, Lieutenant Vilain and twenty Legionnaires were dead. Maudet and twenty-two Legionnaires were badly wounded. The sixteen men captured by the Mexicans before the fighting began were all still alive, although Mexican officers at the height of the battle had had to prevent the guerrillas from butchering them out of hand.

The Mexicans accorded respect to the Legion dead and care to the living as they prepared to move away from the debacle that had been Camerone.

"THE SPECTACLE IN the courtyard was horrifying yet moving," wrote Major Sebastien Campos, a Mexican battalion commander. "French and Mexicans lay there, their broken bodies mingled in the eternal sleep of death, the tragic result of their mutual fury."

Colonel Milan allowed Corporal Maine to send a message to Colonel Jeanningros, the French commander, informing him of the fate of the Legion patrol.

"The Third Company of the First Battalion is dead, my Colonel," wrote Maine. "But it did enough to make those who speak of it say 'it had nothing but good soldiers'."

Sub-Lieutenant Maudet died of his wounds at the Mexican military hospital at Hautrico the following day, and by the same sunset seven Legionnaires had also succumbed to their injuries. In all, thirty of the forty-six men who had been in action died as a result of it.

But their sacrifices had not been in vain. The paymaster's wagontrain and its precious contents had passed safely toward its destination while their efforts had kept Colonel Milan and his command pinned down for nine bloody hours.

Colonel Jeanningros reached Camerone the day after the battle and buried the Legion dead. He detached Captain Danjou's wooden left arm and hand and took them back to French military headquarters.

Over the graves a board was fixed. It read: "To the memory of Danjou, Vilain and Maudet, and of the 3rd Company of the 1st Battalion of the Foreign Legion which succumbed on 30th April 1863, after nine hours of battle before two thousand Mexicans."

The Legion survivors were imprisoned for a month and then allowed to return to the French lines as a tribute to their gallantry in the field. Colonel Milan himself signed the order for their freedom and saw to it that they received safe conduct through Mexican-held territory. Every man who had been under Danjou's command at the ruined farmhouse was either decorated, promoted or both.

Corporals Maine and Berg were commissioned and Maine later rose to the rank of major. Corporal Pinzinger and Legionnaires Schaffner, Wenzel, Fritz and Brunswick became Chevaliers of the Legion of Honor. Corporal Magnin and Legionnaires Palmaert, Kunasec, Schreiblick, Rebares and Gorski received the Military Medal.

Camerone became a legend in the Foreign Legion. Never again was a Legionnaire told to "fight to the death." He was told to *"fait* Camerone." The hand of Captain Danjou became a sacred relic to the men without countries who joined the Legion, and on April 30 every year a parade is held wherever Legionnaires are stationed and the most decorated man present retells the story of Camerone. The names of Danjou, Vilain and Maudet are engraved in gold on a plaque at Des Invalides in Paris, and personnel in uniform are required to salute in their memory.

In 1892 the Mexican authorities allowed the French to erect a monument to the men who died at Camerone. On the spot where Legion blood made history their story is engraved on a bronze plaque.

They were here less than sixty,
Opposed by a whole army.
Its mass crushed them.
Life, rather than courage,
Deserted the Legionnaires of France,
On April 30, 1863.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 3)

Supposedly, an Allen Jacobs is buried at Liberty Center cemetery, Warren County, Iowa. Reportedly he was married to Minnie James and they had one son, Nels. This Allen Jacobs' father is reported as Barth Jacobs and mother was Alma Walters. When was Nels Jacobs born? Did Nels Jacobs live to have a family? Any information about this family will be appreciated.—Zane E. Jacobs, 1418 Regulus Drive, Pont Mugu, California 93041

M. D. Grimes

I am very interested in contacting descendants of M. D. Grimes who was born in Paw Paw, Michigan, in 1840 and later lived in Michigan and Illinois before coming to Kansas. He and his brother, M. L. Grimes, operated a lumber yard in McPherson at one time. He was at one time mayor of McPherson. Descendants of M. L. Grimes still are living in the area, but the whereabouts of the family of M. D. Grimes is unknown. An 1880 census indicates that his wife's name was Sarah and she was born in 1843. It is felt that there were living relatives in the state of Michigan. Any information would be appreciated.—Linn Peterson, 540 E. Hill, McPherson, Kansas 67460

Shelby's Brigade

I would like to correspond with any descendents of those who went along with General J. O. Shelby in his Mexican expedition or those who rode with the Iron Brigade, "Missouri" Volunteer Cavalry.—Harrison M. Shelby, 424 Morningside N. E., Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Damman

I would like to hear from anyone in the Yakima or Ellensburg, Washington area who could furnish information on Captain Jeremiah D. Damman who served in the Civil War as Captain of Company A, 3rd Wisconsin Cavalry. He was born about 1826 and had two sons, Martin, born in 1849 and Merritt, born in 1851. His first wife Mary died in 1865 and he married his second wife Sabrina in 1866. A son Arthur was born in 1870 and a daughter Mamie in 1873. By 1880 they had left the Sparta, Wisconsin area and were living in Washington Territory. The Captain died in 1898 and his widow Sabrina died in 1920. I would appreciate any available information.—Gene R. Barlament, 1767 Lenwood Avenue, Green Bay, Wisconsin 54303.

Alias Tompkins

This is a letter I have wanted to write for some time. I am not looking for anyone and it may be too late but if not, I hope some relative of the man I am writing about will be glad to know what happened to him in Arizona.

Sometime during the last half of the 1800s a man took up a homestead in the Tonto Basin not far from the Mogollon Rim. He cleared land and built a cabin which was still standing around 1914. But the man who called himself Al, or Alf Tompkins, was dead by then. Pines as tall as a house had grown up in the twenty or more years since Mr. Tompkins farmed the land.

People who knew said he admitted his name was not Tompkins. He had fled from Missouri after getting into some sort of trouble. He seemed very sad because he could never go back to Missouri and see his family. He told how, as he was leaving, he climbed a mountain and when he had reached the pass, he stopped to look back at his wife and his three children, who stood in the yard watching him as he took flight. It was the last time he ever saw his family. Mr. Tompkins grieved so much over the situation that eventually his mind became unbalanced and he was sent to, or entered of his own accord, a mental institution at Phoenix, Arizona. I presume there are still records of his admission. I'm not positive but think the homestead claim was last farmed about 1890. Mr. Tompkins never acquired title to the land since he never "proved up" on it, so it became open range again until another man settled on it. If there is someone living who would be glad to know what happened to a parent or grandparents, and this explains what happened to him, then I'm glad I decided to write what I know of the story.—Mrs. George Todd, 515 E. Seventh, Pawhuska, Oklahoma 74056.

Millsap-Hinesly-Hamilton

I would like to correspond with descendants of the Millsap, Hinesly, and Hamilton families of North Carolina and Tennessee. They migrated West about 1845, going into Arkansas, Texas, Missouri, and Illinois.—Mrs. Ray Nicolaides, R.F.D. 3, Box 118B, Crockett, Texas 75835

John A. Rosario Sr.

I am writing to you in regard to my son's father, John A. Rosario Sr., with whom he has had no contact since 1962 in the Los Angeles, California, area. He was working as a cat skinner at that time but was known to have worked mostly in the oil fields. My son was very young at that time, but now wants to know if his father is alive and well, so would appreciate any information concerning his whereabouts and his health condition. I know his mother, Vincetta Rosario, lived in the New York City area and his father, Nicholas Rosario, had a business somewhere in Puerto Rico. I have tried to contact him through all sources I know but have had no results.—Patsy A. Rosario, 1304½ Forrest, Sidney, Nebraska 69162

Hise

I would appreciate any information about my cousins. I have not heard from them since 1939. Donald Gammill Hise, about fifty-four years old, was a clerk in a Merced, California hotel in 1939. Leland Hise, about fifty-four years old, was working as irrigation hand or cowboy near Merced and San Jose, California in 1939.—Claude H. Gammill, 863 First Street, Cathedral City, California 92234.

CLASSIFIED

(30c per word, cash with order)

Books & Magazines

ARIZONA TREASURE HUNTERS Ghost Town Guide. Large folded map 1881, smaller early map. 1200 place name glossary, mines, camps, Indian reservations, etc. $1.50. Theron Fox, 1296H Yosemite, San Jose, California.

NEVADA TREASURE HUNTERS Ghost Town Guide. Large folded map. 800 place name glossary, railroads, camps, camel trail, etc. $1.50. Theron Fox, 1296½ Yosemite, San Jose, California.

SELLING TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES. Nation's largest stock. Send your list for prices. Stamped envelope appreciated. Miller, 2626-B Spring Lane, Austin, Texas 78703.

BOOK HUNTING OUR BUSINESS. Service is our product. No charge for search. Satisfaction guaranteed. D-J Book Search, Box 3352, San Bernardino, California 92404.

101 EASY WAYS TO FIND BURIED TREASURE. A book for all treasure hunters, crammed full of information. Only $2.00 cash check or money order. Dayne Chastain, Route 2, Seminole, Oklahoma 74868.

TO FIND TREASURES of the past you need an accurate map of the past. That's just what Relco has—Treasure and Landmark Map. Shows original shape of old Republic of Texas. Covers all or parts of Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming and Gulf of Mexico. Shows treasure sites where vast fortunes remain lost or hidden. First publication. $2.00. Relco-B66, Box 10563, Houston, Texas 77018.

GHOST TOWN DIRECTORY OF THE WEST—347 locations—10 states—Gold Panning Instructions—Pictures—Maps—Price $1.00. Other books for the Rockhound, Prospector, Treasure and Bottle Hunter, Etc. Free brochure on request. Pierce Publishing, Dept. T-23, Box 5221, Abilene, Texas 79605.

AMERICAN INDIAN MAGAZINE. History, lore and current news. 35c sample copy. $1.50 a year. Write Many Smokes, P.O. Box 5895, Reno, Nevada 89503.

MAP—ENTIRE PIONEER "WEST" (23 states) 50" x 50" old emigrant, military routes, forts—railroad, stage, telegraph lines—Indian, cattle trails—ghost, mining, old towns. (Mostly dated). Price $5.00—(Used by America's largest Universities, Libraries, Historical Societies). Van 56G, Tijeras, New Mexico 87059.

FREE 128 page detector catalog. General Electronic Detection Co., Box 67, Bellflower, California 90706.

WESTERN YESTERDAYS by Forest Crossen. Volumes I through VI. Each volume a different collection of true adventures by oldtime Westerners. Illustrated. $1.95 each. Colorado residents add 3% sales tax. Address Western Yesterdays, Box 1433, Boulder, Colorado 80302.

TREASURE, COIN and RELIC HUNTERS news publication. Only $1.00 yearly. Sample copy 25c. Gold Bug, Box 588-T, Alamo, California 94507.

BOTTLE BOOKS by PUTNAM. "BOTTLED BEFORE 1865". Lists hundreds of patent medicines, bitters, liquors, waters, fruit jars, etc., as advertised in newspapers from 1708 through 1864. Locates old factories, breweries, wine cellars, warehouses and bottling works. "BOTTLE IDENTIFICATION," this reference book describes old time bottles, gives their trade name, size and use. Over 1,000 pictures, all taken from old time bottle makers catalogs. Each $2.75 postpaid. House of Putnam, Dept. West, Box 578, Fontana, California 92335.

BOOKS: New books, old books, unusual books, all kinds of books. Thousands of books. Large list for stamp. Bradley's Variety, P.O. Box 281, McGregor, Iowa 52157.

LEMURIAN VIEWPOINT—Thought-provoking discussions of Universal Truth, man's purpose on earth, reincarnation, and subjects from Lemurian Philosophy. Send for free copy. Lemurian Fellowship, Dept. 916, Box 397, Ramona, California 92065.

GHOST TOWN MAPS. New Book Titled "California Ghost Town Trails" has pictures, maps to California Ghost Towns. $2.95. P. Abbott, P.O. Box 4262, Anaheim, California 92803.

GHOST TOWNS and MINING CAMPS of IDAHO, also Idaho Treasure Tales and Treasure Trails. Descriptive maps. $2.25 each. Alturas Enterprises Dept. W. Box 7193, Boise, Idaho 83705.

NEW! "THE AMERICAN INDIAN IN THE LAND OF ENCHANTMENT." Concise guidebook to New Mexico Indians. $1.00 postpaid ($1.50 autographed). Duane Canarsie, Box 85, Cerrillos, New Mexico 87010.

GHOST TOWNS and FORTS of Washington. New large map. Prospectors Collectors Guide to British Columbia. Illustrated. Treasure Hunters Guide to Washington, booklet with 227 leads, numbered map. Captain Mullan's Map of Northwest 1861. $2.00 each. Send stamp for Winter Issue Northwest Treasure News. Christensen, Box 5075, Spokane, Washington 99205.

SELLING Non-Fiction Pulp Westerns. Ruby Evans, Box 592, Sherman, Texas 75020.

THE RAVEN SPEAKS. Monthly newsletter in Cherokee and English. One year subscription, $1.00. Raven Hail, Indian Books & Crafts, P.O. Box 35733, Dallas, Texas 75235.

OUT OF PRINT BOOKFINDER. Send wants. Box 678W, Seaside, California 93955.

Books & Magazines

AGED IN SAGE by Jean McElrath. 36 true stories told with wit and humor about early Nevada personalities, how with courage and tenacity they coped and conquered. Hardback—$5.25 each postpaid. Anita Cory, P.O. Box 266, Wells, Nevada 89835.

"DEAD MEN DO TELL TALES." The Frank Fish story. The unexplained mysterious circumstances of his death. Was it murder or suicide? Read this book and judge for yourself. For the many admirers of Frank Fish, Treasure Hunter, this is a must. $3.00 postpaid. Publisher, Erie Schaefer, 14728 Peyton Drive, Chino, California 91710.

ARIZONA GHOST TOWN CALCULATOR. Turn dial to select site—area map, directions automatically appear. $1.25 each. Guidco, Box 6255, Tucson, Arizona 85716.

SELLING: First 51 issues FRONTIER TIMES, 9 extras —2 through 7-9-13-18. All excellent condition. Best offer. B. L. Brown, Box 837, El Paso, Texas 79945.

MAKE $'s: Millions of sewing machines need repair. New manual tells how. Easy-to follow diagrams. Buy parts wholesale. $7.95 postpaid. Sincere Press, Box 10422, Phoenix, Arizona.

Business & Employment Opportunities

BOOMING AUSTRALIA needs your skills! Government assisted passage. For details send $1.00 to Irv Heyer, 1117 S.W. Columbia, Portland, Oregon 97201.

FREE BOOK "990 Successful, Little-Known Businesses." Work home! Plymouth, 337R, Brooklyn, New York 11218.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Good Pay, Adventure, Government Paid Transportation Allowance! Send $1.00 for "Australian Opportunities Handbook." International Services, Box 12-KI, Greenfield, Indiana 46140.

BOOMING AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. Details—$1.00—send to, Western Sales, Box 19115, Salt Lake City, Utah 84119.

Hunting & Fishing

COLLAPSIBLE FARM—POND—FISH TRAPS; Animal traps. Postpaid. Free information, pictures. Shawnee, 3934-W Buena Vista, Dallas 4, Texas.

FREE CATALOG . . . saves you money on reloading equipment, calls, decoys, archery, fishing tackle, molds, tools, rods, blanks. Finnysports, (TR) Toledo, Ohio 43614.

JEEPS $62.50 . . . AUTOS . . . BOATS . . . Thousands others direct from Government! "How to Buy in Your Area and 1968 Directory," send $1.00. Surplus Disposal, Box 11211—WA, Indianapolis, Indiana 46201.

DECOYS—DUCK & GOOSE—Sensationally new—lowest cost—make your own—start business—big profits—full particulars. E-Z-In ·& Out, Box 65765, Los Angeles, California 90065.

LIVE TRAPS, all sizes, Mouse to Dog. Collapsible or rigid. Carrying Cages. Free literature. Regional Sales, 420 W. Oak, Flagstaff 64, Arizona 86001.

FISH TRAPS, collapsible, pond-lake types. Animal, bird traps. Free catalog and trapping secrets. Sensitronix, 2225-F9 Lou Ellen, Houston, Texas 77018.

READ—the amazing book of Mississippi Slim. 3rd edition. Secret ways to catch fish and other astonishing feats. $1.50 per copy. Wonderful gifts. Slim, P.O. Box 225, Savanna, Illinois 61074.

Firearms

MODERN MUZZLE LOADERS! Share the excitement of thousands who are shooting modern muzzle loaders. Rifles, pistols and shotguns of new manufacture—and priced realistically. Tons of antique gunparts. Send $1.00 for catalog No. 117-T. A must for any firearms collector. Dixie Gun Works, Union City, Tennessee.

Indian Relics

ARROWHEAD MAKING: Complete illustrated instructions on ancient methods. Includes 1 hand-chipped arrowhead. $1.00. Canyonada, Rt. 2, Box 12, Mountainair, New Mexico 87036.

AUTHENIC ANCIENT INDIAN RELICS. Send $1.00 for ancient arrowhead and extensive listing. Horseshoe Bend Indian Relics, Box 7412-A, Birmingham, Alabama 35223.

THE ART OF CHIPPING Arrowheads, Descriptive booklet, well illustrated showing various methods used in this ancient art. $1.50 postpaid. Chief Tellumhow, Box 51, Chiloquin, Oregon 97624.

FOR SALE: FOLSOM, CLOVIS points—$4.00 each. Birdstone—$8.00. Boatstone—$6.00, Celts—$5.00, Plummets—$4.00, War arrowheads—$1.50 each, $12.50 per dozen. Eagles—$2.00 each, $15.00 per dozen. Effigy pipe—$7.50. Ceremonial spear—10 inch—$17.50; 7 inch Ceremonial spears—$10.00; Ceremonial spears—3 inches long—$2.50. Copper fish hook—$2.00; Bone fish hook—$2.00. Copper needles—$2.00. Gorgets—$3.00—$4.00—$5.00. Bone spear—$6.00. Fluted grooved axe—$15.00. We guarantee to please you. Write for prices on other relics. Arrowhead Trading Post, Box 205, Danville, Arkansas 72833.

FLINT arrowhead making secret! Ancient, illustrated methods. Be an expert. Guaranteed. $1.00. Sherman, Dept. 2, Umatilla, Oregon 97882.

Indian Relics

FOLSOM POINT: Illustrated instructions for making $1.00. Plans, instructions for arrowhead flaking machine $1.00. Both $1.50. Arrowhead, Box 13232, Oakland, California 94611.

IROQUOIS MASKS, rattles, dolls; also Cree, Slave, Ojibwa, Eskimo crafts. Lists 25c. Irografts, Ohseweken Reservation, Ontario, Canada.

OBSIDIAN KNIVES and spearpoints 3" to 10" long, $1.50 an inch. Obsidian arrowpoints, average 2" long, 4 for $5.00. Frank Estes, 1617 Willis Street, Redding, California 96001.

INDIAN ARROWHEADS. Collected along the plains of the Rio Grande and San Luis Potosi, Mexico. Samples 15 for $3.50, 100 for $15.00, 1,000 for $120—postpaid. Oscar Cavazos, Jr., 3010 Salinas, Laredo, Texas 78040.

FOR SALE: Limited supply of Indian paint pots. Very attractive for ash trays in your den or office. $8.00 postpaid. A piece of peacock copper ore free with each order. W. R. Mayfield, Box 7 Gleeson Star Route, Elfrida, Arizona 85610.

BEADWORK, Costumes, Weapons, Saddles, Ceremonial items. We sell wholesale to dealers. Catalog 50c. Tecumseh's Trading Post, Strausstown, Pennsylvania 19559.

Inventions Wanted

PATENT Searches including Maximum speed, full airmail report and closest patent copies, $6.00. Quality searches expertly administered. Complete secrecy guaranteed. Free Invention Protection forms and "Patent Information." Write Dept. 16, Washington Patent Office Search Bureau, 711 14th N.W., Washington 5, D.C.

INVENTORS! We will develop, sell your idea or invention, patented or unpatented. Our national manufacturer-clients are urgently seeking new items for highest outright cash sale or royalties. Financial assistance available. 10 years proven performance. For free information write: Dept. 49, Wall Street Invention Brokerage, 79 Wall Street, New York 5, New York.

Leathercraft

FREE! World's largest leathercraft catalog. Hundred's of Make-it Ideas. Tandy Leather Co., Dept. 066, Fort Worth, Texas.

Rare Coins & Stamps

RARE Silver Dollars, 1880-81 S, 1883-84-85-1899-1900-01-02 O mint. Uncirculated, $3.50 each. Coin catalog 50c. Shultz, Salt Lake City, Utah 84110.

FOR SALE: Reproductions of early Bank of America $1,000 bills—3 for $1.00. 250 for $17.50; 1,000 for $40.00. William Terrell, Box 5432, Dallas, Texas 75222.

Real Estate

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . LOW AS $1.00 ACRE. Millions Acres! For Exclusive Copyrighted Report . . . plus "Land Opportunity Digest" listing lands available throughout U.S., send $1.00. Satisfaction Guaranteed! Land Disposal, Box 11211 WA, Indianapolis, Indiana 46201.

CANADIAN VACATION LANDS: Full price $385.00. 40 acres $10 month. Suitable cottage sites, hunting, fishing, investment. Free information. Land Corporation, 3768-W Bathurst, Downsview, Ontario, Canada.

PEACEFUL SOUTHERN UTAH VALLEY. Land 2½ acres. $250. Cash or Terms. Dept. FT, P.O. Box 17401, Holladay, Utah 84117.

GOVERNMENT PUBLIC LAND (400,000,000 Acres) in 25 states. Low as $1.00 acre. 1968 report. Details $1.00. LAND INFORMATION, 422W Washington Building, Washington, D.C. 20005.

NEVADA VACATION RETIREMENT RANCHOS, near ELKO, ¼ acre lots $395. $1 down, $5 per month. Hot springs, deer, rock and mineral hunting. Water. Send $1 for contract, returnable. Write Silver Crescent Ranchos, P.O. Box 4, Crescent Valley, Nevada 89821.

HOMESTEAD LANDS now available. 160-640 acres. Write: Land Information, Dept. 711, P.O. Box 148, Postal Station A, Vancouver, British Columbia. Enclose $1.00 for bulletin & map index.

FISHING BOAT and MOTOR included with our beautiful wooded 1 acre Ranchette in Central Florida's lake section. No money down. $20.00 a month. Will send plat and color photos. Write Gary Morse, Rainbow Acres, P.O. Box 369, Miami, Florida 33162.

Recipes

"FREE" SOURDOUGH recipe, from the "Ole West." Send 25c cover handling and mailing. Box 174, Battleground, Washington.

101 WINE, BEER RECIPES. Illustrated manual. $2.00. Supplies. Dominae, Box 584-W, Ft. Wayne, Indiana 46801.

"SOURDOUGH" Recipes, Chuckwagon Biscuits, Hotcakes, Donuts, $1.00. "BAR-B-Q" Recipes, Sauces, Beans, etc., $1.00. "Jerky". Make your own from fresh or frozen beef or game. Recipe $1.00. Box 111, Brush Prairie, Washington 98606.

WINE . . . family recipe for 75 years. Never fail—teaches you how to make berries or fruit ferment without souring. Send $2.50 to: Route 1 Box 134A, Yacolt, Washington.

Recipes

WINEMAKING . . . Grape, Elderberry, Dandelion, Frozen Juices, etc., Brewmasters Secrets Revealed! Powerful Methods! Instructions, Recipes, and Supplies. Catalog, $1.00. Continental, Box 11071-WA, Indianapolis, Indiana 46201.

"SMOKE HOUSE" Build yours. Detailed instructions. Recipes Jerky, Salami, Thuringer, Smoked Fish. $1.00. Elmer Leeper, Box 391A, Ione, Washington 99139.

COCKROACH RECIPE, A "Simple Home Recipe," cost less than 10c. Will rid your home of roaches forever. After one day you will see no more cockroaches around. Quick, Safe and Sure. $1.00 for recipe. M. F. Wooten, 1909 San Francisco St., San Antonio, Texas 78201.

BEER 6c quart. *Modern Recipes, supplies list; errorless* brewing with hints, etc. $1.00. Niemannsbrau Enterprises, P.O. Box 41292, Los Angeles, California.

SOURDOUGH CHUCKWAGON BISCUIT-HOTCAKES RECIPES—$1.00; 100-year-old "real" barbeque sauce and bean recipes—$1.00; Chuckwagon "Potato Pot Meal-in-One" recipe—$1.00; Beer recipe—$1.00. Bill's, Box 24, Kermit, Texas 79745.

LAND of DAVY CROCKETT—Famous Grandma Wade's pickle recipe and five other Southern recipes—$1.00. Mrs. R. E. Dew, Woodland, Tennessee 38271.

Treasure Hunting

TREASURES FROM THE PAST CAN BE YOURS with a new Relco detector. Locates buried gold, silver, coins, historical relics. Invisible electronic beam penetrates earth to seek out treasures hidden from the eyes of man for centuries. More sensitivity, extra penetrating power. Weighs 3 pounds. Fully transistorized. Powered by inexpensive battery. $19.95 up. *Immediate delivery. Write for free catalog and "Treasure* Hunter's Fact-Book" written especially for beginners. Relco, Dept. C-91, Box 10839, Houston, Texas 77018.

NEW GOLDAK METAL LOCATORS. Detects gold, silver, coins, and relics. For full information contact: Historical Locators, P.O. Box 483, Huntsville, Alabama 35804.

PROFESSIONALLY DESIGNED TREASURE HUNTER'S DECAL. Free sample. Clifford Burnside, Post Office Box V, Norwalk, California 90650.

PROSPECTING, EXPLORATION, TREASURE HUNTING. Equipment, kits, books. Catalog. Miner's Exchange, Box 64C, Nampa, Idaho 83651.

NEW TREASURE-PROBE with ear-plug—$18.88. With built-in speaker—$26.88. Now a revolutionary new plug-in speaker—$7.88; adds more comfort, better detection to your old Treasure-Probe. Satisfaction guaranteed. Immediate delivery. Treasure-Probe West, Box 11293, Phoenix, Arizona.

TREASURE HUNTERS! PROSPECTORS! READ THE BEST! *Separate fact from fiction. Sample copy* 25c. The Treasure Hunter, P.O. Box 188-B, Midway City, California 92655.

METAL DETECTORS! This is the one you have been looking for. Designed to find gold only, silver only. Thousands in use. Will also detect all other metals if desired. Lightweight. Only $5.00. Gol-Tector, Box 791, Seminole, Oklahoma 74868.

TREASURE GOLD. Silver, Relics. New 1968 detectors now available. Free information. Rayscope, Dept. 9-J, Box 715, North Hollywood, California 91603.

LOCATE VALUABLE COINS and TREASURES—anywhere. Thousands of dollars located every day. Gold. *Yours for the taking. No Detector needed. No other* chargers. Send $2.00, check, cash, or money order to: Silver-Turn, Box 566, Dallas, Texas 75221.

HEAP FINDINGEST DETECTORS YET for metals, minerals, coins and underwater. Latest far out improvements. Information 25c. IGWTT, Williamsburg, New Mexico 87942.

GOLD, SILVER, RELICS! Located with powerful De*tectron Metal Detectors. Free information. Terms:* Detectron, Dept. I-FT, Box 243, San Gabriel, California 91778.

PROSPECTORS—TREASURE HUNTERS! Metal Detector $3.00 sold world wide on money back guarantee. Will locate metal many feet underground. Weight 8 ounces. Users have traced underground veins, located covered mine shafts, located treasure articles, old Spanish graves, etc. Complete instructions. Send cash, M.O. or check—we pay postage or c.o.d. Plastino Mfg. Co., 6907 W. 12th, *Denver 15, Colorado.*

Western Merchandise

PLACER GOLD, $2.00. Pocket gold, $2.00. Gold dust, $1.00. Attractively displayed. Moneyback guarantee. Lester Lea, Box 237, Mt. Shasta, California 96067.

ANTIQUE BARBED WIRE AND DISPLAY LABELS. Send 25c for sketch list. Huaco Wire Sales, 1316 N. 34th St., Waco, Texas 76710.

PEARL AND METAL SNAP FASTNERS FOR Western Shirts. Many styles and colors. Free Catalog. Campau Company, Box 76055G, Sanford Station, Los *Angeles, California* 90005.

ANTIQUE BARB-WIRE—10 pieces for $4.95. 20 pieces for $8.95. Old bottles—8 for $4.95. Tomek, 904 Tanglewood Lane, Kerrville, Texas 78028.

(BLACK GOLD) PURE TEXAS CRUDE OIL as it comes *from the oil well. Sample—$2.00. Geological Explora*tions, Roberts Branch Road, Jacksboro, Texas 76056.

Miscellaneous

BEAUTIFUL NATURAL COLOR Prints of Charles M. Russell's Masterpieces, suitable for framing, 60c each. Over 100 subjects. Send 10c for list. Gudmundson, 815 E. Bannock, Boise, Idaho 83702.

FOUR "WILL" FORMS and Lawyer's "Guide to Wills"—$1.00—cmplete. National, Box 48313-MB, Los Angeles, California 90048.

PRE-COLUMBIAN Art Southeastern American Indian. Send $3.00 for Introductory Series. Gorget Enterprises, Box 98, Calhoun, Tennessee 37309.

ATTENTION RELIC HUNTERS! Learn! Recognize valuable items! Make money! Booklet, "501 Collectors' Items." Comments, descriptions, suggestions for resale. $1.00. Collectors, Box 43, San Marcos, *California* 92069.

AUTHENTIIC INDIAN SONGS AND DANCES on Phonograph Records—Catalog on request from: Canyon Records, 6050 No. 3rd St., Phoenix, Arizona 85012.

101 IMPORTED NOVELTY KNIVES (catalog 35c). Friedmar Imports, 320 N. 16th Street, Montebello, California 90640.

WINCHES FOR: Jeeps, boats, pick ups, or hoisting. 12 volt, PTO. Write for free information. Deer Tug Winches, P.O. Box 11192, Fort Worth, Texas 76110.

LEARN WHILE ASLEEP, Self-hypnosis, prayer-plant experiments! Details, catalog free. Research Association, Box 24-TW, Olympia, Washington.

INDIAN METHOD OF TANNING HIDES. No chemical needed—$2.00. Tanning, Box 276W, Tolleson, Arizona 85353.

LIVE-CATCH ANIMAL TRAPS. A size for every purpose. Also fish, sparrow, turtle, and other traps. World's largest selection. Free catalog. Trap Factory, 2225-MC23, Lou Ellen, Houston, Texas 77018.

PERSONAL STATIONERY. 100 sheets, envelopes—$3.95. Samples available. Royal Press, Box 925, Jacksonville, *Florida 32201.*

MEXICAN HEALTH HERBS. English instructions. Generous sampling. Airmail—$3.00. Ramon Pantoja, Guerrero 326, A-103, Edificio Matamores, Mexico 3, D.F., Mexico.

INFORMATION ON ANYTHING! $2.00-deductible. Metzler Research, 21-66FA 33rd Road, Long Island City, New York 11106.

HORSE PLAYERS. Remarkable new method produces 70% winners. Learn how to win more often. *Track-tested, flat play. Complete details* $2.00. Joe Dawson, Box 154, Pompano Beach, Florida 33061.

FOUR ANTIQUE MAPS selected for historic interest —outstanding decorative qualities. Reproductions— true museum quality, no detail spared. Early North America 1690; The Americas 1739; The World 1742; Original 13 States 1783. Set—$5.00. Four Seasons, 500 Anderson Lane, Austin, Texas 78752. Texas resi*dents add 3% sales tax.*

SPECIAL: 1,000 Name-Address Labels 50c postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Collins, Box 644W, Huntsville, Alabama 35804.

ILLINOIS COVERED BRIDGES. Beautifully illustrated *parchment map showing all bridges left in Ilinois.* Size 11x14. Ready to frame. Hand colored—$1.00 each. George E. Borum, 911 S. Locust, Centralia, Illinois 62801.

RECORDS! Assorted, $25.00—20 LP's, $5.00—30 45 RPM. 129 Carol Avenue, Aberdeen, Maryland 21001.

BLUE STAR OINTMENT STOPS ITCHING IN FIVE MINUTES OR MONEY BACK!

Stop athletes foot, ringworm, tetter, other itches. Get fast relief. A household standby since 1913. At better drug counters or send $1.00 to:

BLUE STAR OINTMENT

P.O.BOX 21088W HOUSTON, TEXAS 77026

BOOK: "The Albert City Caper"

Exciting history of 1901 Gun Battle. Yeggs vs. Posse. Many Photos. **$1.50**

DON BUCHAN

Marathon, Iowa 50565

Watch for the

February TRUE WEST

. . . on sale December 20

Treasure Leads Mean Treasure Recoveries

Some of the most authentic treasure information available in map form is incorporated *into the following selection.* Order today and get in on the ground floor of the biggest treasure boom in world history— it's only beginning!

IDAHO TREASURE TALES AND TREASURE TRAILS, *by Jack Cubit and T. R. Glenn.* 71 red-hot clues to the location of just a portion of Idaho's documented lost millions. Numbered map locations with detailed reference to each on back of map. Handsomely illustrated, folded. 22" x 35" $2.95

TEXAS PROSPECTORS AND HISTORIAN'S MAP by Harley and Vera Smith. Without question the best, most detailed map to date covering every phase of Texas' vast hordes of lost and hidden loot. Ghost towns, old forts, cattle trails, battlegrounds, legendary treasures intermingled with those from the author's personal file, and sunken ships off the Texas coast. Illustrated by Bud Breen, folded. Autographed upon request. 22½" x 29" $1.00

PADRE ISLAND MAP by Joe Reith. Authentic *in every detail.* Convenient mileage log pinpoints locations where ancient Spanish coins and other treasures have been located by the *author and others beneath the sands of what* could appropriately be called Treasure Island. Shows island roads and trouble areas. Colorfully illustrated, 18" x 50" $3.00

OREGON AND WASHINGTON TERRITORIES, 1878. A *fine map for locating present-day* ghost towns. Shows all surveys made previous to January 1, 1878. Folded $1.00

OREGON'S BOOMS 'N BUSTS, as the name implies, depicts early settlements, towns and communities *which sprung up during* Oregon's boomtown days. Shows those which survived along with those which didn't. Folded. 19" x 25"

Paper $1.00

Parchment $2.00

KEY TO OREGON MINERAL DEPOSITS MAP by Ralph S. Mason. An excellent combination of map and prospectus which lists all mines, quarries, placers, prospects, and occurrences within the State of Oregon, and seperates localities into "metals" and "nonmetallics." Listed by county. Folded. $1.25

Attention Map Collectors! Save $1.00 on this special package offer—order all 6 of the above and deduct $1 from total cost—a 10% savings!

WHITE'S ELECTRONICS, INC.

1011 Pleasant Valley Road
Dept. M
Sweet Home, Oregon 97386

Secrets of Teaching Yourself MUSIC

Revealed in Your Home This Money-Saving Way

YES! Now you can teach yourself to play Piano, Guitar, ANY instrument in your spare time— *even if you've never played a note in your life!* Famous proven Course makes it simple as A-B-C. Pictured lessons show you how. No teacher. Surprise your friends by playing favorite music. Send name, address, zip and age today for FREE illustrated booklet. **U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Studio A111, Port Washington, N. Y. 11050.** (Est. 1898. Approved N. Y. State Educa. Dept.) Tear out as a reminder.

CAMEO

Beloved ornament of long ago. For yourself, or someone else who has always wanted one. Necklace, pin, earclips, or pierced ears. $1.00 each, any three—$2.50. Free catalog with any *order.*

The Cameo Lady of The Hills

GREEN RIDGE, MO. 65332

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 5)

painting, "A Cowboy's Dream." Since then I have mentioned it to family and friends, and they have agreed that neither the picture nor the artist should go unknown. We could find no way of looking into it as the A-1 Brewery sold out and no one seemed to know who bought it. That is as far as we got.

You can imagine the yell that went up when we found the answer in the September FRONTIER TIMES. Now we would like to know if we can get color prints of "The Cowboy's Dream" and "Home on the Ranch." If so, please let me know, and the price. Let me add further that I have been reading FRONTIER TIMES and TRUE WEST for over five years. During the four months I spent in the Southwest they were better than any tourist's guide as they led us to true historical places such as Judge Bean's Langtry, and the feeling of identification with the Southwest as we knew from your magazines made us feel right at home. We have your magazines to thank for a wonderful trip.—Mrs. Amelia Knauf, Route 2, Webster, Wisconsin 54893

Who Robbed The Mail Coach?

Dear Sir:

In reading past issues of your magazine I re-read the story in the September 1967 issue of FRONTIER TIMES about Lame Johnny. I may be the only one who can answer the question about where Lame Johnny and his gang holed up and how they could disappear when being chased by the law officers.

I have heard stories about Lame Johnny since I was a small girl. My uncle, Will Hymer, was prospecting in the 1860s and '70s. He found and developed the Homestake Mine near Deadwood, South Dakota. He hired a young college man as a bookkeeper. His name was Cornelius Donahue and he worked for Uncle Will for quite a while. He had a club foot.

Uncle Will said he was very honest, but suddenly one day he rode away from the Homestake and Uncle never saw him again but heard he had joined an outlaw gang. My uncle used to tell us kids stories about those days at the mine and about the outlaw gangs and the lame outlaw.

In 1919 my husband and I filed on a homestead on Kings Ridge between Custer and Buffalo Gap. We began to hear stories about Lame Johnny from the people who lived around there—how Lame Johnny and his gang would steal a bunch of horses or hold up the stagecoaches. When chased, they always rode toward Buffalo Gap and near Kings Ridge they would disappear without leaving a hoofprint.

Our homestead was near Lame Johnny Creek. On the west end was a high rimrock and everyone said there was no way to get onto the ridge from that end. And that's where these outlaws seemed to always disappear. We had ridden horseback many times back up to that end of our homestead and there was a very large box canyon on the west end but no way to get into it that we could find.

We had an early light snowfall one night and found the next morning that we had a steer missing. So my husband saddled up and followed the tracks. When he got up to the rim of the box canyon, which was quite deep, he saw the steer down in the box canyon and he knew it had not fallen in there. The sides were so steep and high the steer would have been killed by the fall—so there had to be a way in. He started following the tracks around the rimrock and found a place where the wall looked solid but the tracks disappeared there. So looking, he discovered a place where three rocks formed a sort of gateway and riding around it, he found an old trail leading down into the box canyon. There were two large caves on the opposite side of the box canyon which could not be seen from the top of the ground.

They were very large caves, the largest of which had been used to hide horses in from all the evidence he saw on the ground. One could easily have staked twenty-five or thirty horses in it. My husband found rotted logs which had been used to close the opening so the horses could not get out. There were rotted ropes and old straps in the other cave which the outlaws used to live in. This cave had a sort of fireplace made of rocks, used for cooking as well as warming as there was some strap iron across the top. The walls were black from smoke from the fire and the ground inside the cave was littered with rusty cans, dried up and rotted leather boots, old halter straps, whiskey bottles, a couple piles of rotted bedding—all pointing to the fact it had been dry inside there for many years. Everything was undisturbed and looked as though some men had expected to get back. We never told anyone about what my husband had found and we left there early in the spring. We planned to go back someday and dig around but something always prevented it. So it's probably just the same. Now the ridge is inside the Black Hills reserve—or government reserve—so maybe I am the only one who knows there is a way in. Just thought you might be interested. I enjoyed your story about Lame Johnny. My uncle had all trust in him before he suddenly disappeared.—Mrs. Orval Halstead, Box 135, Azalea, Oregon 97410

Peoples' Drug Store

Gentlemen:

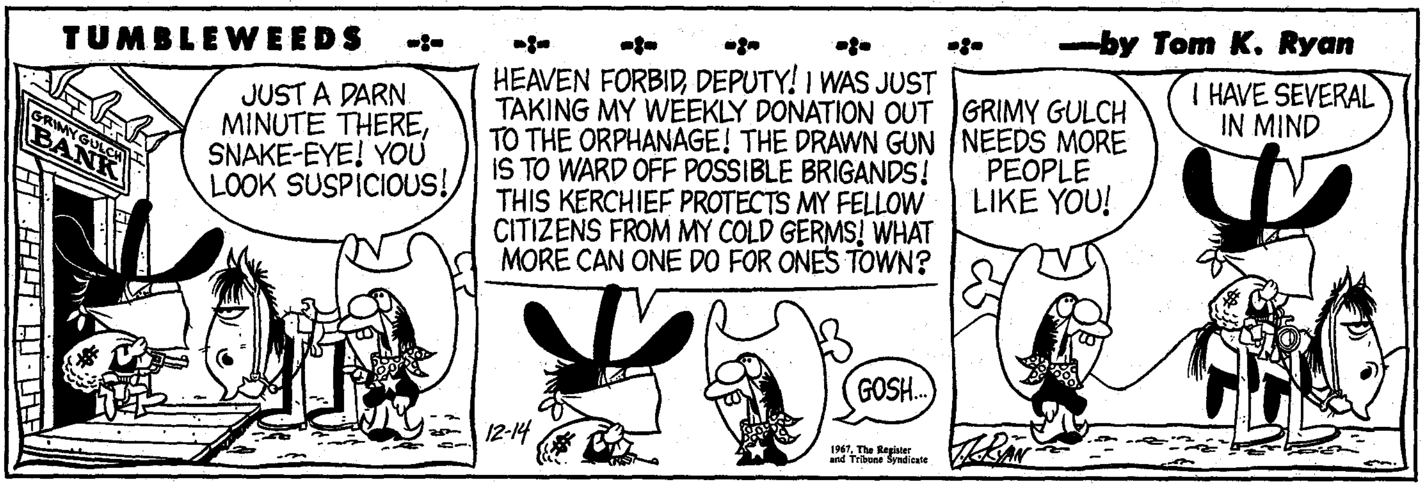
On page 4 of the September 1968 issue of FRONTIER TIMES there appeared a picture of the Peoples' Drug Store at Point, Texas and a request to identify those pictured.

I have obtained the following information from Mr. M. E. Harris of Point, Texas: Reading left to right, first person is unidentified, second person is D. S. Peoples, third person is either Marvin or Lute Horten, fourth person is Dr. G. W. Hurst, fifth person is J. D. Hankins. We are retaining this copy of your magazine in our County Historical Survey files.—Betty Deaton, Box 233, Emory, Texas

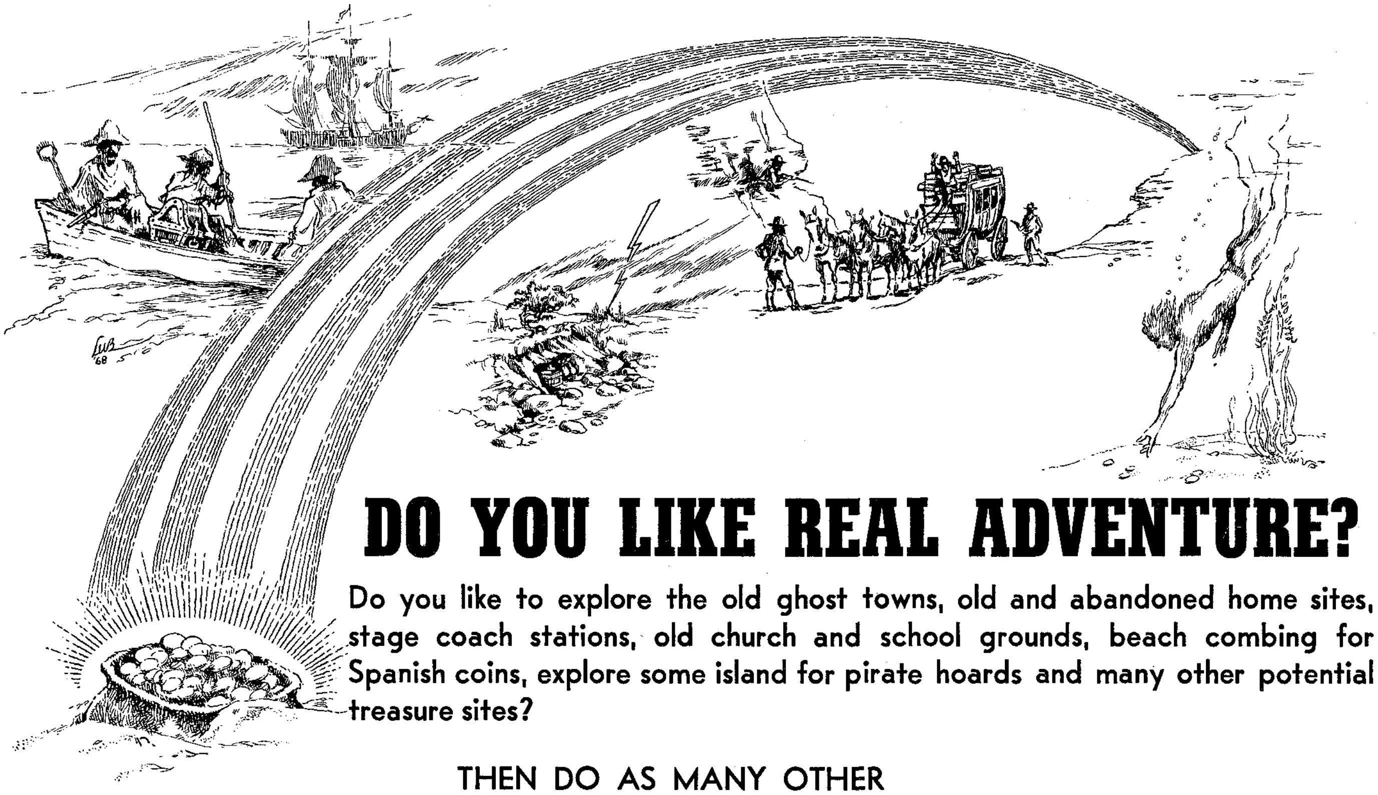
Ghost Town Grantsville

Dear Mr. Small:

Just want to thank you-all for the article in the September 1968 FRONTIER TIMES on Grantsville, Nevada. When my father was a young man he worked in the mines at Grantsville—some time in the latter 1870s, I believe. He has told me a few things about the "Old Camp" as he called it and, from what he said, I should judge it had a full quota of saloons, music halls and gambling places. I would welcome any more information on this "camp" if any of your readers have it and care to pass it on.—Kenney Doud, Rural Route 1, Revere, Missouri 63465


TUMBLEWEEDS
—by Tom K. Ryan
GRIMY GULCH BANK
JUST A DARN MINUTE THERE, SNAKE-EYE! YOU LOOK SUSPICIOUS!
HEAVEN FORBID, DEPUTY! I WAS JUST TAKING MY WEEKLY DONATION OUT TO THE ORPHANAGE! THE DRAWN GUN IS TO WARD OFF POSSIBLE BRIGANDS! THIS KERCHIEF PROTECTS MY FELLOW CITIZENS FROM MY COLD GERMS! WHAT MORE CAN ONE DO FOR ONE'S TOWN?
GOSH...
12-14
1967, The Register and Tribune Syndicate
GRIMY GULCH NEEDS MORE PEOPLE LIKE YOU!
I HAVE SEVERAL IN MIND
T. K. RYAN

IS THIS *YOUR* POT OF GOLD?



DO YOU LIKE REAL ADVENTURE?

Do you like to explore the old ghost towns, old and abandoned home sites, stage coach stations, old church and school grounds, beach combing for Spanish coins, explore some island for pirate hoards and many other potential treasure sites?

THEN DO AS MANY OTHER
D-TEX OWNERS ARE DOING

Mix TREASURE with Pleasure for that

"EXTRA CASH" IN YOUR POCKET!

THEY SAY:
At the end of the rainbow you'll find a pot of gold.

YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT?
You'd be surprised how many people do.

AND ALSO HOW MANY ARE FINDING IT?
When you were a kid you would put your pulled tooth under your pillow.
The good fairy came in the night and left a coin.
As we grow older we stop believing.
But, a little lingers on.
Your ship will come in.
The Prince or Princess Charming will come along.
A long lost and forgotten relative
will leave you a fortune,
or if you've reached the age where you realize wishing and dreaming won't make it happen
THEN
You will do as thousands of others are doing. You will stop dreaming about it and order your D-TEX today, and start making those dreams come true NOW.

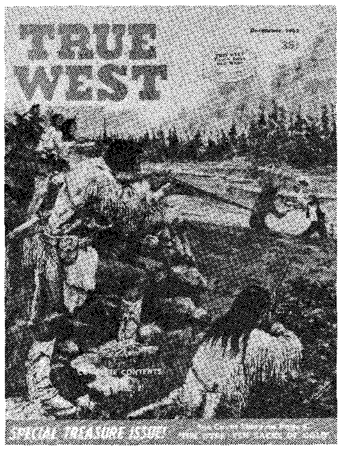
FORGET THE REST—GET THE BEST—GET D-TEX
(Is This Your Year To Strike It Rich?)

For Full Information and Free Illustrated Catalog Plus Free Treasure Finding Tips Write Today

P.O. Box 451 **D-TEX ELECTRONICS** **Garland, Texas 75040**

ONCE AGAIN—

A Combination Offer on Christmas Gift Subscriptions!



THE TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
ANOTHER "ALAMO"
PRISON BREAK!
TWIN SPRINGS SPANISH GOLD
A LINE CAMP CHRISTMAS

NOW! BOTH AT ONE PRICE!

(You save $5.00 on 5 one-year subscriptions)

Here's another rip-snorting Western Christmas gift offer for you folks who want to give something REALLY DIFFERENT!

Easy, simple, economical—instead of bucking nightmarish shopping crowds, fill in the blanks and write out a check—in ten minutes your gift problems for those friends are past history! You couldn't send more lasting, more appreciated gifts than **TRUE WEST** and **FRONTIER TIMES**—gifts that last so long and **remind your friends of you** so regularly!

AND WHAT A TERRIFIC BOOST IT WILL BE FOR US! Thousands of people do not even know our magazines exist. **It's a TREMENDOUS** job getting the word around. So, your sending gift subscriptions is a **THREE-WAY BENEFIT**—to us, to you and to the folks who receive them.

DO IT NOW BEFORE THE RUSH BOGS US UNDER! Include your renewal or extension at these special rates, if you wish. How else can you present so much of the very **HEART** of the Old West—**AS IT REALLY WAS**—to your friends for ten times the price?

REDUCED GIFT RATES!

• **1 one-year subscription to both magazines** (6 issues TW, 6 issues FT)	**$4.00**
• **2 to 4 one-year subscriptions**	**$3.50 ea.**
• **5 or more one-year subscriptions**	**$3.00 ea.**

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, Box 3668-W, Austin, Texas 78704

NOTICE! If you don't wish to damage magazine, list on sheet of paper.

I ENCLOSE $________ FOR ________ SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Name________
Street________
City________ State________
☐ NEW ☐ RENEWAL ZIP CODE________

Name________
Street________
City________ State________
☐ NEW ☐ RENEWAL ZIP CODE________

Name________
Street________
City________ State________
☐ NEW ☐ RENEWAL ZIP CODE________

Name________
Street________
City________ State________
☐ NEW ☐ RENEWAL ZIP CODE________

Name________
Street________
City________ State________
☐ NEW ☐ RENEWAL ZIP CODE________

Name________
Street________
City________ State________
☐ NEW ☐ RENEWAL ZIP CODE________

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS________
☐ GIFT CARD TO READ FROM________